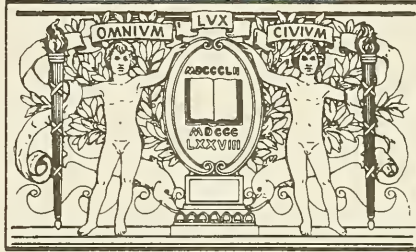


127 FINE ARTS DEPT. DIVISION

FINE ARTS DEPT



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Boston Public Library



SEED TIME
 AND HARVEST
 MEMORIES OF
 LIFE

Clarence Howard Blackall

18	19
57	47

6

F-A FINE ARTS DEPT

NA 737 JUL 07 1995

B54A2

1994X

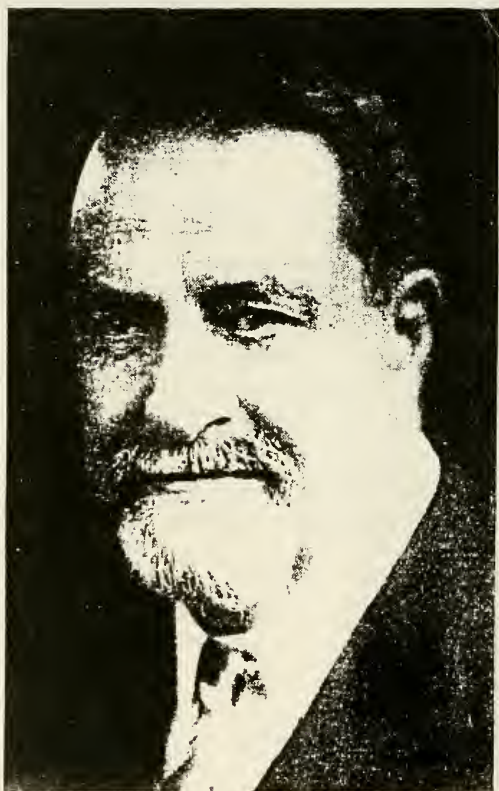
Boston Reserve

Closed

PREFACE

C.H.B. finished the writing of his autobiography more than fifty years ago. The draft, holograph copy and the typescript copy - undoubtedly typed by Miss Edith Harden, his secretary - were in the possession of my mother and then me. Several descendants have borrowed and read the typescript, and several scholars have inquired about material pertaining to C.H.B. in the revival of interest in the Beaux Arts style and the buildings in Boston earlier in the twentieth century. So it seemed appropriate to make available such documents as I have by depositing them in the Boston Public Library which has become the repository for material pertaining to Boston architects. It was not feasible to duplicate more of the holograph copy than page one with which this "edition" begins. I have included many more illustrations than the typescript contained, and I have corrected the typos as I could. I am making copies for each of C.H.B.'s grandchildren and one for the Boston Public Library. In our family the Blackall name is carried most recently by great, great grandson Geoffrey Blackall Dawson.

William Blackall Miller
Waterville, Maine



BLACKALL, Clarence Howard, architect; b. N.Y. City, Feb. 3, 1857; s. Rev. Christopher Rubey and Eliza (Davis) B.; B.S., U. of Ill., 1877, A.M.; Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, 1878-80; m. Emma Murray, of Boston, Dec. 5, 1883; children - Marian (Mrs. H. W. Miller), R. M. Practiced, New York, 1880-82, Colorado Springs, Colo., 1882, Boston since 1882; designed and erected first steel frame bldg. at Boston, 1892; architect for Tremont Temple, Colonial Theatre, etc., Boston, and other notable structures; mem. Boston and Cambridge bldg. law commns. First holder Rotch Travelling Scholarship, Boston, 1884-86 (sec. since 1891). Fellow A.I.A.; mem. Archtl. League America, New York Archtl. League (1st sec. 1880), Boston Archtl. Club (1st pres. 1889-93), Boston Soc. Architects (sec. 1905), Cambridge Municipal Art Soc. (sec. 1905, chmn. bd. of appeal). Trustee Charlestown Five Cents Savings Bank; dir. Bank of Commerce, Mass. Realty Commercial, N.E. Guaranty Corp., Harbor Trust, Inc., Hotel Winthrop, Inc. School House comnr. City of Boston. Trustee Rotch Traveling Scholarship. Author: Builders' Hardware, 1890. Editorial writer, The Brickbuilder, Boston, since Jan. 1895; contbr. to tech. jousr. Home: 16 Chauncy St., Cambridge, Mass. Office; 31 West St., Boston, Mass.

"Who's Who in America" 1926-1927

* Robert Murray

To DUDLEY BECK, Esq.

BELSHAZZAR:

A DRAMATIC CANTATA,

IN FIVE ACTS.

Libretto written by

C. R. BLACKALL.

Music Composed for



CHORUS, SOLOS AND ORCHESTRA.

By

J. A. BUTTERFIELD

REVISED AND IMPROVED.

BOSTON:

CLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

NEW YORK:

CHICAGO:

PHILADELPHIA:

BOSTON:

C. H. Ditson & Co. Lyon & Healy. J. E. Ditson & Co. John C. Haynes & Co.

BLACKALL, Christopher Rubey, editor; b. Albany, N.Y., Sept. 18, 1830; s. Benjamin and Sarah B.; ed. pub. schs.; M.D., Hygieo Therapeutic Med. Coll., New York, 1856, and Rush Med. Coll., Chicago, 1865; (D.D., Carson and Newman Coll., 1890, Temple Coll., 1906); m. Eliza Davis, 1852; 2d, Mrs. Emily Lucas Bryant, 1873; 3d, Mrs. Eugenie Hitchcock McLure, 1900; father of Clarence Howard B. (q.v.) Asst. surgeon 33d Wis. Vols., early part Civil War; abandoned medicine 1864. Gen. supt. and editor, Chicago Sunday School Union, 1864-5; sec. and mgr. northwestern dist. Am. Bapt. Pub. Soc., 1865-79; connected with New York and Phila. branch houses, 1869-80; editor of periodicals, 1880-1916, editor emeritus since Dec. 1, 1916, of the American Bapt. Pub. Soc., Phila. Ordained to Christian ministry, 1880. Dir. Pa. State Sabbath Sch. Assn.; mem. exec. com. Phila. S.S. Assn.; pres. Pa. Council Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, Bapt. Supts.' Assn.; pres. S.S. Editorial Assn.; mem. Denominational Council. Mem. Nat. Geog. Soc. Author: Our Sunday School Work and How to Do It, 1877; Story of Six Decades, 1885; Belshazzar (cantata), 1890; Stories About Jesus, 1897; The Son of Timeus, 1914; A Daughter of Naïen, 1915; Mary Magdalene, 1916. Office: 1701 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

These memoirs were brought back by me in 1937 and assembled in this form in 1940. The quotations from "Who's Who" are included, my own summary representing my record in one of my busiest years. I have been in "Who's Who" since about 1898, also appearing in several other similar publications. My Father, myself and my cousin Fred are the only Blackall's so listed as far as I know.



It has been a long life and a busy one, with lots of seed planting and some harvest. On the whole a happy life, and never a dull one. If any one cares to read the record, it may perhaps point a moral, if it does not adorn a tale. But for my heirs it may have a personal interest that will justify my attempt to gather together some of the tattered threads of eighty years, making up life's troubled weave.

July 31-1937



J. Short sculp

Ospring Blackall, D.D.

FOURTEEN
SERMONS

PREACH'D upon
Several Occasions.

By OPSRING BLACKALL, D. D.
Chaplain in Ordinary to Her
MAJESTY. *Licentia A. 1704*

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *J. Leake*, for *Walter Kettilby*,
at the *Bishop's Head* in *St. Paul's Church-
Yard*. MDCCVI.



In Exeter Cathedral Bishop Blackall's tomb is located in the third bay of the south side. There is also a memorial slab in St. Gabriel's chapel in the east end.

ORIGINS

Like most so-called Americans, my ancestry is a mixture of strains and is by no means surely established. My mother's sister, Margaret Davis Burgess, has gone into this subject a good deal, and gave me much of the information regarding my maternal origins which is embodied in the chart herein included, but so much is uncertain, I do not feel sure of dates nor collateral lines, and have conjectured all of the remote ancestors. There was a Bishop of Exeter, Offspring Blackall who was chaplain of Queen Anne and built portions of Exeter Cathedral. I have his portrait with a volume of his sermons, and he looks so much like my father and like my cousin Fred Blackall, that we feel justified in adopting him as

a progenitor. Perhaps I get from him my love of architecture, and my love to sermonize. Then on my mother's maternal side there was a streak of Devonshire way back in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and a Mrs. Yeo, with a son "Salvation Yeo", whose names appear in "Westward Ho!" by Charles Kingsley. And perhaps she bequeathed me the love of travel. Also there was a Blackall who was Mayor of Cork once upon a time, who might have added a slight tinge to what Irish blood is in me. And during the American Revolution, the Blackall-Ball family appear as being intimates of Washington, and prominent politically and socially. I have the book of this family but I never have investigated my

C. . . apparently noticed mention of persons named Coffin and Davis in Westward Ho, which was first published in 1855.

Blackall families are recorded in England in London, Devonshire, Cornwall, Oxfordshire, Berkshire, in Dublin Ireland. The Blackall-Ball family moved to Philadelphia before the American Revolution. There are Blackhalls in Scotland. A town named Blackall in 1868 is in Australia.

BLACKALL

Bp. Offspring 1654 - 1716
Theophilus - 1737
Samuel - 1792
Theophilus = Elizabeth N. Ley - 1782
Dr. John 1771 - 1860

GENEALOGICAL CHART

Copied by WBM from chart
compiled by Marian Blackall Miller
1887 - 1987

COFFIN

Nicholas active 1555
Peter
Tristram = Dionis
James = Mary Severance
John = Hope Gardner
Elias = Love
Elias = Abigail
Mary Coffin = Peter Duffy

RUBEY

John Conrad Rubey = Sarah	John Conrad Rubey
Christopher Rubey = Catherine Schaefer	Christopher Rubey = Catherine Schaefer
Sarah Rubey Hoffman 1795-1887 = Benjamin Blackall	Sarah Rubey Hoffman 1795-1887 = Benjamin Blackall
Christopher Rubey Blackall 1830-1924 = Eliza Davis 1834 - 1867	Eliza Davis = Christopher Rubey Blackall
Clarence Howard Blackall 1857-1942 = Emma Lucretia Murray 1861 - 1940	

DUFFY

Peter Duffy = Mary Coffin
Lydia Duffy = Henry L. Davis

DAVIS

Henry L. Davis = Lydia Duffy 1802 - 1889
Eliza Davis = Christopher Rubey Blackall

own connections thereto.

So much for the possible ancestry. My mother's people settled in Nantucket about 1660 and she was I think in the seventh generation of the Coffin family who are so numerous on the Island, and of whom the collateral branches are found in the records of the main land of New England. They were and are mostly, I believe Quakers. Whittier the poet was one of them, and the Coffins are still I believe the best known family on Nantucket. My great grandmother was one of five or more sisters living in maidenly expectation on the island, but she evidently had ideas of her own, and leaving the ancestral surroundings, came to Boston,



→ ⊕ ←
 SUPERIOR FINISH.
 → ⊕ ←

E. Ross

3800
 Cottage Grove Ave.
 CHICAGO

Lydia Duffy Davis
 1802 - 1889

where she met a young Irishman named Duffy. They were soon happily married, and their daughter married an Englishman named Davis, and from that union of races came my mother, Eliza Davis. Her father it seems was quite a musician, being organist of the old Brattle Street church in Boston, the predecessor of the Brattle Street Church on Commonwealth Avenue where in 1882 I met my wife. Grandfather Davis also taught elocution, and among his pupils was Charlotte Cushman, so it is quite probable that he bequeathed to me a love of music and interest in stage matters. I never saw the Davis ancestors and really know very little definitely about them.

Of the Blackall progenitors I know only what Aunt Maggie and others

William Blackall 1768 - 1840
 was born in Berkshire, England;
 married Frances Burton of Reading.
 They had eleven children. They
 came to Kingston, Ontario in 1802
 with William ²(1790 - 1858),
 Joseph (1794 - 1871), Ann (1797 -
 1867), Benjamin (1799 - 1868),
 one other ?. Edward was born in
 North America (1806 - 1831).

Benjamin Blackall was born in
 Berkshire, came to North Amer-
 ica in 1802, married widow Sarah
 Hubey Hoffman (1795 - 1887).

21

have told me. Four Blackall brothers and a sister came from England about 130 years ago, stopping first in Canada, finally locating in and about Albany, New York, and in the Mohawk Valley, where the name is quite often found and where I have numerous cousins, some of whom I met at the time I was building the Soldiers Monument in Syracuse, when they gave me a dinner, with some fifty or more to greet me. More lately my son met some of the Cousins - I think in Rochester. Of the four brothers, one, Benjamin, by name, my grandfather, married Sarah - I don't even know her maiden name, but she has told me of being related to the Van Schaachs, the Hoffmans, and I got the idea that her father was



Sarah Rubey Hoffman Blackall
1795 - 1887

a Doctor Ruby^e, and her grand^{er}
was Eve Schaefer, all of Dutch ancestry.
The marriage with Benjamin Blackall was
not a happy one. There were ~~two~~^{three} child-
ren - Christopher, my father, Thomas,
my uncle, and a daughter. Then there was
separation and my grandmother could
never say anything good of her husband.
She was a hard, rigid kind of woman who
had no use for any of the frivolities
of the world - a good mind, indomitable
will power, and she lived to be nearly
a hundred. By a previous marriage with
a Mr. Hoffman she had a daughter who
married Rev. Mr. Parks of Troy, New York,
who was the mother of my cousin^s, the
Peabody's and of Mrs. Frances Kellogg
of Troy.

My father, Christopher Ruby^e
Λ



Eliza Davis Blackall
1834 - 1867

Blackall, was born at Albany, New York, September 18, 1830. As a young lad he was connected somewhat prominently with the Order of the Rechabites, a temperance organization which had a great vogue in those days, and at 18 was Editor of their publication, the Washingtonian. He was apprenticed as a boy, to a relative who was a book binder, but he left that occupation and went to New York, where he met my mother, Eliza Davis. He had been brought up as a Methodist. She was a Baptist, had had leanings toward Catholicism for a while, perhaps as a reaction from her Quaker inheritance, or possibly some of the Duffy Irish strain urging her, but they were married by Dr. Armitage of the First Baptist Church. She was 18, he only 22, and he had not ^{yet} ~~got~~ established



Christopher Rubey Blackall,
William, Clarence, Eliza
Davis Blackall, c. 1857

himself, but his aim was to be a Doctor, and he had a decided predilection for medicine all his life. His means must have been very limited, but somehow he managed to graduate from ~~the~~^a Medical College of the City of New York in 18~~57~~⁵⁶ and for a while was City Medical Inspector. Some years later he received an M.D. degree from Rush Medical College of Chicago. (1865) My brother Willie came in 1853. A sister was born in '55, dying in infancy, and I was born in New York City February 3, 1857. I imagined my parents had very little money, and I never knew where I was born, except that it was somewhere below Canal Street, almost out in the country for the City of those days. My father early began to write. I have some poems he sent to my mother, quite as sentimental as anything

I ever have written, also I remember a "Story of a Gold Dollar" which he wrote for one of the papers. But of my early surroundings I can remember nothing at all, and my first consciousness of life came to me at Brattleboro, Vermont, where my father had somehow acquired a fine large establishment and opened in '89⁵ what was known as a Water Cure, what we would call a San^{a o}itarium today. It was a fine location with large barns, a noisy brook, I don't know how many acres of farm land, and far enough from the little town to be quiet and restful. I never know how he got the place. He surely had very little money and I imagine the young, hopeful New York Doctor assumed a lease from some predecessor who turned it over

all furnished and with a goodly lot of patients, mostly young women from the South. As nearly as I can determine he went there in 1859, and was for a while quite successful. I have a copy of a journal he edited and printed, giving the news and daily gossip of the Water Cure and its thirty or more neurasthenic clients. He was always a ready writer, and always a favorite with the ladies - like most of the Blackall's, and it was here in Brattleboro, that I, a mere baby of two and a half years, had my first emotional experience.

* deposited 1957 in the Medical Library
of the University of Vermont, Burlington

FIRST AWAKENINGS

It was my earliest consciousness. As I try to reconstruct the little boy of that time in the light of my recollections and the two or three half faded daguerretypes I still possess, I must have been very precocious for my two and a half years, precocious at least in my emotions. I knew some things at once, and without instruction. I never needed to be told a thing was beautiful. Music had always appealed to me. Fairy tales, love songs, pretty faces, meant something to me before I could talk and they have been motive forces with me ever since. But with all my emotional precosity, I must have been a very shy, timid boy, and though I had imbibed a love of everything feminine with my mother's milk, I

was always afraid of the girls, and until I was fifteen would go out of my way to avoid meeting them face to face, though I was fearfully fascinated by everything that had to do with women, old or young. All through my little boyhood, a woman's touch would set me a quiver. Under a woman's smile I would melt like wax before a fire - and run as quickly too. And if a woman or a girl was good to me I was her unquestioning slave forever. Fortunate it was for me that I never fell under the sway of a woman who would abuse her power. I fell only for the good and the true, and if they were beautiful as well, my subjugation was immediate and complete. All my life I have adored beauty. It has been my hope and my comfort, and my reward,

and no matter how others may have viewed the objects of my worship, all those whom I have loved have been beautiful to me.

Given this my temperament from birth, it was very natural that my first glimpse of life should be premonitory of the ideals which have followed me for eighty years, growing clearer, stronger, with every personal experience and richer and more dominating with the passage of time.

And this was my first initiation to the emotional life.

We were congregated in the large parlor one Sunday evening in the late spring. I, in the little baby boy skirts which were then the fashion, was allowed to be with the grown ups, and sat huddled on a low stool before the door.

Opposite me were two large windows through which poured a flood of soft, mellow moonlight. Between the windows was an old fashioned square piano. The lamps were not lit, the moonlight filling everything with its romantic radiance. A young girl, - she seemed quite a lady to my baby eyes, though she was barely 18 - was seated at the piano, her face, her shoulders, her bare arms bathed in the moonlight. She was clothed all in white, with a complexion of pale roses and cream, pale blue eyes, and a wealth of golden red hair smoothed low over her white forehead, held back by a single circling comb and gathered into a knot just above her swanlike neck, - a beautiful vision in that quaint garb now so antique. She ran her beautiful hands

lightly over the keys for a few moments, while all conversation ceases and the room was pulsing with the quivering moonlight and the expectant hush. Then her voice lifted itself, clear and crystalline as from the throat of a lark at heaven's gate, while my heart was throbbing like a steam hammer and I was all afire with mystery and expectancy, and song, too young to know what it all meant, not too young to be transported by it.

"And then he'll come again,
 To soothe thy weary head
 And say, cease weeping,
 Thy loveⁿ watch keeping."

Just a simple old German love song, but every note, every word, was indelibly imprinted on my consciousness, so that the whole episode is just as clear and

sharp in my memory after so many years, as though it had happened yesterday.

I can see the sheen of her beautiful face, the gleam of her white shoulders, the glory of her red hair, and can feel all the sentiment of the music and the moonlight.

I have no other memory of her. With the outbreak of the Civil War, she was one of the first to leave us, and years after, when I asked my father about her, he confirmed all my memories, though that wonderful awakening evening which meant everything to me, had passed by unnoticed by him. Only to me, the baby boy, was given that first touch of the divine fire by that vision and the accents of that beautiful woman. A few years later, so I was told, she went the way

of all the romantic heroines of the 60's and died of consumption. And she never knew what an impression she had made on my susceptible heart.

Sixty years later, I made a pilgrimage to Brattleboro, just to see if anything remained of my boyish adventure. The city had grown beyond all remembered bounds. The old house was there, but a street had been cut across the lawn so that no grounds were left. Italian tenements pressed closely about it; the mansion had become a transient boarding house, and the woman who answered my ring could hardly speak English. The old parlor was there, just as I had remembered it, the two tall windows and the place beside the door where I had crouched on my little stool and listened and looked with my

heart in my mouth. I sent the woman away with a coin of the realm, and alone in that desolate, untidy room, I called back the years, brought again from the shadows that sweet young girl with the red gold hair and the soft, tender voice, and heard again the words of that dear old love song. And when I would stay no longer I went away, back to the busy world of today with its trials and disappointments, its hopes deferred and its materialism. thankful from the bottom of my heart that my earliest recollections in this life are centered about a sweet, pretty girl, moonlight, and a love song.

HEGIRA

My father's Water Cure was ruined by the outbreak of the Civil War. His clients all deserted him and he had to give it up. But the West was calling to him and he determined to start afresh, always hopeful for a way out, and in '61 we moved to Milwaukee, and then to Kenosha where he tried to make a go of a so-called Swedish Movement Cure, which was a sort of beginning of Osteopathy and massage. I remember we traveled west partly on the Great Lakes by boat and I had to share not only a stateroom, but even a bunk with my aunt. The fact that she was 25 at least and I only less than four didn't make any difference. I was scared pink, and huddled up to one side of the berth

in mortal dread of her proximity.

All other details of the voyage and our new home have passed out of my mind, but I know the venture of my father was not a great success, though he told me later of some of the wonderful cures he had made, how he straightened backs and made lame legs to walk, and all his life he was an advocate of intelligent massage and movement cure. Yes there is one memory, - my mother, in a serge gymnasium suit - bloomers, long sleeves, high collar and black stockings - that was how they dressed women then - leading a class of Indian clubbers, and letting little Birdy - as I was called - follow along with some baby clubs. And I also remember being shown a turtle's heart beating laid out in a saucer, and

one day I went wading in the brook below the hospital, with my little skirts tucked up about my legs and a water snake coiled itself about my feet and scared me and made me yell for Willie, my eight year old brother, who killed the animal and spanked me for going into the water.

In 1862 father yielded to the popular enthusiasm and the call for soldiers, and also doubtless because the Cure didn't pay enough, and enlisted as a surgeon in the 33d Wisconsin Volunteers. Mother and we children were part of the time in Racine, then in Milwaukee, and from there said goodbye to father who looked so fine in his new uniform. He went all through

the Vicksburg campaign with Grant's army and he sent us home very copious letters, most of which I have preserved.

The practice of medicine and surgery in those days was quite elemental. There was almost no conception of anti-septics or anasthetics, the germ theory of transmission of infection was unknown. Good meaning Sanitary Commissions didn't help much, and the poor wounded died like flies, an operation being almost inevitably followed by death. My father seemed to be ahead of his generation in matters of common sense sanitation, and he made a good record, but it was a terrible experience, as war always was in those benighted days, and some years after he wrote an account of it with a title "In the Tornado" which

M.B.M. deposited copies of the letters from C.R.B. during the Civil War in the State Historical Society, Madison, Wisconsin.

EDITORS
 BRUCE BLIVEN
 MALCOLM COWLEY
 ROBERT MORSE LOVEY
 GERRICK BOULS
 STARR LOUND

The New

 REPUBLIC

421 West 21st Street

New York City December 18th 1934

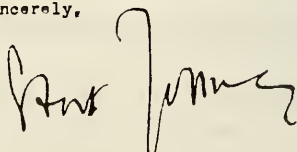
BRUCE BLIVEN
 PRESIDENT
 DANIEL MEBANE
 TREASURER

Dear Mr. Blackall,

I hope you will forgive my delay in replying to your note about my book. I have been in the country working on some stories which are to appear in the Saturday Evening Post and the Cosmopolitan. One has already appeared in the Christmas number of Harper's Bazaar. I hope you will see them. I have been given absolutely carte blanche with regard to this work, so that they represent at least what I wanted to do.

I am sure that the Doctor Blackall in my book is your father. I found nothing about him personally except that he was at times autocratic but very much a gentleman and that the people with whom he came in contact in Natchez grew to be friends. All the rest of the scene in "So Red The Rose" I invented. It can do your father's reputation no harm, however. The record of him that I saw from a Natchez newspaper was certainly that of a gentleman and fine spirit. Thank you very much for writing me.

Yours sincerely,



has a certain value as being a record of actual experience by an intelligent eye witness. This was never published. I have the manuscript still in my library and some day it will have a value as a picture of war in those times.

Notwithstanding the bitter hostility of the invaded states, my father made some friends among the families upon whom he was quartered or whom he had to dispossess to take care of his wounded hospital cases. He always was a good mixer, and even long after the war he retained the friendship of those ex-rebels and when he went South always visited with them. A few years ago a novel of the war time was written by Mr. Stark Young under the title "So Red the Rose" in which "Dr. Blackall"

is made to appear as the kind hearted Yankee surgeon. I corresponded with Mr. Young and he wrote me confirming his indirect knowledge of my father as a real person.

But the Vicksburg campaign was too much for him and in the Fall of 1863 he was down with typhoid fever, and but for the devotion of his negro nurse we never would have seen him alive.

He was left so exhausted by sickness that he could not continue in the Army and had to resign and return to the North in a very helpless condition. His ever faithful nurse stuck to him, but when they reached Chicago he could go no further, and sent for mother to come to him. And so we landed in Chicago in '63 and we all settled down in a little cottage on Anne Street in the

west side. The nurse stayed with us. She had been a slave of Senator Lancy and bore his name. She had a son, of uncertain parentage, whom she named "Emancipation Proclamation Harvey Patsy Yancy." She was a faithful servant for us, and my father really owed his life to her. She left us and went South in '65, and we lost all trace of her.

CHICAGO

We landed there in '63 and it was my home until '78. It was then a city of hardly more than 200,000, built poorly on the marshy land about the river. Altogether a dirty unattractive place for a sick Doctor without means or reputation and encumbered by a small family. The City sent what sewage it collected into Lake Michigan, from which it drew its very inadequate supply of water. The streets were unpaved and often flooded in times of rain, being only raised two or three feet above the level of the Lake and the sluggish Chicago river. The sidewalks were of plank, stepped up at each crossing and teeming with rats. Of architecture there was none whatever. No prospects could please materially, but the people were kind and helpful and we were at least

better off than in Milwaukee. The first winter was a hard one for us, - very cold, much snow, my father an invalid, trying to gain a little practice with an office on Clark St. probably helped out by a pension and very uncertain as to the future. But he never lost hope and in '66 gave up his practice as a doctor and entered the employ of the American Baptist Publication Society, at first as colporteur and travelling agent and subsequently in charge of their western business. With a short exception when he tried to be a publisher - and failed, he was with the Society all the rest of his life, most of the time as Editor of publications, after 1886 being located in the Society's home office in Philadelphia, in which city he died in his 94th year. He went to business every

day until he was 90, and was a remarkably vigorous man, both in mind and in body.

We lived later for a while on West Lake Street. Aunt Maggie was married from our house to Mr. W.^m C. Burgess, a lawyer, and I distinguished myself by disappearing during the ceremony, to be found later absorbed in the reading of the Arabian Nights, which always had fascinated me. I made a vow then, 8 years old - that when I was grown up I would learn Arabic and read those tales in the original, - which I did after a fashion fifty years later.

Our home life was very simple. Society was unknown to us except through church events. My father was very active in church work and Sunday Schools. My mother was an excellent housekeeper and

to us children. She was a sweet woman, as she appears in the picture I have of her. Three times she had had smallpox, that dreadful disease of those days, and once in Brattleboro Willie and I were awakened at night and taken in to see her, believed to be dying, and were told to say goodbye. I believe my baby sister die^d~~d~~ of the malady, and Willie had it so he was badly pockmarked all his life, which never seemed to detract from his popularity for he was a sort of infant prodigy, very musical and always ready to show off to his delighted relatives and friends, playing the piano when hardly more than a baby. A very easy going nature, taking responsibility very lightly, very free with the girls - who always fell for him, poor in his studies but a general favorite, while I was

shy, studious by inclination and a poor mixer. I never had smallpox nor anything else, not even the ordinary children's diseases. Willie would wander away on the slightest pretext, whereas I loved home better than strangers and was always a bit homesick for my own.

I think Willie was the petted darling of the family but my mother didn't neglect ^{c.} me. _^ I worshipped my father blindly but sincerely and always swelled with pride when I saw him on the platform of the Sunday School or on the deacon's seat in church. He was a handsome man, tall, with blue eyes, brown hair and a wonderful red beard. They wore such things then and we all thought it very becoming to him. I inherited that feature from him, also I have his intellectual point of view, his love of music and a certain

appreciation of the beautiful, but fundamentally I am not like him at all, and with all his religious association and his Baptist devotions, I think I am more truly religious than he ever was, though showing it less.

My mother bore three children and even added to the parental burden by adopting a little girl, whose name was Emma, by the way, and who was for a while a playmate for us boys. And my mother serenely brooded over us all and I love to think of how perfectly she knew how to keep us in peace and harmony, and smooth out Willie's aggressiveness and my own quick tempered shyness.

One act of my mother impressed itself very strongly on my youthful mind, and as I remember it, gives a kind of clue to her emotional nature. My brother was just at

the small-boy age when very apt to pick up all the bold, bad habits of thought and speech which the elders try to shield them from, but which to the childish fancy seemed signs of young manhood, something brave and daring. Willie was always taking to doubtful habits with an alacrity which outpassed even a mother's tender care. He and I were one day with our mother in her room dressing. I got in his way, or did something he did not like, or wanted him to do something he did not propose to do; or perhaps it was just vainglorious youth, elder brother bump-tiousness to his junior. When I pressed him for an answer he turned to me, and using a very naughty expression which all boys will adopt at times, but which is considered the very worst insult one boy can offer to another, he told me roundly to "shut up".

Holograph copy: "Kiss my ass."

I was speechlessly indignant; but my mother who was standing by and heard it all, came immediately to my rescue. I was almost wholly undressed, my bare legs and thighs quite exposed. Lifting my little flapping shirt tail, she kissed me twice. All my anger at my brother's brutal answer vanished in thin air. He looked sheepish, as if his bomb had been a dud, his mannish gesture only bombast, and I felt very virtuous and superior, and oh! how grateful to my mother. I can still see the look in her eyes, and feel the glow of my little heart answering to that appeasing caress. And sometimes I think that that one prompt and very wise act of hers awoke in me the beginnings of an appreciation of the innate sweetness of the body, of the sanctity of the hidden flesh, and the personal intimacy of the

soul with every function of the body.

My mother died in 1867, barely thirty-three years old, quite suddenly* just giving up the fight. She was happy in her home life and I remember her as having always a smile and a kind word for everybody.

And our home was broken up. Willie and I for a while lived with Aunt Maggie on Wabash Avenue. One summer I was boarded out to a family named Smith at Crystal Lake, near Woodstock, and Willie was sent to a school at Alton, where he got in trouble, ran away to sea, came back to more trouble and finally left my father for good, taking the name of White and after many wanderings, settling down to a comfortable piano business in New York. One year I lived at Lansing, Michigan, with a Rev. L.B.

* of appendicitis

Fish, a representative of the Publication Society. I don't know what my father did with himself. At one time he seemed to pay court to a rich widow named Green, but when he learned her husband had simply disappeared at sea he drew off. And for a while my grandmother lived with my father and me in a boarding house on the west side in Chicago and I had a playmate Fred Ellithorpe who later made quite a reputation in safety elevator construction, but whose chief delight then was in the so-called Dime Novels. He devoured them all and passed them over to me and I enjoyed them unbeknown to my austere grandmother who frowned on all such "trash". But it wasn't trash to me. I read "the Headless Horseman" with a shiver. All the heroes of Indian war and wild west adventure were

very real to me. Those books were thought to be dreadful then, but now they are the pride of some of our best libraries, and Nick Carter is not to be forgotten today. I am glad I read them. They were purity itself compared to some of the very frank best sellers offered our young folks now and they stirred all my love of adventure, romance and mystery just as the Arabian Nights had done when I was six years old. I saw only the good and heroic in them, and I wish I could read all of them once more.

Meanwhile I was in the grammar schools at different periods, and sometimes my father would take me with him on his frequent trips. I think it was in 1870 that I went with him to the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, which we explored very extensively and he plotted the principal caverns and wrote a good deal

about the place. On the way back we stopped for a few days at Louisville with a Mr. and Mrs. Bennett with whom my father had previously made the acquaintance on some Sunday School Convention. I was not so young but that I could appreciate that my father was very much interested in Mrs. Bennett and in her daughter Olivia Bryant, and I vaguely thought I would have a second mother of one or the other. And that did come later.

When we came back to Chicago from Kentucky my father took me out of school and placed me in a small job printing shop where I became the printer's devil and learned to set type and work a printing press. My steady job was on the menus for the Palmer House. Every morning the steward sent us his draft for the day.

I would set it up, make a proof, carry the proof to the Palmer House, get his approval and then print and deliver. They did things that way then. I learned a lot about foods and drinks, and had good practice in composition. But the overloaded menus were horrible illustration of the way hotels on the American plan did not make any art of eating. Imagine such a menu today!

And then in '71 came the great fire which raged for a whole week and destroyed all the business center of the city and vast residential areas in the North and South sides I was in it all. My father's store was burned out, and for several days we didn't know where he was. The fire spread like tinder. Fireproof construction was quite unknown then, and the brick exteriors of the business district were no barrier to the

to the flames. Not even walls were left standing.

My father and I were boarding on the west side near Union Park. There had been a bad fire in the Lumber District on the river, extending over several blocks. That was on a Friday night and all day Saturday. I remember going to look at the fire Sunday morning. My room in the boarding house faced East, and late Sunday night I was awakened by someone coming to look out of my window, remarking that the lumber yard fire was not all subdued yet, and glowed in the night as a bright spot about half a mile away. Three hours later I was awakened again and looking out saw that the flames had spread in a long red line more than half way to the business center of the city. By morning the whole

of what is called the Loop was all ablaze, and with some other boys I tried to get closer to the fire, crossing the River at Lake Street and venturing into Randolph Street but could not get far. Everything was going on all sides, and I well remember the prospect down the street, walls tumbling at every moment. Even the street car rails buckled up in fantastic curves by the heat. We managed some how to get across to the North side ahead of the fire and watched house after house catch fire and go up in a few minutes. Most of the dwellings were of wood, and the fire would jump sometimes three or four blocks and eat up an ordinary house in a few minutes, fanned by the strong south wind. There had been a long dry season. The water supply depended on pumping from the Lake

and gave out the first day, so that the fire spread until it had simply burned itself out.

My father turned up safely after three days of uncertainty. The city was all upset and very crowded outside the burned district. For a while he and I were housed in the First Baptist Church on Michigan Avenue, and I slept on the church cushions while he was trying to salvage some of his business effects.

Of course my printing shop went with the rest, and I set out to look for a job before the fire was cold, and after tramping all over what was left of the city I landed in a hardware shop, where I learned some things at ten dollars per week. But the city recovered itself amazingly and before Christmas the re-

building processes were well under way, and by spring I could leave my hardware shop and get something better. All the city records were destroyed and had to be re-constituted. The Tax Commissioner was C.N. Holden, a very prominent Baptist, a member of our church, and on my father's recommendation and after a brief job as typesetter on the "Daily News", I was employed by the city as a draughtsman, my job being to make maps of the Burned district, block by block, for the use of the Assessors. I always like^d to draw, and made pictures and diagrams on the blackboard in colored chalks for my Father, and made illuminated mottos on Bristol board in red, green, blue and gold "God bless our home" - "In Dio Solo Salvo" etc. and felt quite proud of myself.

In the Tax Commissioner's office I learned really to draw, and to letter, but I had not yet any idea of being an architect. But I was unconsciously preparing for it, though my work for the city was of the most simple kind. No art, no color, very little more than tracing and lettering. I remember though that many years later Robert Peabody said that a man who could letter well was always a ^{good} draughtsman though a good draughtsman was not always a good letterer.

One incident marked my stay with the city. One day a buxom, red headed Irish woman was in the Commissioner's office and was induced to tell us the story of how the Fire started. She and her family owned a small cottage on the edge of the Lumber District. She rented the front half to

another family and had a small barn in the rear where she kept her historic cow. Her tenants were having a party that night and thought to help out the feast with some milk from Mrs. O'Leary's cow. They crept out to the barn with a lighted kerosene lamp which they set down on the ground. But the cow objected to the stranger's extraneous attempts, kicked over the milk pail and the lamp and the place was all afire in a moment. The intruders fled without giving any alarm, and soon it was too late and the great Fire was started on its dreadful career. That is the true story of how it all started.

Mr. Bennett conveniently died soon after the fire and my father at once married Mrs. Emily Luck^{as}~~is~~ Bennett. The

wedding was at Louisville. They were good enough to take me and Olivia with them on a very extended wedding journey. Our to~~ur~~^{ur} included New York, the White Mountains, Vermont, the Catskills, Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, and back to Chicago. I left them at Buffalo, returning by boat. Olivia was then about 20, and I was very fond of her. She was nearest to a sister I ever have had. We settled on West Munroe St. near the 2d Baptist Church, and were quite contented.

But I needed more schooling, so I quit work and found I could enter the top grade of the grammar school. I was really further along in my general education than if I had passed through all the school grades, and on graduation I stood second in rank in the whole city, and

and should have stood first if I had been more careful in my answers. I think my father was very wise to put me to work as he did between school years. I can see now that the intermediate period was distinctly one of growth, internally and externally. I grew physically very fast. I remember my father cast me for the part of a page in the Cantata of Esther which was being given for some Sunday School benefit, and I grew so fast they had to drop me from the rehearsals.

And I became religious conscious. I passed through the experience they called conversion and was immersed in the Baptist faith when I was only 14, and was quite sincere about it. Of course I went in on my father's coat tails, but I had

a few ideas of my own and once I had a very earnest argument with Deacon Lawrence on the doctrine of the Perseverance of the Saints. The Deacon was a kindly man but a regular hard shell and was absolutely sure that no one who was really saved would ever fall from grace. And I, in my youthful perspicacity had the audacity to insist that no man living could resist the physical appeal of the right woman at the right time. Little did I know about it. My parents never enlightened me on any matters of sex, but like all boys I had my motions just the same.

And this was the time when I had my crush on Fred Gurney. We were together in the Sunday School work of the Second Baptist church and we fell completely for each other. We were always together. We read Young's

"Night Thoughts" together and spouted it on all occasions. We went to prayer meetings just to be together and walked the streets between his house and mine every night. But it couldn't last, and when he chose Ann Arbor for college and I Champaign, we drifted apart. He has been connected with Chicago University most of his life, and I hear from him only rarely. He was a fundamentalist by inheritance and by temperament, while I was a Baptist only because of my father. He had the intense missionary and pioneer point of view. His children became missionaries to Persia and I often wonder why I was so attracted to him for I am very far from wishing to enlighten any heathen. I taught in the Sunday School, doubtless very dogmatically, but I simply know no other religious point of view, and

I was given to feel that all Jews, Catholics and Episcopalians were alike strange sects which practised strange rites behind closed doors. My father even went so far as to say once that since the Baptist faith was the one most wholly in accord with the teachings and practice of Christ, therefore no man could be a perfect gentleman unless he was a Baptist! He got over that bravely before he died.

It was about this time that I came in contact with D. L. Moody, who was a friend of my father and was just beginning his career as an Evangelist. I never liked him nor felt he was sincere except in his love of the lime light. He was fine to address a crowd but he never seemed to want to waste any time with the individual. But P.P. Bliss was my ideal. A handsome

man, a wonderful voice, a powerful personality. On one Sunday School excursion on a crowded lake steamer, there threatened to be an upset of the boat by all crowding on one side to see a passing steamer, and Bliss averted a panic by standing on the upper deck and singing his "Pull for the Shore". His songs have always been popular. "Let the lower lights be burning", "Dare to be a Daniel", and many others.

And this year it was solemnly announced that a comet was aiming straight for the earth and there was to be a grand final smash up. All through 1872 I trembled in my shoes and woke each morn in doubt, and even Deacon Lawrence couldn't comfort me. It was a real thing, and when the Boston fire occurred that was simply getting ready for the final catas-

tropy. So real were the imaginary terrors at my age that I never have forgotten my troubled feelings of dread.

But there were other things than comets in that year 1872. Theodore Thomas was giving concerts in a big barnlike structure on the lake front and drawing crowds who like myself had never heard an orchestra like his, but yearned for music. I went all alone and was simply dazed by Beethoven's "Leonore" and the wonderful tone effects so absolutely undreamed of. And I went to a gigantic Peace festival in the old Rock Island depot and heard a beautiful girl sing the Star Spangled Banner with the C in alt to the accompaniment of a mighty military band and the roaring applause of an audience of 20,000 so they said. It was soul stirring, almost sublime.

But my childhood was over and I was about to begin a new chapter. The State had organized in 1864 what they meant to be a new deal in education, I had a leaning toward agriculture, - I don't know why, - and my father was a friend of Dr. Gregory, the President, and it was determined to send me there. I never went to High School at all, but in the summer of '73 I crammed for the Board Examinations, passed most of them, and in the fall took some more at Champaign, was conditioned in Algebra and History only, and was admitted, aged 16 years and 7 months.

COLLEGE DAYS

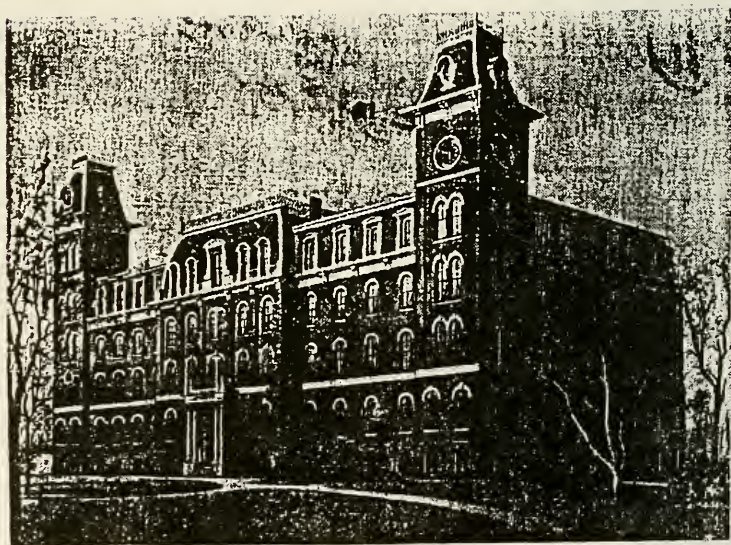
The University of Illinois was one of the State Universities founded soon after the Civil War and endowed by the National Government with generous gifts of Public Lands. It was intended primarily to teach the Mechanics and Liberal Arts, Agriculture, and Military Science, and was located in Urbana, 125 miles south of Chicago, in the corn belt, lapping over into the larger city of Champaign, the two towns in 1873 having a total population of hardly more than 5000. It was styled at first very bravely the Illinois Industrial University - the I. I. U. - but its present name was assumed shortly after 1878. It was a very small school when I entered it. The first class graduated in '72 with only twenty members, and the total attendance

while I was there was little over 400. The buildings were few, and poorly equipped. The grounds were vacant farm land. Military drill was required of all male students and those who had entered for agriculture were expected to do some work on the farm. With the rest I hoed and weeded on the site where thirty years later I was to erect the Auditorium. Some of the students lived in the old Academy building on the North Campus. The rest boarded around as best they could, and meals were furnished by so-called Clubs at about \$2.25 per week. Roughly speaking, about a third of the students in all classes were women, and nearly all of them came from farms or small towns. I was the only one from Chicago. It has been said that the so-called University

was then hardly more than a high school. But one fact was very evident. The students were there to learn and not to play and they all worked hard from 7 A.M. up to all hours of the night and there were few diversions except an occasional Church sociable or party in town, and though it was co-educational, there was almost no social pairing off with the girls, no fraternity nor sorority. We had three collegiate societies which met weekly and read papers or debated on all sorts of problems, - but most of the time we just worked, and there was hardly a boy or a girl who did not have a definite aim in life.

John Milton

Dr. Gregory took me into his house the first year and made me his secretary. Before going to the University I had taken a course in shorthand and accounting at



UNIVERSITY HALL is Mr. Sloan's title for this painting.
University of Illinois.

Bryant & Stratton's Business School in Chicago, and I could take down fast enough to follow Dr. Gregory's rather slow dictation. Then I had to look after the records of the new students, and as we were just moving into the new main building, my knack at lettering was called on to print signs and announcements, some of which I found still intact a number of years later. I took very kindly to the school work. Nominally I was studying Agriculture, but the first year was given to English, Mathematics and History. I early began to doubt my calling to be a farmer, and that doubt became a certainty. During the summer vacation of 1874 I did not go home at all, but tried to do some real farm work. I took a job on a stock

farm in the northern part of the county. My first task was hoeing corn under a blazing Illinois sun that blistered my face and arms. I had shed coat, vest and collar, thinking to be comfortable and I was sore for a week. The daily routine of work got us up at 4 A.M. - hasty breakfast by candlelight, in the fields by sun-up, a brief noon hour under the trees, back in the fields until sundown, supper in the hot kitchen, then water the stock, and at last to bed about 9:30 in a narrow stuffy attic on a hard corn husk stuffed bed. Before the summer was half over I had had all the farming I wanted. I went back to the University and found a job nailing plank sidewalks. All the walks were of wood in those primitive days. I remember the temperature was 102° and I

worked in the broiling sun and perspired so intensely that in bending over my task the sweat would drop off my nose and hit the nail on the head before the hammer. But my job did not last all summer and by September I was back at Dr. Gregory's, helping him unpack and arrange a collection of casts he had brought for a proposed Art Gallery but which came so broken up that they required the expert help of a sculptor and they got down from Chicago a Belgian named Kennis, a man of considerable ability, who gave me my first lessons in art. Working with me in this was Lorado Taft, then my boy neighbor and playmate, who later became one of the world's greatest sculptors.

By Fall, I had made up my mind to study engineering. I started in a class

of Drawing under Prof. N.C. Ricker who had just been appointed professor of Architecture, and he very soon made me feel quite sure that I wanted to be an Architect, a conviction that has never departed from me, and the rest of my time at the University was given to this aim. The course included some general academic studies. I took two terms of French and liked it so much that I read Les Miserables and Moliere's^e Comedies the first month. Other general studies were not important to me, but mathematics, construction, history of architecture, graphics, and especially physics were my delight. I fell down hard on Analytic Mechanics, but the others were like a romance to me. I never had to study them

with an effort. One reading was enough, like some story of adventure, and my record in Physics was 100. One curious fact remains as a memory of the limitations of the science of those days. Our text book in Physics was translated from the French of Gounod. Describing the functions of electricity and the means of generating it, the astonishing statement was made that the mechanical generation of electricity was a very interesting laboratory experiment, but owing to the excessive cost of production it was unlikely that electricity would ever be used in the arts and sciences! And that was in the '70's.

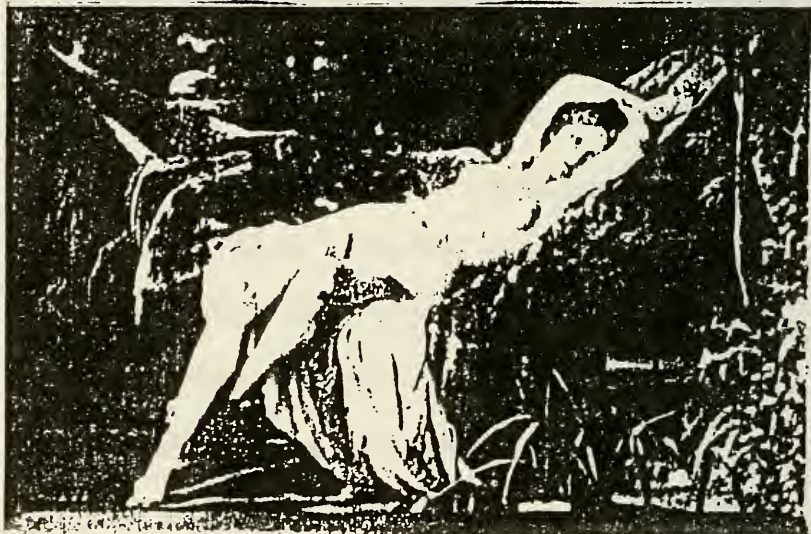
At the beginning of my second year of college I left Dr. Gregory and boarded at the so-called Chase House on the South of the Campus. I had a room to myself

and shared in the very copious three a day meals of the Club, - meat every meal, hot biscuits in profusion, and we ate as only rugged youngsters of that period always did, but fortunately were none the worse for it. We were a hard working but very jolly crowd, including three very amiable girls who had the next room to mine and were very friendly, and of whom I have the very kindest memories. One of them was Avis Smith, who subsequently was so successful as a physician in Kansas City and who has been my life long friend. Another was her cousin Gussie Butts, who achieved distinction as a teacher in Chicago. I have not seen her for over 50 years, but have heard of her through Dr. Smith.

In my third year I was quite chummy with Ira Baker, my physics teacher and with him went through two undergraduate spasms. We read Reveries of a Batchelor together. He fell in love with Emma Burr, and I thought I was in love with Emma Platt. Also we tried a revival in the style of the Y.M.C.A. and for a while were fervently, prayerfully active. But the field was not ripe and in my junior year my religious convictions were very much shaken, and I fell under the spell of Jeffer^S of the Class of '76, who was a declared Free Thinker, and almost an atheist, as we said with awe, but who softened his views after college and has been ever since an apothecary at Swampscott, Mass. But all this was only growing pains.

The real renaissance was when I went all alone to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876 and was thrilled by the Art exhibited, - real sculpture, real paintings, the first I had ever seen, and industrial art, craftsmanship, jewels, fabrics, decorations, which were all new to me. The display of art, especially the French paintings, stirred me most profoundly: and I just had to express my feelings somehow when I was so dazed by the beauty such as I never had dreamed of. I well remember how I sat before that painting called the "Bather", a sweet girl so modestly unveiled in a hammock over the water. I let my soul flow into my written notes. Those notes I did not preserve at all, to my lasting regret, so I can only call on my memory to tell

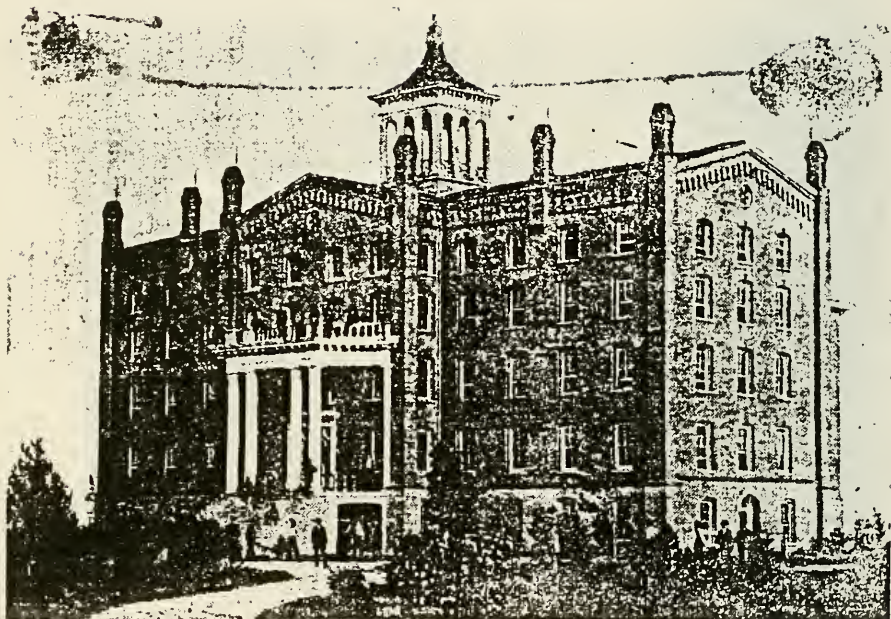
"Bather," at Centennial Expo, Philadelphia 1876



me what that art meant to me at 18.

Many years after I found a photograph of my Bather in the house of my friend Harold Stevens who has also been an admirer of it in '76, and I made the copy which I add hereto.

In the Fall of '76 I had the inspiration of Peter Roos, our new instructor in drawing and design,- a very able artist and a good teacher. He was very clever with his pencil and brush and brought back from the Centennial Exposition an enormous quantity of freehand sketches which excited our envy and spurred our imagination and was a decided artistic force in the University work.



THE UNIVERSITY looked like this when it opened, 69 years ago. This old structure (now no longer standing), built in 1862 as the Champaign-Urbana Institute, was acquired by the City of Urbana together with ten acres of land (the present Illinois Field) in 1867 and was a part of the inducements of Champaign County in favor of Urbana as the location of the new University. This building, all ready to move into, was no small factor in winning the battle for Champaign County. After University Hall was built in 1873, the old building was used only as a dormitory. It was partly wrecked in a storm, and was torn down in 1880.

Thirty years later he located in Cambridge and through my help was appointed Art Supervisor of the Public Schools, which position he held with great credit for many years.

The Junior and Senior years I lived in the top floor of the old dormitory. Across the hall was Joe Llewellyn, a fellow architect, who played the flute with me, and chummed with one eyed Johnny Moore who helped us out with his violin. Our 9 x 14 rooms were cold in winter and hot in summer. For heat we burned soft coal in small stoves, using kerosene to start the fire, and had of course no electricity. My window looked across the campus to Chase House, and when Avis Smith - with whom I was always on the best of terms, wanted to see me, she would put a light in

her window, and I would go. And no chaperon!

There was no running water in the dormitory and I don't believe there was a bath or a water closet in the whole two cities. Plumbing had not yet arrived. Slops had to be carried down four flights and a very primitive wooden privy was all we could depend on. Of course we had to take care of our own rooms, but there was no supervision and nobody cared. I don't know what became of our washing. Probably there wasn't much anyway. And yet we were contented and happy and were working all the time and developing our minds even if the University was so small and the equipment so meager.

We had our telegraph association, with lines connected to the different

student houses and some twenty or more of us learned to use the Morse System among ourselves. I even went so far as to make friends with the Champaign train dispatcher, and several times I substituted for him on the main lines of the Illinois Central and could take and send so well I never have forgotten how.

I was extremely interested in everything having to do with Electricity or Physics and my telegraphy started me on several lines which anticipated some of the inventions of a much later period. I worked out the theory of Multiple telegraphy - several messages over the same wire simultaneously, and almost succeeded with it. This led to wireless telegraphy and that in turn suggested telephone and television, both of which were only dreams in 1875.



*In 1877 Mr. Black-
all was captain of
the Sixth Regiment
of the Illinois State
Guard*

And in my fancy I conceived an instrument no larger than a watch, with which, by the aid of the earth currents, one could not only signal to Japan or the pole, but could actually hear and see the speaker in reply. The only trouble was it would not work. Radio was then wholly a vague theory. The telephone did not come until 1876 and television became possible only sixty years later. But I had lots of fun with my dreams and my theories.

All the time I was under military discipline, wore my uniform every day, and rose to be a captain in my last year with a commission from the Governor in the 6th Regiment, Illinois State Guards. And in that capacity I was one of the guards of honor when the Lincoln Monument at Spring-

field was dedicated. Years before in '65 as a school child I had gazed on the dead president as he lay in state in Chicago. I always liked the drill and took kindly to the broad sword and fencing.

Prof. Ricker did a good deal for my education. He was a very modest unassertive man, and his lectures were deadly dull, but he incited us to work and dig and let our fancy lead us further than our pen or pencil could follow. Art then was at a very low ebb and there was no real design given us but we pegged away as best we could, and I got a real grounding in the mechanics of my profession which has stood me in good stead and which prepared me for Paris. I graduated in '77 - with good marks in all my

studies except Applied Mechanics, on which Prof. Robinson gave me a mark of 3 because he knew I had studied it, plus 70 because I needed that to pass, but he assured me I did not know a thing about it.

On the whole the University training was probably as good as I could have got in any western school. The crudeness of the layout is evident in the light of the developments which have come since, but we didn't appreciate it and we worked all the harder and with more distinct purpose than if we had had more. Dr. Gregory was a real inspiration. Every morning we formed by companies in the hall and marched into the large room we called the chapel. There was a very simple service. Dr. Gregory talked to us for perhaps ten minutes, and he was always listened to with the greatest

attention. I think he was a Baptist, but his religious philosophy was above a man made creed, and he truly led the students to higher faith and standards. He laid deep the foundations on which his successors have built so nobly, and we Gregorians have always revered his memory. I was very near to him and he was my ideal.

In my second year my father gave me a flute. It was of the old fashioned German type, an imperfect instrument at the best, but it appealed to me from the first touch. I had no teacher and no music, and it was months before I could even play the scale, but I stuck to it and had lots of fun trying. I found a few congenial spirits and we formed ourselves into a Rossini Club, and once had the nerve to offer our music

for a church festival in Urban^a, when I lost my place in an overture, and had to trill on the fundamental until I relocated it. Also I made friends with a blind girl, Miss Emma Page, who had a remarkable gift for music, and played my accompaniments after one rehearsal with her sister and me. That sister could read music but not play it well, and was a fellow student of architecture with me. We always played good music, even though I did not understand it. But my college life gave me a strong love of music, even though we had so little of it, except for one shining occasion. As a chairman of an entertainment committee of our debating society, I got in touch with the Boston Mendelssohn Quintette Club and persuaded them to give us a concert in Champaign. This musical organization was

then the foremost in the country - though I did not appreciate that fact. It included Listemann, Molé, Wolfe Fries, I remember, whom I was later to hear in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Miss Dora Wiley, a most charming soprano. The concert was a great success, every ticket sold and the "Opera House" packed to the doors. I have no record of the programme, but I know I heard a string quartette, and for the first time heard Schubert's D Minor quartette, for I made a vow then that some day I would have that played just for me by just such musicians. I have heard it many times since, but never just for myself, and I haven't yet given up hope of consummating my boyish vow.

There was a man named ^{Foster}~~Porter~~, not a student but one of us in spirit who played

the violin wonderfully without being a great technician. He gave me a lot, too. His wife and his two daughters were very musical and we had some famous treats at his house, always with the most classical music, and I learned to love it and know it through him.

But the music I tried to make myself was always leading me into a dream-land of fancy. I think my mother (No.2) was really alarmed lest I become a professional. But that never would have been. Now I used to stay in my dreary room, with a harmonica placed in the crack of the window, and listen to the wind sighing through it in waves of tender harmony. And then I would take my flute and try to catch the aerial melody, or put it by and look out at a glowing sun-

set over the western prairies and dream visions, and see with my fancy all that life had coming to me. No wonder I lost my heart those days. It was the spring-time, the only ring time, and I a dreamer.

It was in my third year that my heart and my fancy fell into that delightful idyl that means youth and springtime. Miss Emma C. Piatt was a classmate, only a few months younger than I. She came from the next county, which had been settled by her pioneering parents, and was named for them. She was a blonde, with yellow hair, blue eyes, and strikingly dark eyebrows, and we were very sympathetic and both at the impressionable age of 18. We read "Dream Life" together and found it very delightful. She had a good mind and was easily the best girl in

college, I know, because others told me so, and she was assumed to be engaged to a last year's student for whom I had absolutely no use, and before college was finished for me, I was engaged to my delightful classmate. This engagement lasted only until I went to Paris in 1878. In 1882 she married my chum Joe Llewellyn, like myself an architect, and has lived in Chicago, or in LaGrange ever since. She and I have had a very pleasant friendship all these years. She, and her family, have visited us in Cambridge. Her eldest daughter lived with us while studying at the Sargent School, and we have an irregular correspondence, same as I have had with Dr. Smith. It was all a beautiful romance of our youth, and helped in no small way to make our college career worthwhile.

In this connection I want to allude to a curious fact that so many of the women who have influenced my life bore names beginning with "E". My three mothers were Eliza, Emily and Eugenie. Dr.'s Smith's middle name was Elida. My first attraction was to Emma Piatt, and my wife has the same name. My confidential secretary who has been with me since 1890 is Edith. ^{*} My next best, who gave me 24 years of service was Elizabeth, ^{**} and there are others.

As the Art of Architecture as such, the University gave me very little. Prof. Ricker gave us a good grounding in construction, but we never used it, and in History of Architecture, which stuck by us some, and we were drawing all the time. But design, creation, critical

107
appreciation we had none that counted. Architecture was at its lowest ebb about that time, and we were no worse than others. But I did get a lot from Peter Roos and from Kennis. Also I got a good start in French and English. And most of all I got some dear friends who helped me to wake up and find myself and that was more than my Bachelors degree of B.S. or the masters degree they gave me a few years later.

In one way I managed to rub off quite a certain amount of architectural documentation. Prof. Ricker had some really choice books on architecture, the beginning of the famous Ricker library of today, and I went through every book, studying the illustrations and making careful tracings of everything that seemed to me worthwhile -

several hundred tracings, most of which I still have in my scrap books.* I always had a preference for the antique and was fascinated by the Greek work and traced all the best of that wonderful art, including sculptures and decorations. I remember how thrilled I was when I discovered the Greco Roman figures from Pompeii. I did them mostly in pen and ink and it not only gave me an architectural vocabulary, but also a certain facility in drawing. It was my own idea to do this, not a part of our course nor even suggested by Prof. Ricker, and I was the only one to do it. I learned to love the classics of my chosen profession, and to a certain extent I knew also some of the other historic styles, though Greek was my chief discovery. My love of

the antique found expression in my theses. For the B.S. I chose "color" and made a number of experiments on the physical and optical properties of light which pleased me even though there was nothing new about it. But for my master's degree, which was written about 1880, after my return from Paris, I chose the Greek Vases, drawing my material from the Collection Campana in the Louvre, and when I saw my old thesis in the University archives this last Commencement, I felt really quite pleased that I should have chosen such a subject and treated it so well. One of the many illustrations I made, is the Greek head which I years after quartered on my book plate.

The last year of college I got the idea into my young head that there was real merit in simply studying. To be sure I was wrestling unsuccessfully with higher mathematics, and even attempted to comprehend "Lac^oi in space" and I thought it was quite "Seniorial" to work all night two nights each week, and study way into the small hours of the night the rest of the time. It was sheer waste of energy. I lost more than I gained, but as Avis once said, "Clarence was very young then". But I never have known how to play, have always preferred to work hard rather than to take it easy, and on the whole I do not regret my "youth".

There were 41 of us in our graduating class of '77. In those days the class at Commencement was seated on the

platform, and each had to say something. I had carefully prepared a thrilling exordium, on I know not what now, which I promptly forgot when I faced the expectant crowd, and had to lamely resort to the notes I had in my pocket. ^{No}~~On~~ one seemed to take it as seriously as I did, and after the exercises, Mr. Pierce the Congregational minister poured balm on my perturbed spirit by his praise of what I had tried to say, while Avis Smith and Emma Platt who sat next me on the platform and hadn't forgotten their lines, were discretely silent and spared my blushes. I was only 20. All my classmates are dead now except four. Avis is 88, retired long ago with honors. I am next in age.

I have nothing but pleasant memories of my college days. Not a single thing went wrong with me, and starting as I did from Chicago, and with art so jumbled up everywhere, I doubt if I could have done any better had I come east. The Tech^{*} was no better than Illinois, and anyway I had already determined to complete my education at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris and not to stay in Chicago all my life.

* M.I.T.

C.H.B. received a certificate from the Illinois Industrial University, June 6, 1877. This lists all courses and grades for four years. On June 5, 1878 he received the Bachelor of Science degree, School of Architecture in the College of Engineering. On June 9, 1880 he received the Master of Architecture degree, School of Architecture in the College of Engineering. All three have been deposited in the Boston Public Library.

FIRST TRIALS

I went back to live with my parents in Chicago. I don't believe my step mother was any too glad to have me around, and she always was afraid I would not be able to earn my living and would come back on my father, and she had said once when I was home for a brief vacation that I was doing very well at college notwithstanding my self conceit. I probably was pretty fresh in those days. But I did not expect much of her, fortunately for me. She was a thoroughly selfish, luxury loving woman, handsome in a way and with a very good mind, and though she gave me rather less love than I could expect from a No. 2, - she did polish me up a bit, taught me good

manners, cultivated my love of books and my appreciation of nice things. I never had any real home life after my own mother died, and I must have seemed like an unlicked cub to No.2. She was all wrapped up in her daughter Olivia Bryant who was old for her years and seemed like a sister to her mother.

For a while I was a draughtsman under Burnham, an architect of small note - (not the great D.H.) and then with a Mr. Miller, with whom I worked on several churches and on the Toledo Board of Trade. But I wanted to get to Paris. I studied some more French and tried it very haltingly on the French Consul who could not tell me much about the Ecole. So I wrote direct to Paris, and was encouraged by the replies I

received, though all I really knew was that the Ecole really existed and foreigners were admitted. My father was willing to help me financially, - with certain reservations, and my Mother No.2 seemed to view with equanimity anything that would ensure my absence from the paternal roof. So by the end of the winter of '77 - '78 I was all set to go and had quite decided to shake the dust of the city off my feet and never return. And in the meanwhile Charles Halsey had been courting Olivia with such success that although ten years her senior, she was quite willing to be his. They were married June 5, '78. They left that day on their honeymoon, destination unknown, and the next day I took the train for Paris, leaving father and No.2 all

alone in Chicago.



Clarence Howard Blackall
age 18

PARIS

We were quite a party starting for Paris, including Dr. Gregory's son Alfred, the Doctor's daughter and her husband, Prof. Webb, also the two Studebaker brothers, the great wagon manufacturers of South Bend, Indiana. I made the forty-eight hour rail journey alone, no sleeper or sleeping car for me, and I had to sit up in the day coach all night. But I was young and tough and didn't mind it, and joined the party in New York, where we embarked on the Steamship "City of Berlin" a big boat for those days, nearly 500 feet long. It was my first sea voyage and I enjoyed every bit of it. We were 10 days crossing to Liverpool - some speed for 1878.

Ocean travel in those days was some different from what it is now. Our steamer seemed like a giant to my eyes, but was really hardly one tenth the size of todays "Queen Mary", and half as long. It had three masts or more and spread big sails to help it along, and burned coal under its boilers instead of oil. But it was a floating palace compared with most of the craft of that day, and was quite proud of making a daily run of over 300 miles when the weather was in our favor.

I was in England only two days, as the others of the party were quite as anxious as I was to get to Paris. In London I had time only to hunt up the Rev. Mr. Van Meter, whom I had known

in Chicago and who with Mrs. Van Meter was bound for Rome to do missionary work, where they became later quite successful.

I had a very pleasant acquaintance with them. They joined our party and we all went on together by Dover and Calais.

At the Paris Gare du Nord I had my first trial at the language. The parties were going to a hotel near the Etoile. On the way I was told to speed up our cabby.

I put my head out the window and made certain remarks. He made suitable reply and we neither of us understood a word.

Blas for my French!

I wobbled about some before I was

at all settled. I had letters to Mr.

G.P.A.

Bealey the celebrated portrait painter

à la mode. I was invited to dinner at

his house and met his son who was a painter

at the Ecole. The next day Healy Junior took me to the Ecole where I was regularly inscribed as an "aspirant", and he had me meet an architect member of the school, who in turn took me to see ^{Jules} M. André, who consented to receive me in his Atelier pending the entrance examinations, which would not occur until September. So I had the summer to prepare in. Also I had time to see the sights, - not always alone, however, though our trans-Atlantic party was soon broken up, the others going off on the Grand Tour of the continent and leaving me to fend for myself. I well remember my first sightseeing day in Paris. While on the ocean I met a charming fellow traveller from Brooklyn, a bright, sparkling girl who always had a crowd of admirers about her and had the ability to make

everyone her devoted slave. We had pledged to meet in Paris, and before I had been there ten days she showed up with her two brothers and we all went to the Louvre and had a glorious time with the paintings and sculptures, all so wonderful to us and such a revelation of beauty and art. We ended the day in the Garden of the old Tuilleries, sitting on the benches, eating some of the big luscious strawberries we had bought on the street, and watching the passing crowd. And this was our Paris - Art, strawberries and a pretty girl. And we were very young!

My French was so crude I took lessons in the Cour Rudy near the Madeleine and managed to get along, but the French I had learned in Champaign did

not count for much when I tried to talk, and it was months before I could be sure of myself. And in September I was up for the examination at the Ecole. I came pretty near flunking in Descriptive Geometry, - an oral examination, and at last had to explain to the professor that I could say it all in English but was all mixed up in French, and I told him as best I could that I had passed well in everything at the University. He indulgently passed me in that. Then I had a tussle in freehand drawing. We were given six hours to make a drawing from a cast of a Greek ^{nte} ~~ant~~fix, which I was perfectly familiar with, but my drawing just wouldn't take shape. I was thoroughly discouraged, and took a recess, going out on the quay

and debating whether I was or was not
 licked before starting and would have
 to give it up and go back to Chicago.
 But the rest and the fresh air heartened
 me up a lot and I went back, rubbed out
 all I had done, started afresh, and got
 through well enough to pass. About 150
 boys were taking the examinations and I
 was ranked about half way down the pass-
 ing line, which was as much as I could
 hope for, considering my scanty training,
 and my newness to French speech and ways.

There was an Exposition under way
 in Paris this year '78. Illinois had an
 exhibition, which I found was in charge
 of one of my fellow students of the I. I. U.
 I renewed acquaintance with him and for
 the first three months I shared his room

In the Grennelle quarter near the Exposition, but in the fall I moved nearer the Ecole. There was a Baptist Chapel in the Rue de Lille. I had a letter to the pastor and to Lepoids the chief ~~man~~^{man} there. It was hard to get lodgings in the city on ~~the~~ account of the crowds who were attending the Exposition, but the church offered to let me have a room right off the church platform, a sort of ante room, very small, but large enough for a cot and a chair and a wash stand. I lived there a year. The ^ccon~~si~~erger took care of me and the room. There were very few services that bothered me, and though I had to pass through the church and upon the platform to reach my two by twice cubby hole, I really had lots of fun out of it. The main church auditorium was a modern hall in the second story, of no architectural

value. The members of the church were mostly of humble station and the services were simple and few, so I had the place all to myself most of the time. The hall had a slight echo or resonance which made music sound very harmonious, and I used to delight in taking my flute, walking about in the darkness playing to myself and letting my fancy fly. I wasn't homesick, why should I be when I had no home to be homesick for? And even with my inartistic settling I did have a little romance to cheer me while waiting for school to begin and trying to understand my new surroundings. I did not have any money to spare for mere pleasure, but the open air cafe concerts of the Champs Elysées were free to listen to outside

of the encircling hedges, and I went very often in the evening and enjoyed what I could only listen to. And I never have forgotten one night when I was fascinated by a voice coming through the shadows, sweet and clear like a golden bell, from the stage I could not see, almost like an echo of my babyhood Brattleboro singer. I fell in love with that voice and came back to it all of one week, but I never saw the singer though the song still comes back to me, and forty five years later it was so fresh in my mind that I wrote a story about the singer and called it "Una voce poco fa".

At the end of the first year I gave up my churchly residence and had a room on the top floor of No. 21 rue

Gay Lussac^c, near the Luxembourg, up 125 steps, and no elevator, and I lived there until I left the city.

My father sent me a check every month, and I had to be careful of my money. One month the check did not arrive as I expected and I took my silver watch to the Mont de Pieta and pawned it for \$3 then I spent most of the money for a good meal, and went across the city to the Bank in the rue Scribe and found a letter and a check. A happy go lucky way of living, but I was young and carefree, like most of my fellow students in the Latin quarter, and didn't let things worry me. My whole Paris sojourn, by the way, from Chicago to Paris and return to New York, including atelier

and school fees, cost only about \$1100 for about twenty two months.

My religious experiences were by no means restricted to the Baptist church of the rue de Lille. Before I had been in Paris many months I was an attendant at the American Chapel in the rue de Berri of which Dr. Hitchcock was the pastor, nominally Presb^yterian, I believe, but everyone was welcome and no questions about creed. I had a Bible Class in the Sunday School and met there the Woods. Mr. Woods was the Paris member of the firm of Hovey & Co. of Boston, and twenty years later I knew them living in West Newton. There also was in my class a big, red headed Irishman named John Boyle, an élève sculptor at the Ecole

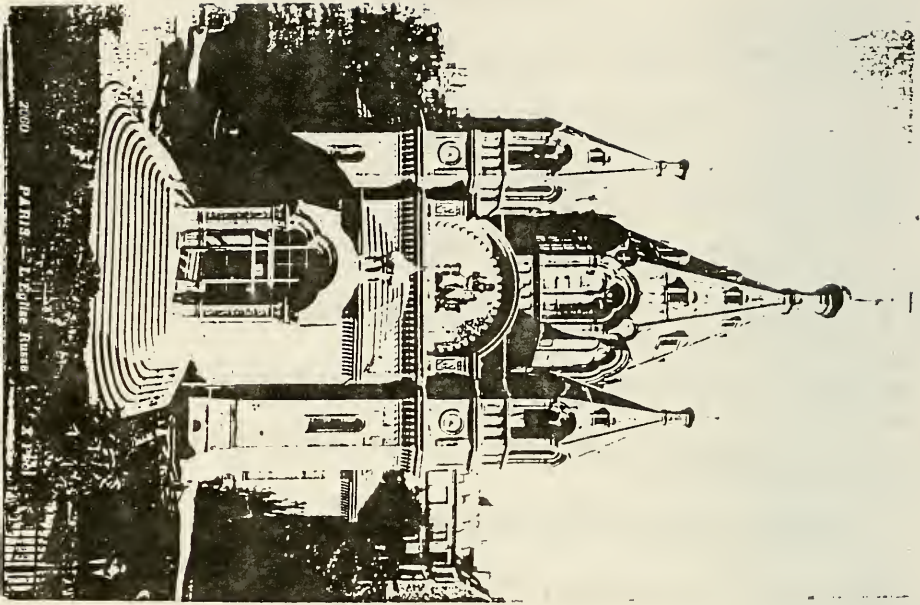
who later became quite famous, and who was my friend till he died.

Dr. Hitchcock was a great mixer.

He was supposed to be the fiancé of Emma Thursby the singer, and he and she had weekly at homes which I often went to and met interesting people, mostly Americans.

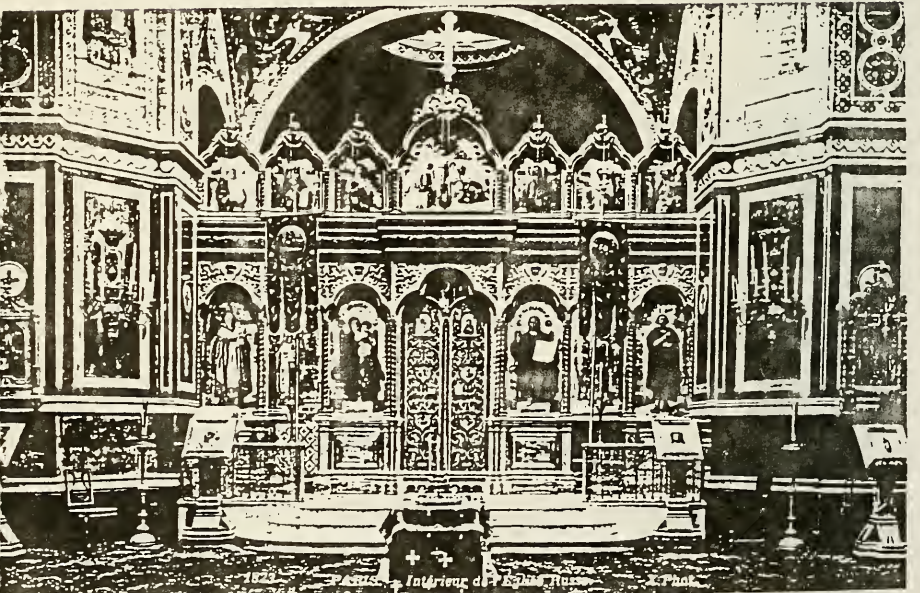
Then in my second year I was drawn into the McCall mission work among the working classes of Paris and had charge of the reunions in one of their numerous gospel halls. I had to lead the meeting, pray and make a short exhortation, etc. all in my very broken French which always seemed to amuse the audience.

And for real worship I went when I could to the Russian church and heard



2000

PARIS. - La Cathédrale Russe



1022 - PARIS - Intérieur de la Cathédrale Russe - Phot.

the wonderful music which simply lifted one to Heaven. And there was a certain place in the choir of Notre Dame behind one of the pillars, where I could be a Catholic in heart and listen to the service in front of the high altar, looking up to the amethystine splendor of the huge rose window of the west front. So I had the extremes - Russian and Catholic on one hand, McCall and Moody and Sankey on the other, and it was all good. And Christmas eve of '79 I heard the famous Midnight Mass at the church of St. Eustache, wedged in with thousands of others who filled the vast nave to overflowing, uplifted by the wonderful singing of "Adeste , fideles", and the midnight mass in all its Roman splendor, in an atmosphere

vibrating with the flickering radiance of myriads of candles. It was truly a remarkable experience.

And I had music of another kind too. As often as I could, I went to the Grand Opera. I bought a ticket for the top balcony at fifty cents, and was absorbed by Faust, which I saw several times, also ^SMaraniello, Le Profète, Robert le Diable, and several others. And once I went to a concert in the Hippodrome where a mighty orchestra and chorus were conducted in person by Gounod and Massenet. And one unforgettable time I went to the Theatre Francaise and heard the music of the heavenly voice of the divine Sarah * in Coppé^c's "Le Passant".

I was a frequent contributor

* Bernhardt

from the first to the "Standard" -
 the Baptist journal in Chicago.
 Thanks to my father I had had an
 understanding with the editor before
 I left Chicago, and I wrote for the
 paper ten or twelve articles on Paris
 topics. I also sent some to the
 "Illini" at Champaign. This was my
 first venture as a writer, I didn't
 get much money for my ideas, but I
 had a lot of good experience, and
 at least
~~anyway~~, all my articles were ^printed,
 and I have kept them all in my first
 scrapbook. (CHB's scrap books have been deposited
 in the Boston Public Library.)

Dr. Mitchell and his family, whom
 I had known slightly in Chicago, came
 to Paris during my first winter, with
 the intention of instituting a Baptist
 Theological Seminary, and their Apartment

In the rue Thenard was a center for the American art students. Alice Mitchell, whom I had left in Chicago only a little girl, had blossomed almost over night, into young womanhood of sweet sixteen, and we boys all fell in love with her, - discretely and safely, and were assiduous in attendance at the Mitchell's "At Homes", and listened patiently to Mrs. Mitchell singing "The Brook" to which Dr. Mitchell never failed to cynically remark that it truly "went on forever", and were rewarded by the smiles of fair Alice. At that time Du Maurier's "Trilby" was all the vogue, and everybody was singing from "Pinafore" and we all felt our Latin quarter oats and the joy of living in our imagined Vie de

Bohème. Those "evenings" were never dull.

This may sound as if the work at the Ecole des Beaux Arts was neglected, but it was far from that. Every day I was at the atelier. There were about 40 students in the atelier. ^{Jules n /} M. [^]André was the senior professor in the school. One of his pet pupils, Laloux, had just won the Grand Prix. Deglane, Deffrasse and Redon were to win it in a few years and were setting the pace for the younger men. It was a busy, happy life we led, noisy and with lots of horse play, but full of inspiration for a stranger like myself.

There were only a few Americans.

Henry O.

[^] Avery, an ⁿancient of the first class, who died in New York after a short,

brilliant career with R.M. Hunt, and in whose memory the Avery Library was given to Columbia, Charlie Berg from New York, dubbed "mon pochette" by the French boys, Holland from Brooklyn^y, and ^uDans, who had been my sponsor and was half Mexican but claimed 100 percent American - only five of us. Now the American students in Paris are numbered by thousands, but we were the pioneers.

Though I could not really enter the school until after the September examinations, I was admitted to the Atelier André^e at once, and had to go through the usual initiation, which in my case as a foreigner, was made quite easy, though I did not appreciate until later all that was spared me. The boys were a law to themselves.

One of them was designated as the Massier and was supposed to keep a certain kind of order, but everything was quite free and easy. The patron, Mr. André came to the Atelier only once a week to criticize the work and while he was there the boys were in perfect, silent order, but the rest of the time things were pretty lively. The nov-veaux had to do just as they were told and were put through all sorts of stunts. If they took it in fun, they got off quite easily, but when they rebelled things began to happen. One big Nouveau got ugly and refused to do as he was ordered - whereupon the whole crowd fell on him bodily, picked him up, dragged him to the adjacent court and dumped him in the basin of the

fountain, dancing in derision about him. He never said a word, but climbed out of the fountain, broke through his tormentors, and all dripping with green slime, marched up to the office of the Ecole, presented himself to the Secretary and demanded protection. All that was done officially by the authorities was to close the Atelier for a week but the boy's career at the Ecole was finished, and he never was able to come back.

I got off easily. One day the Massier summoned me to "faire les petits pains" which meant I must go the rounds and do any small errands anyone desired. I began it, with some hesitation, and could feel the boys were watching to see what I would do, but when they ordered me to go out and get beer for the crowd,

I balked, telling the Massier I just would not do it,- that I had not come all the way from Chicago to run such errands, to which he replied patiently that they hadn't asked me to come, that it was an established usage of the Atelier, and if I didn't like it and submit with a good grace, I didn't have to stay.

I got the beer. But the boys really were very considerate of me and I soon made friends with them, especially Redon, who later won the Grand Prix and became the architect in charge of the Louvre. He could speak a little English, which he often tried on me, by asking "Eh! bien, Mistaire Blak-kall, haf you takin ze stays-am-bow-att zis day?" Most of the boys had very vague ideas about Chicago,

which they thought of as a far-away, wild western town where naked Indians roamed the streets and occasionally scalped the venturesome tourists, and I gave up very soon any idea of enlightening them on the subject, for they would not believe me if I tried.

I soon found I couldn't really draw. So acting on the advice of my new friends I went about the city sketching everything I could find. I made sketches by the ^hundred and kept at it until I managed to acquire a certain facility which I never would have gotten at Illinois. At the same time I got to know intimately every quarter of my beloved Paris.

I explored everything, days and nights, and worked up some very enthusi-

astic articles for the Chicago "Stand-
 ard". I was only 21 and the whole
 city was my oyster. And one unforget-
 table night when the moon was at its
 full, I got out my "Les Misérables" and
 followed out the thrilling flight of
 Cosette and Valjean^e across Paris from
 the Mas^{ure}~~son~~ Gorbeau close to their refuge
 in the silent Monastery of Pi^cpus, and
 made the story seem as real as though it
 was a personal tale rather than a po^estic
 romance. And some days I would sⁱot on
 the quais in the warm sunshine, watch
 the Bateaux-Mouche^s puffing by and just
 revel in my day dreaming, finding it
 all so much more than I had hoped for.
 The atmosphere of that wonderful city
 got in my young blood and made me a

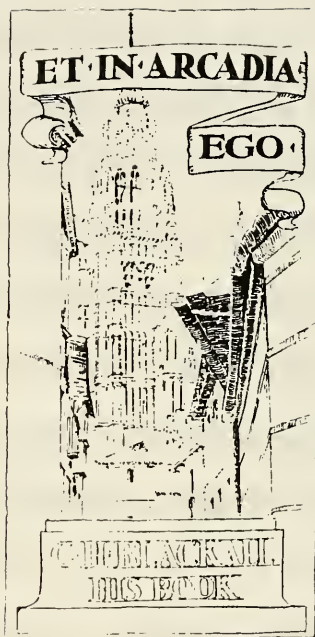
Parisian for all time, for as Victor Hugo puts it, "qui dit éterdiant, dit tout ce qui^l y a de plus Parisiean".

In the second year I joined the Five O'clock Sketch Club, an organization of English and American artists who met every day at five in a big studio in the rue d'Enfer, and made one hour sketches from the draped model, the members, men and women, taking turn in posing. This gave me so much I wanted more, and for a while I studied in an evening life class under the celebrated Carolus Duran, whose pet pupil at that time was John Sargent. Here I had my first experience with drawing from life, and when I was sat down before a naked female model, whose name by the way was Virginia, and told to study every detail

of her beautiful body, it was most too much for my Sunday School training.

I also felt I should have some training in sculpture. All the architects had to do some modeling, so as a side course I entered the Ecole des Arts Decoratifs. I did not stay more than one winter and my work was not at all remarkable, but it ~~was~~ counted in my education.

From the very first arrival in Paris, I was a constant student at the Art Galleries. I got to know almost every picture, every piece of sculpture in the Louvre, and I well remember my emotions when I first saw the Venus de Milo at the end of the long corridor standing out against the dark red background. I used to spend hours before



"Arcady" refers to a place of ideal and Idyllic existence in classical Greek antiquity. In the painting by Poussin shepherds inspect the inscription "Et in Arcadia ego" on a sarcophagus on which rests a human skull. Erwin Panofsky discusses all this in Meaning in the Visual Arts, N.Y. 1955, and translates the inscription: "Even in Arcady I (Death) am present". In a phrase with no verb form at all, the present tense is usually inferred, e.g. "Fax vobiscum!" etc. However, there has been historic justification for C.A.B.'s reading.

that wonderful incarnation, studying every beautiful detail, absorbing the atmosphere of the triumphal goddess, and fascinated by the glory of exalted womanhood. And I was specially drawn to the paintings, above all of Fra Angelico and Ingres, so different and yet so much alike in sentiment. I usually went to the galleries all alone, and thought it all out by myself, with no one to start me on a false tack, and I remember my response to the subtle romance of Poussin's 'Arcady Shepherds' as I appreciated that "I too had been in Arcady".

The Campana Collections of Greek Vases appealed very strongly to me, so much so that I took them for the theme of my Thesis for my Master's degree,



and made very extensive and detailed studies. Also the Cluny collections I found very interesting, and on one of the old Rouen ~~ware~~^{ware} plates I found an old Norman song, which I learned and let loose on the Atelier ⁿ André, where it became quite popular.

"Pour passer doucement ^{ma} ~~ma~~ vie" etc.

Avec mon petit revenu

Ami je fond^e une Abbaye

Et je la consacre à Bacchus."

And it wasn't until years after that I discovered that in French slang, "Abbaye" has a very insidious meaning.

At the Beaux Arts all the Americans knew each other, and I soon had a very close friendship with A.D.F. Hamlin, a nephew of the U.S. Vice President Hamlin, son of the founder of Robert College, born in Constantinople, studied at Amherst, later to become professor of Architecture with much distinction at Columbia. We played the flute together very badly, we both fell for Alice Mitchell and we had one favorite diversion. We would climb to the top of the south tower of Notre Dame, lie out in the sun on the ¹heads and build air castles of what we hoped to do when we got back to the United States. Once I proposed an agreement that the first one to open an office should give the other a job,

but he wouldn't commit himself.

As a matter of fact he never did have an office, never practiced at all, but was a teacher all his life.

Other fellow students - not in the Atelier André, however, were Waddy Longfellow, the nephew of the poet and a mighty good fellow quand même, Willie Wilson of Providence and later of Portland, Oregon, and Billy Chamberlin, all living in the rue de Tournon, where we used to meet and sing together horribly till the neighbors raised a row. We called ourselves the Latin Quarter Quartet. None of us could really sing, but that didn't make any difference.

Arthur Rotch was in the Ecole while I was there. I knew of him and heard of

the wonderful water colors he made but I never met him in Paris. He was the son of Benjamin Rotch of Boston and five years later was one of the five heirs who founded and endowed the Rotch Traveling Scholarship which has been such a factor in my life. We boys at the Ecole knew him as the son of a very rich man, and it was whispered about that he had an allowance of 50 francs a week just for spending money. Most of us would have felt very rich on that much per month. A very quiet, refined man he was, and very much respected.

We boys often gathered for meals at a little cr  merie in the Rue deBuci.

One day I was enjoying a solitary déjeuner à la fourchette, with an especially fascinating dish of so called soissons, a local name for big white shelled beans, usually put down as haricots on the menu. A young man came in, evidently an American, sat down near me, saw my dish of soissons, tried to find it listed in the menu but in vain, and finally in despair leaned over to me and asked would I please tell him how to say "beans" in French. It was Cass Gilbert, The next evening I was at the Mitchell's and told the story and found his cousin was there, so a few days later, when I met Gilbert I could say I knew all

about him, and could always claim I had saved him from starvation by telling him how to say Beans in French.

Some of us planned to have a real American Thanksgiving dinner in '79, at the Palais Royal, with turkey and cranberry sauce and all the fixings. There were to be 12 of us and the table in the restaurant was spoken for and the chef duly instructed. But a short time before the day two of the boys begged off because of another invitation. Soon others followed suit and by Thanksgiving day, I, who had declined the invitations from kind American friends, was the only one left, and took a lonesome table d'hote at three francs fifty centimes in the Cr merie de Buci, and felt very much alone.

On one occasion, the Sketch Club determined to have a real Latin quarter blow out in the shape of a costume party. Everybody was there in all sorts of garb. We had cake walks such as never were seen in old Virginia. We had no orchestra but Alice Mitchell played the rattlery piano for dancing, and when she was carried off for a dance I came to the rescue with my flute, and the company tried to dance to Pop goes the weas^e_l, which was the limit of my repertoire. Hamlin had a capital makeup as Miss Matilda Sparks, spinster. We kept at it until we were all mortal tired then Hamlin and a few congenial spirits started to escort Alice to her home. On the way we dropped Hamlin at his apartment house in the rue de Tournon,

then we continued with the lady, leaving her at her door. We separated and went our ways. When I reached the top of my 125 steps in the rue Gay Lussac, I found Hamlin waiting for me, still in his Matilda garb. He had dressed in my room before the show, and when he got to his room in the rue de Tournon, after the street door was closed and we were departed, discovered that he had left his keys in my room in his street pants. He had to cross the city alone to my house and he said that he had ample opportunity to know what it seemed like to be an unprotected female alone in Paris after midnight, and was quite embarrassed by the conquests which his feminine garb seemed to provoke and the

persistence of his victims.

I really got as much outside of the Ecole as I did inside. The routine was so much ahead of anything I had had at Illinois that I hardly got into the swing of the French ways before I had to leave. I never got beyond the second class, never was a "diplôme", but the point of view toward Architecture, the fundamentals of planning, the subordination of mere design to the practical features of the plan sunk deeper into me than I appreciated at the time, and the sketch club, the freehand notes in the street, the modeling, the life class, were all good for me and theirⁱ value was manifest when I got down to real architecture. Also my association with men stronger than myself knocked

all the Illinois conceit out of me.

Viollet le Duc, was lecturing at the Ecole. Guadet was the next atelier to André and we boys all mingled.

Every month the work of the students would be exhibited in the great Hall on the Quai, and would be criticised and judged not only by the patrons, but by the boys themselves. There was an atmosphere about the école which inspired everybody to do his best, and though the work would be called out of date today, it meant real achievement to us who were in it.

NEW YORK

I left Paris and the Ecole early in the Spring of 1880. I didn't want to go at all. I had grown to love the French people and their ways. I was a Parisian at heart and had begun to find myself in the art atmosphere which was so stimulating and so different from Chicago, and I wanted to imbibe more at the font of architectural training, - get into the upper class at the Beaux Arts, become a Diplomé like Avery and the Grand P^{ix} boys. But it was just as well I had to go, for in the shadow of the Atelier André, I probably would have settled down contentedly to the vie de Boheme which was so fascinating, and become a student for life, like so

many of the easy going Frenchmen. Besides, the money was getting short, or, perhaps it was only that my father, - or my Mother No.2 very likely, thought I had been a student long enough and it was about time for me to be doing something. As my check had not arrived yet, as soon as I had accepted the inevitable, I disposed of my few belongings of the rue Gay Lussac, borrowed some money from Dr. Mitchell, and departed in short order, bidding farewell to my few friends and making my excuses to M. André, my venerable maître, who was quite astonished that I should go for any financial reasons, all Americans being supposed to be rolling in money. He was not a great architect but a most successful teacher, and an

inspiration to all the boys. I did not sever all my connections with the Ecole, keeping my membership, but never seeing the Atelier again.

I sailed from London on the Alaska of the Red Star Line, an old boat of less than 3500 tons, cranky and primitive - but cheap. We had a very rough passage of twelve days. My Father had moved to New York while I was in Paris, and I had no idea of returning to the West, so it was possible to make New York my next field of conquest. I arrived early one Sunday morning. No one met me, but I went direct to 939 Madison Avenue, where Olivia and Charles Halsey were living with my parents or rather my parents were on the Halseys.

The next day I went down town with my father on the newly opened Elevated and as I got out at the Park Ave. station and struck into Broadway, I felt as if I was in a driving busy crowd, pushed and elbowed and hurried along in a cyclone of civic energy. I had left New York two years before not very different from Chicago, with no Elevated, no electric lighting, no telephone and no typewriters. I found all these going over great, and I was stunned by the contrast with the artist life of the Latin Quarter, and was positively homesick for Paris. In my hunger for the sound of anything French I made a visit a few days later to a French liner about to sail - having a permit from the steam-

ship office, which I showed to the first steward I met, saying in English that I wanted to see the ship. He replied in French that he did not speak English very well and would get someone who did. I said that was not necessary - in French, as I spoke his language, whereupon he fell on my neck and wanted to know how long I had been in the city and when I told him only a few weeks, he exclaimed - in French - "Why! but you speak English already admirably", which I took to be an approval of my French accent!

My Mother No. 2 still had that haunting fear that I would not be able to earn a living and would come back on them, so it behooved me to get busy.

I tramped all over the city calling on seventy five architects and finally found an old timer in a very small office on City Hall park who consented to take me on at six dollars per week. I left him, feeling quite discouraged at the prospect and as a last hope went down to the Coal and Iron Exchange to see Avery who was in Hunt's office.

But going along the corridor I saw a sign on a door "Peabody & Stearns". I had heard of them as very clever young Boston Architects of distinction, and on a venture I went in. Furber was working at a solitary table - Yes - they did want a draughtsman, and if I would wait a bit, Mr. Fuller, the head of the New York office would be back very shortly. We got to talking. I found he knew

Longfellow and Chamberlin and a lot of the Paris fellows who had studied with him at the M.I.T. and we soon became acquainted. The New York office had just been opened and had a lot of work on hand. And presently Fuller came in and I was engaged at twelve dollars a week. I took off my hat and went right to work, and at noon went very ~~proudly~~ ^{bravely} to my City Hall Park would be employer and told him I would not need to avail myself of his generosity as I had a job with Peabody and Stearns. And I felt very proud that at last I was a real architectural draughtsman in a first class office.

Fuller kept me busy on the 1st National Bank Building work, which was just beginning. One day Peabody appeared,

looked over my work and started me on some sketches for a building in Portland, Oregon. The drawings had been roughed out by Julius Schweinfurth our third draughtsman - a Pennsylvania Dutchman, ^sSelf taught but a man of rare ability and a very explosive temper. But the Portland job didn't appeal to him or he was feeling soured that day, and Peabody who had come to the office on his regular weekly visit gave it to me and told me to make it a regular Beaux Art project^c. I felt Schweinfurth was peeved and was glowering over his drawing board at me and presently, when the boss was gone he burst out at me, "You fellows from Paris think you are just Hell!" That was the beginning of

my acquaintance with that odd genius, who later was my firm friend until his death in 1934. I wasn't feeling really the least bit cocky and was still homesick for Paris.

I had been with Peabody and Stearns only a few weeks, when Peabody told me one Wednesday that the rush was over and they would not need me after Saturday, but offered me a job in Boston if I wanted it. I went out to lunch in a restaurant in Park Row and met a young architect named Buchmanⁿⁿ~~ne~~ whom I knew slightly. He asked if I knew of a draughtsman who wanted a job and the result was he hired me to work with his partner, A. J. Schwartzman, who had been the Architect of the Art Building at the Centennial - and at

\$15 per week. I went back to Peabody, who let me go at once, but engaged me to work nights for him for a while until we had finished some work, and the result was that for most of the while I remained in New York, I worked from 9 to 5 with Schwartzman and from 6 to 11 with Peabody & Stearns.

I couldn't live with my folks. They were too far up town. Besides I didn't want to any more than they wanted me to. For a while I had a room in a loft building on Murray St. with a hammock, a chair and a soap box for furniture. It cost me about five dollars a week to live, and the rest of my earnings I turned over to my father to pay for my Paris schooling. But in the Fall, Furber and I chummed

together and had a room on the top floor of No.2 Irving Place, right next to the old Academy of Music. Irving Place was almost then what Greenwich Village has become today, a center for artists, architects and musicians. At number 20 lived a joyous company including my old acquaintance, Cass Gilbert, Frank Bacon, who has been my life long friend and inspiration, and Clarence Johnston who later achieved success as the leading architect of Minneapolis. On the same top floor with us at No. 2 in the rear lived the first cellist of the Symphony Orchestra, who used to come in long after midnight and in the darkness tease such heavenly music out of his cello that I left our door open and

drank it in longingly, while Furber, who didn't care a cent for music of any kind except chinking gold, was snoring peacefully.

On the fourth of July of that year, 1880, Furber, Howard Walker and I made a visit to Boston, which I had never seen since I was a baby, if at all, though I had a dim recollection of being told I was taken there once to see my grand folks Davis. But this was my first conscious visit to my future stamping ground. We went on by the Fall River boat. Walker left us to go to his uncle who was head of the Old Corner Book Store. Furber and I had a late breakfast at the Old Colony Station in Kneeland St. and then walked

up Essex St. to Washington St.

By this time the streets were fairly full of the holiday crowd. Those were the early days, and the only architecture in the whole street was R.H. White's original building, which still stands a monument to Peabody and Stearns.

I said "Furber, is this the principal street of the city of Boston?" He said it was. "And are these young ladies we see on this street Boston girls?" He admitted it was quite likely. "Then that settles it. If this is the principal street of the City of Boston it has got to be all re-built and I am coming to help re-build it, and I am going to marry a Boston Girl" - and two years later I did both.

The Boston of those days as I saw it was very provincial and undeveloped, but it appealed very strongly to me and I have always felt the vague something we call atmosphere, both intellectual and artistic, which no other American city possesses, and is comparable only to the City of Florence in Italy. And though Washington Street today with all its vulgar medley of bad architecture and neon signs is no better than the primitive barrenness of 1880. I still have the same feeling for the city as that which, so long ago prompted me to pledge myself to the future.

Irving Place was very friendly to young architects. We soon got together and organized a sketch club, which we called the New York Architec-

tural League, I was the first secretary and my name is still on the rolls. Although long ago I was made member emeritus. Tommy Hastings was a member. Dan Willard was I think the first president. We met often and though we did not become great over night, we laid the foundations upon which the League has built so successfully.

In Schwartzman's office I had a lot of interesting work. He was an Austrian, very brilliant but over fond of wine, women and song. He left a lot to me, more than he should, and when the scheme for an Exposition came to him I made all the studies for the site on the Morningside Meadows, including a huge birdseye pen-and-ink ~~plan~~^{er} spec-

tive of the whole layout. We also had a lot of commercial work, tobacco factories, etc. which I planned and superintended, not always to the satisfaction of the builders, one of whom tried to throw me off the job for interfering with his work. I was still very young, only 24. And in Peabody's office I had a lot of valuable experience in connection with the Union League Club and the First National Bank. I got to know the Bank's president Geo. F. Baker enough to visit at his house at Long Branch and almost ^tlost my heart to his daughter. I saw very little of my folks. My Mother No. 2 was quite content to have me live apart from them and I saw them only on rare Sundays.

COLORADO

One evening Furber, Fuller and I went to see "Billie Taylor" which was then all the rage. On the way to the theatre Fuller said they had a commission to do some work at Colorado Springs and the owner wanted some one to go out and look after it - and would I go? I said sure - with alacrity.

The next morning Fuller took me to see ^{William Jackson} Gen. Palmer, the client, who approved of me, and in three days I was on the train westward, travelling on passes in company with the General's sister-in-law, and with a cousin of the Duke of Wellington, who was really a good sport, quand même, and was on his way to grow up with the country. I did

not know what I was in for but it was real adventure.

Colorado Springs in 1881 was neither wild nor w^olley, but was quite self conscious of its culture and social graces. It was a creation of Gen. Palmer and the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad and was really a charming place to live. The General's place was in Glen Eyrie, in the foothills of Pikes Peak near the famous Garden of the Gods. I lived in the Springs but rode out horseback every day to the Glen, where Mrs. Palmer was living. Her house had been built in the early days before the railroad, when everything had to be teamed from Denver, and she wanted it practically all rebuilt, and I had to be architect,

superintendent, decorator and evenⁿ pay master. At first I sent my drawings back to Peabody & Stearns for approval, but that took so much time waiting for their sayso that I soon was acting quite independently and deciding everything myself. I rearranged all the rooms, designed new mantels and made all the old fireplaces draw, which they never had done. Some tiles were wanted, and I bought plain white tiling in Denver and painted the tiles myself. I finished the daughter's room with sgraffit^o work in the wet plaster, and dug out slabs of alabaster in many colors from the Garden of the Gods to serve in place of marble. I built a large concrete reservoir for the water

supply and a dam in the upper glen to catch the brook. I built a Lodge at the entrance of the grounds and installed a telephone service from the barns to the house, one of the first telephones known in that part of the country. Mrs. Palmer and I got on fine together. And by the way, I installed for her the first water closet I ever had seen, an old style Jennings plunger type. She was artistic and loved music and she and I often played Mendelssohn's duets together out in the Glen. She was a charming woman and a good client and we spent about \$20,000 in remodelling the old mansion to our mutual satisfaction.

My banker was Jackson, whose wife was the famous author Helen Hunz^t, whom I knew very pleasantly. But my best friends were the treasurer of the railroad, Dr. Bell, and his wife. He was a stubbley little Scötelman, and she was a perfect type of English lady, and I was at their home in Manitou very often. Their housekeeping was exquisite and they taught me a lot about the niceties of living. Dr. Bell had a fine taste in wine, and took me with him often to Denver where at the Club he made me to know the value of good wine - though he never drank so as to show it. I also met Mr. and Mrs. Ripley, who did so much to develop the Santa Fe, also the three Mellens, sisters of Mrs. Palmer, who led things in Colorado Springs society.

But I never was a society man. Too busy for that - besides I loved the semi-frontier way of living. I wore a big fel^t hat, a blue flannel shirt and top boots. I always toted a gun, which I used only to shoot at rattlesnakes on the Mesa, and I was in the ^asaddle most of the time, becoming expert in all the cowboy tricks, jumping on and off the horse at full gallop, cutting out cattle, picking up a handkerchief, etc. I ro^ead_x my horse hard, but when I left I sold him for nearly what I paid for him.

I had several close calls. Once a tipsy cowboy fired square at me, but missed and implored my mercy. I was thrown several times and once

while taking a short cut through the Garden of the Gods, my horse slipped on a big flat rock and we tumbled down hill together. My arm was knocked out and dripping blood and the horse was about all in, but we managed to get back to town all right. And on one occasion I nearly lost my life, going up Pikes Peak. We were a party of six, I leading on a strange horse. At a point just below the timber line where the trail was very steep on each side, I saw some little animal pop up on a rock and bark at us. Without thought of hitting him, I pulled my gun and shot at him. At the report my horse gave a bound. I lost the reins and fell over backwards. My foot caught in the stirup and I dragged at his heels as he bounded at

full gallop up the trail. Of course the others couldn't help me, so I had to help myself. The horse's long tail was switching angrily about me and I grabbed at it, missed it, grabbed it again and finally after being dragged quite a distance, I managed to climb up his back enough to shake my foot loose, and tumbled out on the trail the worse only for a few bruises. The horse ran on a ways, then stopped. I caught him, got a good seat and a grip on the reins, and proceeded to fire my gun about his ears until he behaved himself. But only the next week a tenderfoot had a similar accident, only he was sent on east on ice.

As I was free to take other work than at Glen Eyrie, I had several interesting commissions. I built a signal

U.H.B. incorporated this incident in a story he wrote called The Spanish

station on top of Pikes Peak. I altered the Manitou Station, which had been built from Peabody & Stearns design. I started the "Antlers" hotel in Colorado Springs, which was completed by Furber after I left, and I did a lot of work for an Englishman named Strettell. Nominally I was working for Peabody & Stearns but practically I was quite on my own, and they approved all I did, but post hoc.

Having passes all over the railroad, I visited the whole country and saw some real wild west ways. I also went to the end of the line at Española in New Mexico and thence by cart over the mountains to Santa Fe, where I visited the Ripleys. An account of this trip was written by me and appeared in the Boston Transcript

after I went to Boston.

Another time I went to Pueblo to buy some building material, and as there was no return train until midnight, I thought to find amusement in the very primitive so styled theatre, where the usual western vaudeville show was offering itself. It was a rough affair, Hard wooden seats on the floor, a balcony on three sides divided into small sections just large enough for a table and a few chairs. The place was not crowded and I had one section to myself, but not for long, for when the fair damsels who made up the much advertised Burlesque troupe were not exhibiting their pulchritudinous charms on the stage, they mingled hospitably with the audience and incited the boys to order the drinks, gaining a rake

off for themselves on every drink.

I was apparently an easy mark, alone in my box, and one girl tried to appropriate me. But I was gun shy, I bought her the drinks and did it again and she gave it up and left me with a very scornful smile on her painted face, and took her easy charms to another tenderfoot.

Then a very pleasant, slick young man appeared and made himself at home with me, asking if I was from the East, as he was too, but I didn't tell him I was from New York when I found his "East" was only fifty miles on the way to Kansas.

He suggested drinks. I started to call a waiter but he demurred, and piloted me downstairs, not to the bar, however, but to a small room where he proceeded to win (?) ten dollars on cards from a

solemn dealer who was apparently waiting for us. But I did not bite, and told him to go to the Devil, for I wanted to see the show and was not quite such a tenderfoot as I seemed.

That was typical of all the wild western "theatres" of that day. I had just such experience in Leadville where I spent a few days. And nearly everyone in Colorado was either prospecting for mines, or operating them, or was there for health. The Springs was alive with lungers, most of whom got well in the pure air and the outdoor life. And as for mines: - I had five offered me, all started, all in the famous Cripple Creek district, all for five dollars. Again I did not bite.

Mrs. Palmer was about to be confined and desired that the birth should be in Germany. So while much of the work was still unfinished she departed leaving me full power to do what I thought best. I had a carpenter builder who thought I was an easy mark. I always had made a drawing and got a price from him before ordering anything. One day the painter on the job gave me such a reasonable price for some work, that I commented on it, whereupon he told me that Bruseau, the carpenter had urged him to charge all he could, that I was only a young tenderfoot, and the General could pay. Thereafter I asked for no prices, but at the end when Bruseau brought me his bill, without arguing the matter, I cut the amount down half. He blustered

and called me names, but I told him I was going east in just two days, that Gen. Palmer's secretary would not pay one cent without my approval, and he could take it or leave it. He took it, and the next day, after cashing in, brought me a bottle of wine as a peace offering - which I refused - and admitted he had made a very good profit, quand même.

I left late in December. I stopped over at Monticello and tried to find Miss Piatt who was travelling over the County gathering material for her history of Piatt County, but I missed her entirely. I arrived in Boston Sunday morning, January one, 1882.

BOSTON

While I was in Colorado my work was supposed to be under the direction of Peabody and Stearns New York office, of which Mr. George A. Fuller was the head, but things did not go well with Mr. Fuller, and when the work slacked up after the completion of the First National Bank Building corner Broadway and Wall St. he began to take flyers on the stock market, and got in so bad that if Stearns hadn't come to his rescue he would have been wiped out. So the office was discontinued and my reports were transferred to Boston. It is interesting to note Fuller's later career. For a while he had nothing. Then about the time I returned East, Peabody and Stearns sent him to Chicago to supervise a large house they were to build for Judge Tree.

There Fuller got in with some of the best architects and started as a Contractor, being especially favored by Burnham and Root who gave him the Rookery¹¹ Booking Building to build on cost-plus, which gave Fuller both experience, reputation and money. After a very successful career in Chicago, he moved to New York and became the Geo. A. Fuller Construction Company, known all over the building world, counting his work in untold millions, and becoming very rich, but paying a very high price for his success, for while at the height of his career, his health gave way, and he died soon after in an asylum. His associates continued and extended his work. It is the foremost contracting firm today, and I have had many build-

ings carried out by them.

Schweikhurth

My old combative New York friend was now designer in the Boston office, and at my request he had engaged a room for me in a boarding house on Chandler Street where I lived until my marriage. The next day after arrival I started in. Peabody had written in, offering a job at \$20 per week. I had been getting \$30 in Colorado and might have had more in New York, but I had made up my mind to try Boston and I wanted to stay with the firm and was eager to work. My active outdoor life for nine months in the West had made me tough as a nut and given me a constitution which has stood me well all my life, and there was no limit to my capacity for hard work. The office was undergoing a change.

Mr. Cobb, who had entered as a sort of office boy, had connections in Chicago through which he was to have some important buildings to do, and he persuaded Mr. Frost, the head draughtsman to go to Chicago in business with him. The firm was Cobb and Frost, and they were subsequently very successful. I was given Frost's place as head draughtsman. In a few weeks my pay was raised to \$30, with \$100 bonus, and then to \$40, which was good pay for those days. And I worked hard for it, and was really the head of the office, - drawing, supervising, writing the specifications and dealing with both contractors and clients, and giving day and night to the work. The first year I drew pay for 18 months work, and never tired of it, but I found

none of the draughtsmen could keep up with me. Peabody and Stearns were then right in the ^{Swini}~~service~~. The office was well organized for those times. Mr. Peabody was the artist, Mr. Stearns the practical man. Julius Schweinfurth and a very able Scotchman, Donald Black, were acknowledged as the chief designers, but we were all harmonious and all shared in all the work and were interested in the results. The Back Bay was just being built and at one time twelve fine houses were under way from our plans, besides a lot of country work at Nahant, Portsmouth, Lenox and Newport, and commercial work in the city. I was supposed to coordinate everything and keep things moving, and I had my hand on all that came to us. My first job was the addi-

tion to R. H. White's store corner Harrison Avenue and Bedford Street, for which I made most of the drawings, and superintended the work. It was there that I first met O. W. ~~Neveres~~^{Norcross} who was the builder, foremost in his calling, known all over the country for his wonderful work in the construction of Trinity Church, Boston. We became very intimate and we used to meet after hours on the R.H. White job and discuss matters. He gave me a lot of good, practical knowledge of building construction. He helped me also in the engineering work incidental to the framing, etc. Architectural engineering was a very inexact science in 1882 but my studies at Illinois under Prof. Ricker had not been wholly forgotten and I, in my ignorance

designed a big iron girder according to a very old formula in Frautwine, (?) making it quite twice as heavy as was necessary. The girder is still there and is absurdly heavy for its load. It was not fireproofed at all, and would not stand even a small fire. No one knew the proper design for such conditions, except by crude rules of thumb applied in the light of very limited experience, but we got away with it, and were learning all the time.

H. H. Richardson was making the Architects take notice, with his work on Trinity Church, Woburn Library and Harvard Law School, and we youngsters all tried to follow his Romanesque lead. The big Harrison Avenue corner

columns of R.H. White's show how I was moved by his example. I was much fascinated by the broad wall surfaces and the spikey details of carving, and especially by the use of new materials.

But it wasn't all architecture with me. From the very first I attended the weekly concerts of the Symphony Orchestra, then just beginning its career, and had a seat in the second gallery of the old Music Hall behind one of the big pilasters, from where I could hear perfectly without watching the conductor nor my old friend Listemann, the wonderful first violin. And on one memorable occasion I sat through nine hours of Bach's Passion music and enjoyed it all. I also went to the theatre, saw Maud Adams in her first appearance in "A Midnight Bell"

and Lillian Russell, a young girl in short hair, whose beauty was her chief charm. I quite lost my heart to Mary Anderson, who was then at the height of her career, a wonderful woman and a great artist whom I worshipped over the foot-lights of the old Boston Theatre every time she appeared, eight times each week.

I didn't neglect church going, though my New York and western experiences had drawn me into a feeling of considerable doubt. I went to the 1st Baptist Church, which was then on Shawmut Avenue and subsequently moved to the Brattle St. Church on Commonwealth Ave., where I was welcomed and made some good friends, one of whom was W.G. Corthell, a friend of Alice Mitchell, who lived in the Adams Apartments which were torn

In 1871, 1883 I was married to
 William L. Murray. My account
 of the courtship and marriage has
 been expurgated from this book.



by F. M. S.



Emma M. Murray
1861 - 1940

{ Text replaced from holograph }
 { copy. W.B.M. }

down to make place for the Hotel Tour-
 raine. Corthell was teaching a Bible
 class at the church, and one evening had
 us all at his house, and asked me to play
 my flute. I told him I had no accomp-
 anyist. He suggested Miss Murray, our
 class secretary, whom I had met only in
 church, but whom I liked from the first
 time I saw her. He arranged an interview,
 we met at his rooms, she consented to
 accompany me in my music, and I escorted
 her to her house in Linden Park, and that
 was the beginning of it all. I have no
 recollection of how our concert came out,
 but that didn't matter. I called on her
 assiduou^sly, was tolerated and allowed
 to take her to supper at a restaurant
 and to the "Grand Duchess". At that time
 "Iolanthe" was having a great run at the
 Bijou Theatre. I saw it twenty times or
 more, and one night took Miss Murray
 to see it. We went and came by street
 car. On the way home I begged her to
 walk part of the way, so I could be
 alone, and before she reached Linden

mark she had consented to accept me on probation and we were engaged to be married. Her people knew hardly anything about me, but they made inquiries of Badger and others whom I had known in business. The engagement was announced June 12, 1883. I was eager to be married at once. She wanted to wait a year. We finally compromised on six months, and were married December 5, 1883 at the Dudley Street Baptist Church.

My father and Mother number 2 were at the wedding and the reception, or at least she was. He had a corvention on at Tremont Temple and couldn't give it up for a mere son's wedding, but he showed up at the reception and seemed to be quite surprised that it was such a large affair. Howard Walker was one of my ushers, and Herford was my best man. Daisy Hart was bride's maid and Annie.

The next day we went to Plymouth for our honeymoon of one week, and returned to board on Warren Street, Roxbury. I went back to work at the office.

I went back to work at the

That Fall it was noised about that the heirs of Benjamin S. Rotch were proposing to endow a travelling scholarship in Architecture. Arthur Rotch had returned from Paris and was practicing with Mr. Tilden. All we younger men were deeply interested, and the Rotch Committee of which Peabody was chairman set a date at which aspirants were to meet at the Museum of Fine Arts for the competition.

I thought my marriage would make it impossible to go into it and went to the office as usual, but Peabody wouldn't listen to any objections on my part, said I had better win the prize first and then consider ways and means, and fairly drove me up to the museum. The competition was a hard one, and for three weeks I worked day and night on it, helped only by my devoted sisters-in-law, who kept my pencils sharp. The subject of the competition was "A government Civil Service College". Besides we were given stiff examinations in History, Construction, French and Drawing, and I was placed first and awarded the prize in June 1884.

There were seven competitors. Mr. H. Langford Warren, who later was head of the School of Architecture at Harvard,

was placed second, and Ralph Adams Cram, whom we all expected would make a most brilliant showing, did a thing for which I have always honored him. At that time he was a draughtsman in Rotch and Tilden's office. One day he saw a paper lying open on his table, and very naturally picked it up and found it to be a draft of a competition for a public building. When he went to the Rotch Examination he found that the programme was the same he had inadvertently seen a few days before. He went to Rotch at once, told him the facts, was told he could not continue in the contest, and withdrew, and in a way, I have always felt I owed some part of my success to him, though he has been good enough to say I fairly won the prize anyway. We have always been good friends.

In those days the Society of Architects had its meetings at the Old Revere House in Bowdoin Square. They dined me and patted me on the back and gave me a lot of advice which was very agreeable but superfluous. The Rotch was the first American Architectural scholarship, and no one had any clear ideas of what to do with it. The direct management was in the hands of a Committee including the president and secretary of the Societ^y~~ies~~, but no rules had been formulated, no travel or study outlined - all they could tell me was to go where I wanted to and do the best I could for two years. The amount of the prize then was \$2000. I had started on my own account outside

the office a house in North Cambridge for J.H. Niles and I could count on two or three hundred dollars from that. Then I interviewed Wm. Rotch Ware, the editor of the "American Architect", who encouraged me to write and draw for that paper and was always of great help to me. My own obligation to Mr. Ware is a very great one. With his advice he started me right in my professional studies and during the years that I was in Europe he allowed me to be a continuous contributor to his columns, a privilege which I found was not measured by the amount of money which it paid me, but rather by the enlarging of my horizon and the opportunity to broaden out. So though I couldn't hope that one thousand per year of the Scholarship would carry us through, I

determined to take my wife with me and trust to luck. I had a roving commission to buy some furniture for one of our decorators, and Peabody gave me a little money to buy him some books in Paris, but I really had to depend on the Scholarship money and what I could earn by publishing. But I was young and hopeful and wouldn't see any lions in my way, and before I left Boston I had planned out my entire trip and did not materially deviate from it. But being the first American scholar I felt a certain responsibility to set the pace as far as I could for those who were to follow.

Be it known

THAT WE THE TRUSTEES OF THE

Rotch Travelling Scholarship

founded by the will of our late BENJAMIN SMITH ROTCH of Boston in accordance with instructions to a certain Committee of Trustees of awarding a travelling scholarship annually to a worthy person and during absence of more than one year not connected with the service and occupation of the holder to the study of literature

Course of Study

The course of study to be pursued by the holder of the scholarship shall be such as the Trustees may determine from time to time and the same shall be reported to the Trustees from time to time by the person having charge of the holder's education at the same and institutions of learning

and the same shall be reported to the Trustees from time to time

Witness my hand

ROTCH TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP

We sailed from New York in July.

A fellow passenger was Mr. Halsey Ives, Director of the St. Louis Art Museum, who gave me some very good advice and took us with him to the Charter House Inn, in the City of London, where we stayed for a while and where I made my first envoi drawings of the interior of the old Charter House school. We were in London several weeks, lodging in Bloomsbury near the British Museum. My first article in the American Architect appeared September 6, 1884. I will not undertake to enumerate all my articles. They are collected in my scrapbook, and I was a constant contributor during all the Scholarship term, writing for all of the technical journals and illustrating

most of them with sketches, measured drawings and plan. In some ways this was the most valuable experience of the whole two years. And I never had an article declined. Through Sir Charles Barry I studied his houses of Parliament and we had tickets for the prorogation of Parliament that year, and my writing opened to me many opportunities which I might have missed. Of course I called on Mr. Phené Spiro^es who was the friend of all the wandering American architects. I met personally Mr. T. Raffles Davisson who was then doing such brilliant work for the British Architect, and whose style of pen-and-ink rendering I tried to imitate in my sketches. And several other architects were good to us, socially and architecturally, and our stay in Lon-

don was well worth while.

September found us in Paris and for three months I sketched in the streets and in the museums, renewed my membership in the Ecole, though I did not work there, and elaborated my plans of travel. I met Paul Sedille, a very noted architect who gave me most encouraging advice, also M. Cournoyer, the Architect for Mont St. Michel, through whom I later had exceptional opportunity to study that wonderful monument, and I had a letter to M. Charles Lucas, the secretary of the Société Central des Architects and editor of a technical paper, who gave me most valuable introductions for my visit to Spain. So in December we left Paris for a twelve months trip about the continent.

December 5 - our first Anniversary we were in Amsterdam after a pretty complete visit through Belgium and Holland. We took in some of the South German and Swiss cities, crossed the St. Gotthard and reached Milan about January 1. After a brief stay in North Italy, we went by boat to Naples, where we had a most profitable two weeks, and reached Rome about February 1, '85. We took lodgings there, renewed acquaintance with the Van Meters, were entertained and treated by dear Doctor Gazon, and grew reasonably familiar with Roman architecture and here I made an envoi of the Sforza tomb in S.M. del Popolo.

I renewed my acquaintance with my atelier friend Deglaxⁿ, and others
The French Academy in Rome,
 at the Villa Medici, all of whom helped

by their work. We were in the Eternal City three months. Then followed a trip through the smaller towns, Orvieto, Assisi; Ravenna, Siena, Cremona - we didn't miss one that had any real architecture to offer us. We were several weeks in Florence, where I investigated the construction of the over-hanging town^{er} of the Palazzo Vecchio, and wrote an account of my findings for the American Architect. By June we were settled for a stay in Venice, where I did some real work.

I had investigated piling in Amsterdam and meant to do the same in Venice, particularly as would relate to the foundations of the Ducal Palace. Having no letters of introduction I got hold of a list of architects, and fixed on the name

of Sig. Franco, who was the head of the Section of Architecture of the Academy, and at a venture wrote him, - in French - asking how I could find out what I wanted to know, adding that I was holder of the Scholarship and a correspondent of the American Architect. He replied very courteously, referring me to Sig. Giacomo Boni, architect in charge of the Ducal Palace, whom I found a young man, speaking English fairly well, and very willing to help. He told me he had a complete record of the foundations of the Ducal Palace, but that nothing was known regarding the Campanile of San Marco, and if I was disposed to investigate that structure, he thought he could get the necessary permits to excavate. We had quite a time getting those permits, however. The Cam-

panile and the adjacent ^{gg}Lozetta were under a very mixed control. The Prefect of the Department had certain jurisdiction of it as a national monument and acted through the Academy of Art. The Sindaco claimed it for the City. The Archbishop of St. Mark's considered it a part of the Cathedral and had a voice, and the Engineer of St. Mark's was supposed to have charge of all the construction. Boni managed to get the approval of the Sindaco, but couldn't get any further on account of ⁶some local friction and jealousy. So I had to go it as best I could without him. I went first to the Engineer of St. Mark's, who was very friendly and gave me his approval with the help of his charming daughter

who translated my French for him. Then I tackled the Prefect, who was quite willing if the Academy would approve. So it went to the Department of Architecture of the Academy, which in turn referred it to the senior architect who was my first correspondent Franco, and said "Amen" and finally everything was arranged, including some financial cooperation from Orzania, the publisher, and we had mechanics at work excavating a large hole at the base of the Campanile. The work attracted much public attention, the Piazza was at times almost flooded with the discharge from our pumps, and the daily progress was freely noted in the local papers. We went down about 15 feet and uncovered the piling and platform wood

Le fondazioni del Campanile di S.

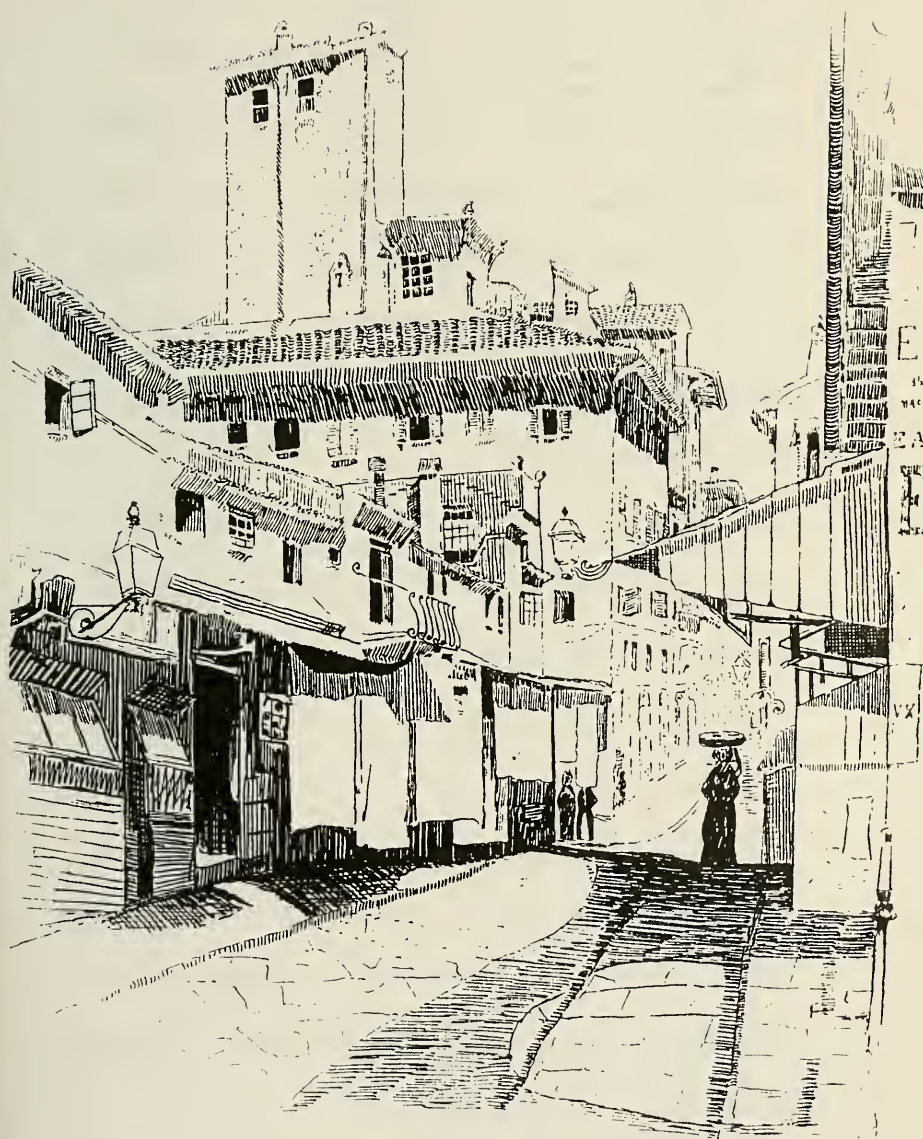
Marco. — L'escavo intrapreso dal sig. Ma-
ckal di Boston, per studiare le fondazioni del
nostro massimo campanile, procede regola-
mente. Fidando nel risultato delle ricerche fatte in
quar'anni or sono, si era disposto l'escavo per
modo da farlo giungere ad una profondità di
poco più che tre metri; ma questa pro-
fondità venne già oltrepassata e gli scavi
preventivi fanno certi che le fondazioni sono
più basse di quello che si credeva. — Il
piccolo assaggio, come lo qualificai-
mo l'altrieri, dovrà convertirsi in un piccolo
pozzo, per giungere a mettere a nudo lo zaf-
teroue. Si coprirono frattanto le pareti del
l'escavo fatto sinora, con una specie di pala-
fitta, foderata di assi, a sostegno del terreno.
Questo però non prolungherà il lavoro che
di due o tre giorni.

Adriatico de' Vezzi

July 8. 85

work which had been under water for a thousand years, and which supported the solid stone foundation work, which we found to be in excellent condition, much more so than the portions of the tower above ground, which collapsed in a few years, not^t due, however, to any of my previous excavations. I sent the American Architect the full account of the work, and Boni published a report to the authorities in Italian, both of which are in my scrapbook. I paid half the cost, the total being I think about eight hundred dollars. I have somewhere a piece of one of the oak piles,^{*} which was apparently in excellent condition and good for another thousand years.

Signor Boni built up quite a reputation on the investigations we had made



W.B.
of the South

Venice June 25 '07

together, and was later transferred to Rome, where until his death a few years ago, he had charge of the excavation and restorations of the Forum.

While I was in Venice I had some very agreeable days with Redon, who had won the Grand Prix and was taking a little vacation before settling down into the routine of the Villa Medici at Rome. We made some water colors together, he gave me a lot of very salutary advice, and in his rooms beside the Salute I saw some of his own exquisite measured work. Subsequently he became the architect in charge of the Musée ^é du Louvre in Paris. I never have seen him since.

I also made a careful study of the water supply for the City of Venice,

Schio, 18 giugno

Venne giorni fa a Schio il sig. C. H. Blackall, redattore del giornale *The American Architect* di Boston, la città di Franklin. Era accompagnato dalla giovane e gentile sua signora che lo segue nelle escursioni ne' grandi centri operai d'Europa, ove egli si reca a studiare per conto del suo giornale quanto si attiene alle istituzioni operaie presso le diverse nazioni.

Il signor Blackall non ristava dall'ammirare la bella posizione in cui sorge il Nuovo Quartiere — lodò il sistema di città-giardino — visitò alcune casette compiacendosi dell'ordine, della nettezza, del benessere che vi traspira, rimanendo sorpreso del prezzo mite che gli operai stessi dicevano aver costato le loro abitazioni.

Volle informarsi minutamente dell'organizzazione delle istituzioni operaie di Schio, e del nuovo quartiere prese degli schizzi che illustreranno la sua relazione al giornale che rappresenta. Visitò l'Asilo di maternità, l'Asilo d'infanzia, le Scuole elementari, il Convitto di pomologia, lo Stabilimento bagni, la Lavanderia, il Teatro ecc. sorprendendosi vivamente che una società privata come è il Lanificio Rossi tanto faccia e tanto spenda pel benessere de' suoi operai, non ristando dal lodare la mente illuminata di chi a tutte le belle cose vedute sapientemente provvede.

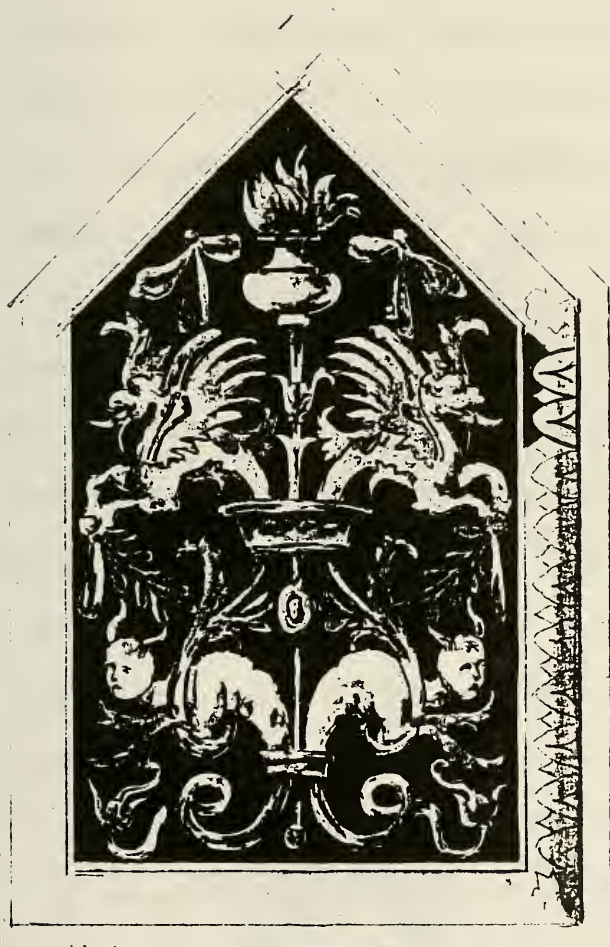
— Niente di così completo ho mai veduto, egli disse a chi lo accompagnava, nelle mie visite alle città operaie. Nemmeno Mulhouse, che sempre si pone ad esempio quando si parla di istituzioni operaie, vanta un complesso di istituzioni come Schio, e la stessa città operaia di Mulhouse non è da paragonarsi col nuovo quartiere di Schio.

A noi di Schio è grato e lusinghiero il giudizio così importante di persona come il sig. Blackall che specialmente si dedica a cose operaie e ne fa argomento di studi comparativi fra le diverse nazioni. — È un bel conforto questo che ci viene dalla libera America: da noi in Italia nemmeno ci sogniamo di voler sapere e conoscere le cose nostre, però non ci stanchiamo dal magnificare a dritto e a rovescio tutto quanto sa di straniero, sempre lieti di mostrare al mondo la nostra inferiorità in ogni ramo, anche là dove potremmo valer

and worked it up into an article which appeared in Sanitary Engineer of Oct. 18, 1885.

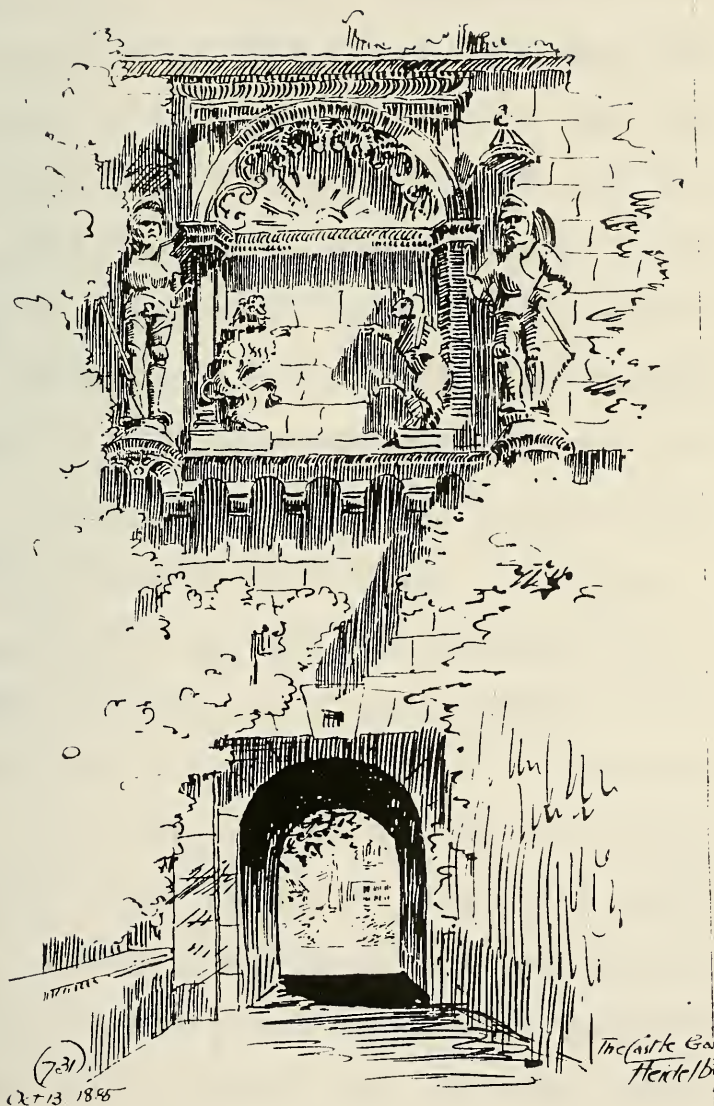
And I made a side trip to the town of Schio and visited the big linen factory of Signor Rossi, preparing an account with sketches of the cottages, schools, etc. which had been erected into a garden city for the operatives. Mrs. Blackall and I received many marks of attention, and visited all the workingmen's colony, schools, etc. of the Rossi Works, which at that time were the best solution of the Housing problem to be found anywhere. Sig. Rossi corresponded with me later and sent me a copy of his book on the American Competition.

We left Venice in July 1885. We were two weeks in Vienna, where I had



Watercolor drawing by C.H.B.
#657; August 20, 1885.
An Italian tile, museum, Berlin

to use my Rotch certificate in place of a passport with the police, then Prague, Dresden, Berlin, and across into Sweden. I had planned to make some studies of the Gothic work on the island of Got^tland, but the weather was so bad we went only as far as Lund, and started south via Copenhagen and Lubic, taking in turn the south German cities. We stopped off at Essen to visit the vast Krupp work and by the courtesy of Herr Krupp we were lodged in the official hotel and were permitted to see the munition works in operation, a privilege rarely accorded to strangers, and given in my case because I was chiefly interested in the Housing which the works had developed on a very large scale but which I found



(731)
Oct 13 1895

The artist Geo
Hentelb

utterly dreary and uninteresting. They were making at that time some big guns for the Portuguese Navy, and as a souvenir of our visit, - for Mrs. Blackall accompanied me in all of it, our cicerone gave me some turnings from one of the biggest steel guns. They told us that Mr^S_A. Blackall was the only woman who had been allowed to see the works in operation.

After a delightful trip down the Rhine we spent some Days in Cologne, where I made very careful study of the Cathedral. I had introduction to the Archbishop and to the Architect in charge, who gave me access freely to everything, including the original drawings from which the cathedral was begun centuries ago, though it was com-

pleted only a few years since. The spires I found of great interest.

I climbed to the top of one of them, a height of 500 feet, to examine the wonderful open work stone work, and the way in which the many-ton iron cross was secured in place. I figured the weight of the tower, the wind strain on it, and the maximum loads on the foundations, working all of my findings into an article which was published in the New York Engineering Record, and brought me much credit.



(677)
Nov. 17th

1872

3. 11

E. M. P.

HEFTER

Incidentally we had occasion and time to make a very pleasant acquaintance, which developed into a long friendship. Coming from Hanover, we were left at a small station to change to another train. Mrs. Blackall noticed a very pleasant face^d lady sitting on one of the benches, reading a book which proved to be "Mill on the Floss", in English, and they very naturally exchanged confidences. The lady was a Mrs. Hefter and before our train arrived the two were so well acquainted that Mrs. Hefter invited us to visit at her home in Frankfort. She said afterwards that she very much doubted if we would come, but we did, and found a most charming family. They were converted Christian Jews, and had been mission-

aries to Abyssinia^S, with much success.

Of the two daughters, one married Dr. Harve^ey Merrill, a dental student from Wollaston, Mass., the other married a Swedish Missionary and translated the Bible into the Assyriaic.(?)

It was Sunday evening when we were with them, and when my wife was put at the piano and all sung some familiar hymns, she broke down in tears and enjoyed thoroughly a good homesick weep in appreciation of the kindly spirit of the household.

We did not lose the Hefters. Years later we visited Dr. Merrill at Cologne where he had won reputation and wealth as the Court Dentist of Germany. His sons and daughters came to America, and one daughter lived with

us anyear in Cambridge. My children were visitors at that sumptuous Cologne home, but the two World Wars have broken the connections, and we haven't heard from them for many years. Mrs. Hefter was a saint. She lived with the Merrill's until her death, blind and deaf at the last, but always cheerful and happy.

We were back in Paris early in the winter after a year of living in a valise, and almost constant travel. That winter we lived in the rue Thenard and I had a chance to catch up on my writing and drawing and cultivate some of our friends, including John Boyle, Bringhamst and Lorado Taft, with whom we had many very pleasant days.

Spain.

In the early Spring of '86 we started south through France, entering Spain through Elne on the south. Our route included Barcelona, Saragossa, Madrid, Berlin, Toledo, ~~Seville~~, Cordova, Grenada, Malaga, Gibralta, Tangiers, Seville, Lisbon, back to ^{Madrid}~~Berlin~~ then to Escorial, Avila, Salamanca, Toro, Valladolid^d, Burgos^g and so to France. I had letters from M. Lucas to one or more architects in every Spanish city we proposed to visit, and had a most delightful trip. While we were in Grenada we had the novel experience of an earthquake which shook things up a bit, but did little damage, though it was quite severe elsewhere, especially at Malaga. In this city we had a very pleasant visit with

Mr. Marston, the American consul. He took us into his home and his wife and two daughters were as glad to entertain some real Americans as we were to be entertained. They were especially good to Mrs. Blackall and through them we were able to pick up some fine old Spanish lace, which I still have in my collection.

We sailed from Malaga in a small coasting steamer. There was only one stateroom, my share in which I had to give up to an English girl who came aboard at the last moment. I was deadly seasick all the way to Gibraltar, which we enjoyed in spite of my feelings and from there we went across to Tangiers, where we were entertained by Mr. Perdicaris, also by the Matthews.

Perdicaris was a Greek by parentage, a graduate of Princeton and an American citizen. The American minister in Madrid had given me a letter to him, and I found afterwards that I was thought to be in Tangiers on some political mission. The city was a hotbed of intrigue and cliques, and many of the foreigners were there because they were not safe anywhere else. Perdicaris himself was some years later kidnapped by a local bandit - Russoli, in broad daylight and kept in the mountains until the United States demanded "Perdicaris alive or Russoli dead", and backed the demand with a war ship. When we were there he was living with his English wife in a sumptuous Moorish villa outside the walls, where he entertained

us in truly oriental style like a page from the Arabian Nights, and the next day he came to our hotel with some most beautiful Arab horses, with Arab attendants, and took us for a ride out in the ^Country side, a picturesque Arab leading Mrs. Blackall's horse and trotting along with it to her great delight.

We met Miss Matthews, one of the brothers of whom was consul, the other brother the well known writer Brander Matthews. They lived in a charming establishment, with a wonderful garden in which flowers and trees were growing taken from all countries, - geraniums with stalks as big as one's arms, roses of rare shape and hue, oranges, sweet lemons, figs, melons, apples all

in riotous profusion under the perpetual sunshine.

We sailed on a French liner from Tangiers to Cadiz, thence out to Seville and from there direct to Lisbon, where we were dined at the American Embassy by Mr. Taylor the Ambassador, and had the experience of being next at table to Miss Mary Lee, the daughter of the General, an intransigent Secesh, who had sworn never to pass under the flag of the United States. We also had a wonderful evening with Sig. d'Avila an architect, who gave us a great deal of attention.

The Spanish work appealed to me very strongly. The Moorish work at Grenada and Seville came to me like a

beautiful dream from a vanished fairy land. The Alhambra was all I had pictured it, and more. The barrenness of the stately halls with no furniture, no signs of human occupancy, was so aglow with color and gold and wondrous tiling and marvelous stalactite vaulting that one's imagination was stimulated to the limit. There simply is nothing like it in the world, unless it be the rock cut temples of India, which show the same decorative quality in applying intricate ornament to cover the whole wall surface without sacrificing any unity of effect. I simply reveled in the remains of that wonderful art and sketched and painted and measured and drew out every day of our wondrous week, and yet there was more.

The Renaissance Plateresque Spanish work ^{seemed} ~~was~~ quite as vital in its way as the Moorish, showing the same instinctive decorative treatment of ornament, together with a richness in carving and in fine detail which was quite new to me and thoroughly Spanish. To be sure it came from and was inspired by the Italian Renaissance, but it was recast and reminted in Spain. Salamanca I found a treasure city with all the glory of the best period of Spanish art in stone, iron, plaster and wood. Then I met a young architect who simply turned green with envy when he saw my work. He was one of the two lonesome city architects, with practically no new work in prospect, nothing but an idle life in a small city of dead though beautiful remains.

The late Romanesque work tinged as it was with the coming Plateresque was also an attraction to me. In the little town of Toro I found a Collegiate church which seemed such a gem of architecture that I persuaded the good Padre to let me measure it, which I did, and drew it all out, plan, elevations and central tower in three days while my wife stood guard about my small drawing table and shoved off the too inquisitive boys and girls who flocked to see the sight. This church by the way was the prototype of the old Cathedral of Salamanca, the central tower of which inspired H.H. Richardson in designing Trinity Church tower in Boston.

Portugal was a revelation to me and I found Lisbon a very interesting city, with its house walls covered so beautifully with glazed tile in white, blue and yellow. There were a few really good public buildings and churches. Down the Tagus a ways I found the B^elem town^{er} where DeGama started from on his voyage of discovery of the passage to India by way of Cape of Good Hope. And further on was the exquisite B^elem chapel. I made a pen-and-ink of the Gothic portal, which was the best drawing I turned out while abroad. It was published in the American Architect, together with an article by me on Portuguese Architecture. I was also much struck with the work at Coimbra, a town some fifty miles north of Lisbon

where I found a remarkable pulpit of marble similar to that in Santa Croce^{ce} at Florence, of which I made drawings. Also there was the Hospital of Christ, whose sole exuberance was a big circular window, most elaborately carved and adorned and fairly bursting with vitality. When I showed a photo of this piece of architectural fire work to my friend Frank Bacon, he exclaimed "By Golly! I'll bet the fellow who designed that was a big, burly, red headed chap who had hair all over his face, a fiery old top knot, and was a devil with the ladies!"

The trip to Portugal was well worth while. We had a good, cheap hotel, the food was excellent, the wines abundant and free. The Ambassador,

Mr. Taylor, did all he could for us and my letters of introduction opened many doors for me. I believe I am the only Rotch Scholar in fifty years to include Portugal in the itinerary and yet the country is rich in its monuments and will well repay study.

We were in the peninsular about three months, returning to France via Bayonne and Bordeaux. On the way north we spent some time in Angoulême, Arles and the central cities. Also we took in the Chateau Country and the principal points in the Ile de France, and by early summer, were back in Paris, which seemed almost like home to us.

And then we went with the Boyles on a tramping ^trip through Switzerland and were thoroughly tired out, - ^{so}~~28~~

much ~~as~~ ^{so} that we were very glad to take a rest in Paris before returning to Boston.

We had travelled in all over 23,000 miles in the two years, at a total cost of less than \$3500 - of which about \$1200 I had earned with my pen, and when we took the boat at Liverpool I had just sixpence in my pocket. And I made over two thousand drawings, most of which I still keep, - and never look at. The Scholarship was the making of me, gave me a new outlook, a clearer vision, a more cultivated taste, and a better knowledge of men and things. Without it I think I would have always been a draughtsman and would simply have lost my identity in Peabody & Stearns.

BOSTON

I returned to Boston Aug. 24, 1886. We lived for a while with the Murrays on Main St. Cambridge and we joined the old Cambridge Baptist Church, where I became a member of the Prudential Committee. Before our daughter was born in '87, we had a house of our own on Cleveland St. where we lived until 1890. I took up my old job with Peabody & Stearns August 30¹⁸⁸⁶ and made my final report to the Boston Society of Architects at the Revere House October 29, and on November 3, we went to the Silver wedding of A. Shuman, who in later years became my best client and for whom I was architect fifty times. But I hardly knew him then.

There was plenty to do, for Peabody & Stearns were building the Exchange Building for which I had made two years before the sketches which won out in the competition. They also won the Fiske Building about this time, But before really settling down to a steady job, I wanted to see something of what was doing, and in the winter I made quite an extended trip, including Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, and the eastern cities, writing a series of articles for the American Architect, meeting prominent architects everywhere and being given every opportunity to study the latest developments. It was a strenuous trip, but it did me a lot of good. In Chicago, Burnham & Root^t offered me

a job which promised a partnership, but Boston called me too alluringly to be forsaken. But I often wonder what my life would have been, had I thrown in my luck with such a firm. Burnham fell out with me regarding the merits of one of his works which he claimed was the best building in the world and was quite peeved when I would not agree with him. But we got over it and became good friends.

Then for a while Peabody & Stearns had a wonderful lot of work, all of which I had a direct hand in. For the Wolff house in Newport I had the consultings with Miss Wolff and Pierre Lorillard in New York. The Cornelius Vanderbilt house at Newport was a very interesting alteration, for

which I designed the big Spanish Dining Room and the marble Morning Room, with unlimited money to expend but with very exacting and knowing clients who spent but never wasted.

Then we had the Lawrenceville School to plan from the beginning, and I was in Trenton a good deal with Norcross, learning a lot. Also we started the Groton School. But our most important work was on the competition for the New York Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Mr. Peabody didn't trust the drawings to the office, but kept me at his house in Brookline, where I made all of the drawings, and established the plan and the design, inspiring myself with my beloved Notre Dame de Paris. And I always felt that

ours was the best of the forty or more designs submitted, though the Jury thought otherwise and gave the prize to Heins & Lafarge.

Frank Bacon at this time was designing wonderful furniture for A.H. Davenport. He is the one man in my life in whose artistic ability I would have absolute confidence, and I wanted him to go in business with me. Much to my life-long regret he preferred to remain in furniture at \$25,000 per year. He told me in later years that he never could have stood my pace. I was too much for his rather easy going good nature, but I am sure it would have been an ideal partnership.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE

A MANUAL FOR
ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS AND HOUSE
FURNISHERS

BY

CLARENCE H. BLACKALL.

ARCHITECT

ILLUSTRATED



BOSTON
TICKNOR AND COMPANY
211 Tremont Street
1890

Mr. Kimball of New York who was doing some fine skyscrapers, offered me a partnership about this time, but I was determined to stay in Boston. My work however was not all architecture. I continued to write for the American Architect, the Engineering Record and others, and one year I wrote quite a book on the subject of Builders' Hardware, - not much of a book, but it all helped. Also I wrote articles for Russell Sturgis' Dictionary of Architecture, published by MacMillan, and agreed to do a lot of writing for a cyclopedia that Scribners proposed to publish, with W.P.P. Longfellow as editor, all of which kept me pleasantly busy.

But more was to come. I organized the Boston Architectural Club, and was joined by nearly all the younger men of the profession as well as all the old standbys. We rented the building in Hamilton Place which had been the home of Edward Everett Hale and the Club was a great success from the start and has been a great factor in Architectural Education ever since. I was President for many years.

Peabody & Stearns had discontinued their New York office in '81, but continued to do a lot of work there. I was in New York a good deal of the time, living mostly at the Murray Hill where I often met P.T. Barnum. Our firm had such good prospects in the

city with clients like Geo. F. Baker, the Vanderbilts, the Paynes, and the ~~Lorilands~~^{1 r.}, that I felt it would be worth while to reopen an office and proposed that to Peabody & Stearns, who said they would if they had anybody to head it, Whereupon I modestly suggested that I might go, under some conditions, and after considering it over night, brought in twenty two conditions, but as the first two, giving me independent control of the business, were turned down flat, the rest were not even considered, and I told ~~him~~^{them} it was time I was in business for myself. For two years I had had a seventh interest in the Boston business, paying me with my salary about a hundred dollars per week. Our relations

were always satisfactory and continued so for all the years they lived, but I was still very young, and wanted to be on my own. So we dissolved, and I started in business alone in the early spring of 1889. My architectural training had occupied sixteen years from 1873 to 1889, none too much for an exacting profession like mine.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Fifty years seems like an eternity looking forward to it. Fifty years is but a short span of years when we measure the work and the accomplishment which it represents looking backward towards youth. It is^acommonplace of today that the last fifty years have been the most wonderful the world has ever seen. In no department of human activity does this apply any more vividly than in architecture.

Fifty years ago I was just beginning my practical experience in architecture. We had, as measured by the standards of today, no schools, no immediate precedents, very little money to work with, no trained body of draughtsmen, no structural engineers, and above all, no clients with money, and perhaps

the greatest change which has come about in the development of the possibilities of architecture is not equal to the change which has taken place in the standing and the attitude of our clients. Fifty years ago the architect would look to individuals for his opportunities. There were trustees, to be sure, but on a very small scale, and the promoter was absolutely unknown, very largely because buildings were not erected in any particular magnitude, and a promoter fifty years ago would have starved on the job, and as for an architect, he was supposed to do nothing but sit in his office and wait for a job to come to him.

I remember so well the feeling of bated awe with which we youngsters listened to the astounding fact that

an architect had actually become not only a member but also a director of the Chamber of Commerce. It seemed so highly unprofessional that we regarded him almost as a pirate. Since then that architect has become one of the leading men in the profession in New York, and has designed buildings with such remarkable success that he is cited all over the world as a great architect, has become President of the American Institute of Architects, has received European honors as well as recognition here, and yet we then thought he was unprofessional. A little later we heard with lifted eyebrows that a Boston architect had actually dared to lease an old building, remodel it, fill it with tenants and sell it at

a big profit all by himself. This again we thought was very unprofessional, but it is not many years since the Architects' Building was built and financed in New York by a group of architects under exactly similar conditions and everyone praised it and recognized it as a move in the right direction.

And we remember how bravely a very prominent architect in New York actually built one of the largest skyscrapers, assuming the double function of architect and contractor, with his professional office on one side of the corridor and the building department on the other, charging a double commission to his client and giving that client a degree of satisfaction

which amply justified the innovation, even though this architect was looked at askance by the old guard. And there was an architect in Chicago not so many years ago, a man who had inherited wealth as well as the endowment of a very artistic nature, who looked at the problem of architecture from a surprisingly practical standpoint. We heard that he had built a building three stories high for his sole use. A client would be received in the professional office on the second floor, the drawings for the building would be prepared on the third floor, the client would return to the second floor to consult with the contracting department and would descend to the first floor to borrow him money at a

a bank, all maintained by this architect.

The inevitable next step has been for the architect to ally himself with builder and financier, all working together to make possible the erection and financing of anything the architect could conceive while still holding down the architectural ideals and being better able to develop them. Could any change be more pronounced in the practice of architecture? There are still many who adhere to the old, strictly professional attitude and who refuse to have anything to do with anything except the artistic side, but with a few notable exceptions our more prominent recent office buildings, commercial work, hotels, factories and theatre, which together constitute probably

over 60% of the new work, have been more and more each year in the hands of men who are organized and can plan, direct, finance and operate large building operations.

During this period also there has come a marked change in the status of the general contractor. Fifty years ago Norcross was building Trinity Church for H. H. Richardson and that great architect left absolutely everything to that extraordinarily gifted builder, but this was a rare exception. Generally the owner contracted separately for the different parts of the work and the architect trusted a good deal to luck to have things pull together. Buildings were slow in construction, well built to be sure, per-

haps better than is often now the case, but managed inefficiently and built expensively even according to the standards of those days.

Now the general contractor is a huge business concern, which assumes all the work but actually does very little of it, letting sub contractors take the risks in detail and being held as principal only on a cost-plus contract, and this system has worked out on the whole very satisfactorily, even with the lessening of personal contact between owner and architect on the one hand, and the builder and material men on the other.

These things have brought about some significant changes also in the cost of building operations. Fifty

years ago, for instance, an office building which cost 40 cents a cubic foot was an exception. Since then prices of labor in many instances have quadrupled, materials have more than doubled and demands have increased greatly, and yet an office building today, with all its complication of mechanical adjuncts - electricity, refrigeration, ventilation, fireproof construction - can be built for a cost hardly 60% above what it cost fifty years ago and it would be today a better building, much more elaborately finished and built in far less time.

In the old days building construction proceeded on the European time scale. Now we have changed all that and there are plenty of cases

where buildings have been put up structurally at the rate of two or three stories per week and anyone watching the rise of the Chrysler Building in New York City, for instance, would appreciate how immeasurably more efficient are our building methods today than ever before. If St. Peter's of Rome were to be built today it is probable that a modern building corporation would be quite ready to accept a contract on a cost plus basis and finish it complete for less than the building cost originally and in a time not exceeding two or three years, although St. Peter's was nearly a century in building.

Fifty years ago we had no steel for construction, no reinforced concrete, no real illumination even at any price, no electricity, no science of steam heating, no telephones, no elevators. Cut these factors out of a building today and see where we would be. I remember in 1882 seeing a 15" beam fall off a truck on Broadway and split longitudinally the whole length. That was the kind of rolling we had to depend upon in those days. When Tremont Temple was built in '93 we could not feel sure of deliveries of steel beams and consequently the structure was built wholly of iron furnished by the Cooper Hewitt Co., and was, I believe, the last job put out in iron. At that time we were also confronted with the

problem of electric distribution. Remember that the electric light was invented only fifty years ago and it was several years later before the science of electric wiring was applicable for building.

One of the first houses with which I had to do in Boston was to be wired with that innovation, electric light. That was in 1882 and instead of any system of conduits, the distribution of wires was most simple. After the scratch coat of plaster was on the walls the architect would locate the outlets, and would determine where the wiring was going. Then a workman would score a channel in the somewhat soft plaster, run ordinary Underwriters' wire in those channels, cement the wires

in place with a few dabs of plaster of Paris and then skim over the whole wall and that was all the insulation we had. That house is still in existence and tests out apparently perfectly well, but of course a construction of that kind would be absolutely forbidden today. Next a system of conduits was devised consisting of paper tubes which were built into the walls, or run through the timbers most any way, and an improvement was made by casing these tubes with thin brass.

When we built Tremont Temple in '93 it seemed as if this was not sufficient, and by the way, we could not then prevail on any electric contractors to figure on that work, simply

because there were hardly any then in existence, and the contract for the wiring work had to be placed with the Edison Company. I interviewed Pettingell-Andrews at that time as to the possibilities of furnishing iron pipe in which to run the wiring, and after due consideration they told me that they could not furnish such material, the market was not right for it and they had none of the fittings, so we had to content ourselves with the brass-armored paper conduit, which is still in the building, though how much of it is waterlogged by this time nobody knows.

And the plumbing! We simply did not have any. I remembered so well my college days. For all of those four

years I never had a bath in a tub. There were no water closets in existence and such a thing as hot water service for a building was a luxury not dreamed of.

I remember the statements which were made about the 18-story building which Bruce Price built opposite Trinity Church on lower Broadway, New York, to the effect that this building, which was a tower and somewhat isolated, g-
rated in an arc of a circle following the sun and that the vibrations were very perceptible inside the building. For curiosity some of the parties at interest were persuaded to suspend a piano wire from the top of the building down through the open stair well, a

drop of some 16 stories, with a heavy plumb-bob at the base. Not the slightest movement of any sort was recorded. We still hear even today statements to the effect that the Flatiron Building will vibrate so that the fixtures will rattle inside and the sway of the building can be detected from the ground, which, of course, is absolutely absurd. Never in the world were buildings built so well, so scientifically designed as today, and that is all within the last fifty years.

But one factor which has made these tall buildings possible is the elevator. Mr. Nathaniel J. Bradley in his day was probably the most influential architect in New England. I heard him make a statement in 1882 that he

did not believe in elevators at all, that he thought no office building should be built more than 4 stories high, and that if a man was not willing to walk up three flights of stairs to his office, he had better keep out of business. Then I remember a little later that the wise ones maintained that the limit in height to which a building could be economically designed was, at the most, 18 stories, because in proportion as the building increased in height, more elevators would be needed until ultimately the elevators alone would occupy the entire ground floor. The absurdity of his reasoning did not appeal to anyone in those days. The elevator people kept right on just the

same, increasing the speed, increasing the safety, and now there seems to be no limit, as far as the elevators are concerned, and a building could be 1,000 stories high and yet be well served.

The suggestion was made many years ago and a patent obtained on a system of elevators which would run tandem in the elevator wells at intervals of perhaps 200 feet, going always in the same direction, up on one side and down on the other, to operate independently just as cable or electric cars are operated now on the street. This patent, I believe, is still held by the Otis Co., and when we go above 1000 feet for our buildings, possibly we may then find that the situation will be met quite as

successfully as the problems above 18 stories were met years ago.

In the early '80's Mr. Richardson was at the height of his power and was dazzling the young men with his creations in the style of the French Romanesque. It seemed so easy to copy his motifs, to throw in facings of pink granite and brown sandstone with dabs of spiky carvings at intervals and a few knowing, round arches, and for awhile it seemed as if everyone wanted to do Romanesque, but before the decade was over the influence of McKim had swept design into the noble lines of the Roman Renaissance. That was about the time we began to build skyscrapers and I remember reading a paper at one of the conventions of the American Institute of Architects

which I thought was very knowing, demonstrating that the proper way to design a tall building was to give it a strong base, a plain shaft and a crowning cornice. Now the cornice has vanished almost completely as a feature in the design of buildings both high and low.

Fifty years ago I would have said we had no schools of Architecture. That is not quite correct, for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was founded more than fifty years ago and the name of another Ware is inscribed on the tablets of architectural memory. Prof. William R. Ware was the father of architectural education in this country and was for many years the last, final arbiter on all competitions, on matters of taste and design. From Boston he went

to Columbia and put that on its feet, but the architectural schools were not the only development in architectural education. The ^{N.Y.} Architectural League, The Beaux Arts Society of New York, and the Boston Architectural Club have continued for years to exercise a great influence.

We had few travelling scholarships fifty years ago. The Rotch Travelling Scholarship was endowed in 1883. The 54th holder of the Scholarship is now abroad and the list of men who have held this prize with distinction would include some of the most notable architects in the country. It was the first travelling scholarship in architecture. Since then the number has greatly increased until nearly every large university has its

scholarship and there are numerous organizations which offer opportunities to young men.

We have gradually evolved from the tutelage of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and while our students still go to Paris and still study the methods there used, there is a growing feeling that the time has passed by when an American can get from Paris the kind of help which would be available for current practice. Fifty years ago the United States ranked last among the great nations in art and architecture. Today some of our European critics admit that our architecture leads the whole world.

Our advancement in architectural practice has not been without some drawbacks. In the old days the relation

between the architect and the draughtsman was a very intimate one. We knew our bosses and they knew us. We went to their houses, even sometimes we picnicked with them and we were given an opportunity not merely to copy the drawings which a head-draughtsman or head-designer would turn out, but actually to try our hands ourselves at portions of design and then to talk with the contractors and see that the work was carried out in the building. All of that gave to the architecture of the early '90's a character which is not found in the work of the last ten years. We have undoubtedly gained a great deal in monumental treatment and in business cooperation, but we have lost a good deal of the finer touch and the spirit of all pulling together which men like

McKim, Peabody & Stearns or Richardson were able to inculcate into the young men who went out from their folds.

And finally, alluring as the past may seem in retrospect to some of us old-timers, we know that there has been no time like today, that the opportunities were never so large or so alluring. It is not simply that we build 50 or 100 stories today where we built 8 or 10 with fear and trembling only such a short while ago. It is not that we talk in millions where before we talked in thousands. It is not that the final problems are so much easier solved, but deeper than that, there is the growing expression of our civilization through architectural forms which has surpassed anything we could have hoped for.

The real architecture which is finding expression today is fitted to its purpose, may be eccentric at times, is uncertain in details, as all new work is, but is alive and throbbing with intense artistic possibilities. We thought we were living fifty years ago and we ~~did~~^{were}, but ours was a small horizon compared with what lies before the well equipped young architect today. We like to think that the past has made the present possible.

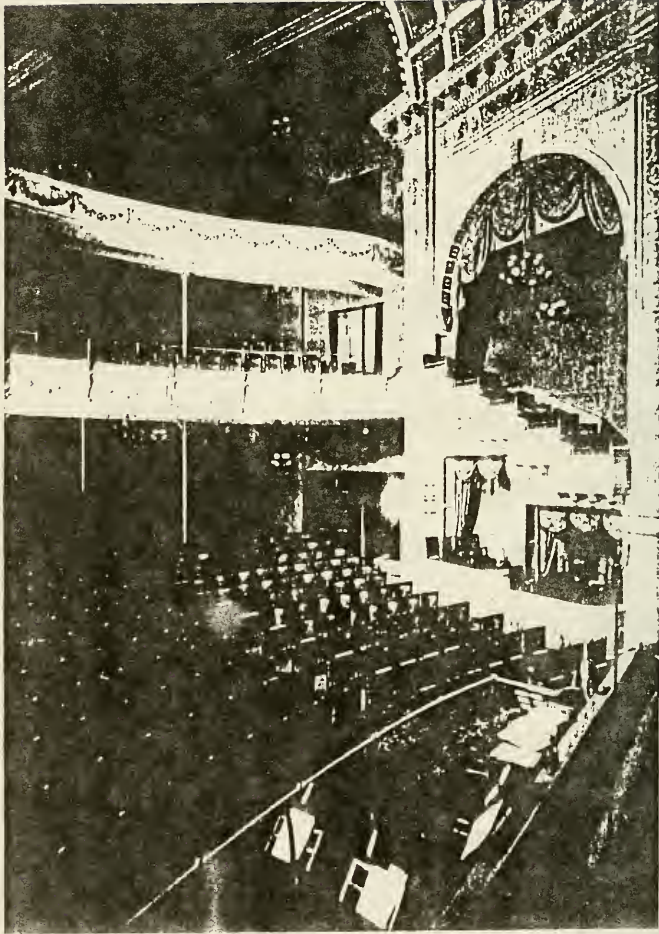
As we look at the future, we ask ourselves, "What next?" It requires a vivid imagination to conceive of how American architecture can develop as much in the next half century as it did in the one which is just closing. Surely it will be something wonderful. Surely, as Mr. Burnham so well put it, our efforts

of labor will seem petty beside what is
expected and our grandchildren will not
need to look back to us today to measure
the extent of progress.

COMMENCEMENT

I did not start on nothing. The Old Cambridge Baptist Church, of which I was on the Prudential Committee, had been partially burned out by a fire, and I was given the job of remodelling. Peabody & Stearns let me keep this, also an interest in the W. G. Corthell house at Wollaston. Also as in New York in 1880 I continued to do some work for the firm for nearly a year, including the Salem Post Office, the Peabody houses in the Back Bay and the Groton School. Then I could do a lot of writing and I figured that if I did only what Mr. Longfellow wanted for his Cyclopaedia I could earn at least \$12,000 the first year, enough to take care of my family.

As a matter of fact the writing faded away, the Cyclopedia never was published and all I got from it was \$25. But that did not phaze me. I opened an office of one room in the old Music Hall building in Hamilton Place, and the first week Mr. Codman gave me ^{the commission} to build the Church of Our Saviour^r in Roslindale. Through Mr. Corthell I built several houses in Wollaston, and my small office was soon quite crowded. My sister-in-law, Pansy Murray was my lone helper until her father died in 1890. Miss E. L. Marden then came in as stenographer and secretary. She was just 19. It was her first job and the only one she ever ~~had~~ had, for she has been with me ever since and has been simply invaluable. And she has always known more of the business than any member

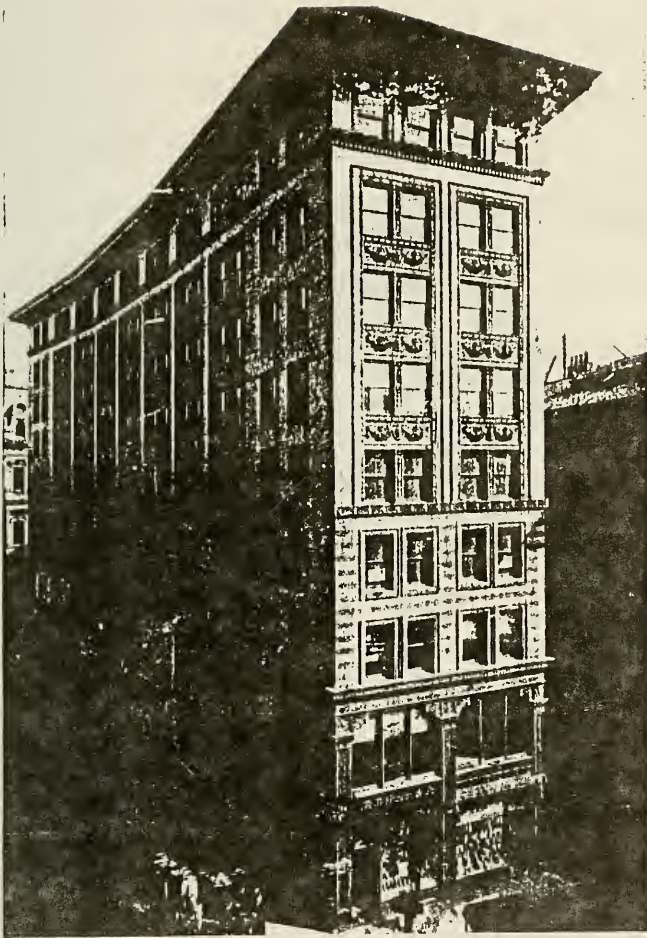


For a night, the Bowdoin square theatre the first theatre built by Mr. Blackall in 1830, of wood beam and best construction in America.

of the firm, and has ever been my devoted and loyal friend.

My first large job was the Bowdoin Square Theatre, which came to me in a rather roundabout way quite typical of the fortuitous unexpectedness of the architects' work. A man named Emerson decided to build him a house in Brookline. Knowing slightly an architect named Beals, he dropped into his office and said he was thinking of building a yellow and white colonial house with a swell front and a hip roof. The architect, simply to get a more clear idea of the type suggested, got out some plates of the American Architect. The first ones shown were two pen sketches of houses I was building. Beals did not claim them for himself but merely offered them

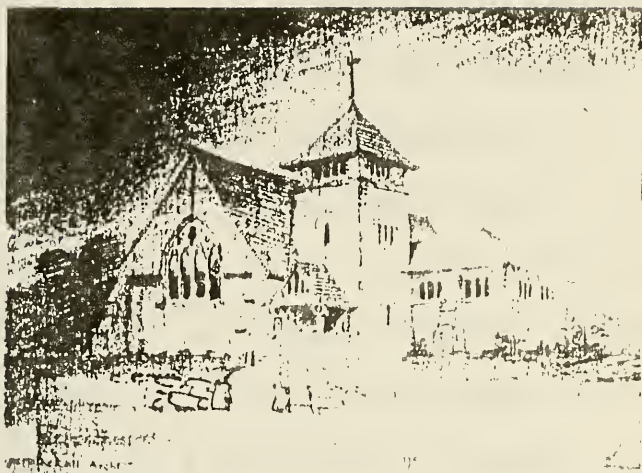
as suggestions of what might be
Mr. Emerson noted my name, thanked
Mr. Beals, said goodbye and he would
consider a bit, and then came straight
to my office and employed me as architect.
Some later, when the house was under way,
he casually asked me if I would be inter-
ested in a theatre that was to be built
on some land in which Mrs. Emerson had
some ownership. And the result was that
in 1890 I did the Bowdoin Sq. Theatre
for Charles Atkinson. That in turn led
directly to the Carter Building through
the builders, Woodbury & Leighton, who
helped finance both buildings, and
Atkinson started the Colonial theatre
with me, so that from those two sketches
of very simple houses, I came into some
of the best work I have had given me.



Skeleton construction was used for the first time in Boston in the Carter Building, designed by Mr. Blackall and completed in 1894. All connections were bolted. This building, now known as the Winthrop Building, is shown above at the left.

And the Carter Building was quite a story. I built it in 1892 at the corner of Washington and Water Sts. on the site of the spring which, the story is, determined Blackstone to locate there in the 1620's, and was the first center of the city. I had a lot of trouble getting possession of the land. The Minots backed me financially, Woodbury & Leighton helped, some petty graft by city officials was overcome, one tenant of the old buildings had to be evicted with a hose and sued me for an impossible amount, the Building Department ordered me to take down the old buildings as being dangerous, and then refused to order them down or to allow me to alter them, but everything was finally straightened out and the work begun in 1892.

In 1880 C. H. Black
 all began the practice
 of architecture in
 Boston, Mass. The
 Church of Our Sa-
 vior at Roslindale,
 Mass., was his first
 job. His original
 drawing for this
 church is shown at
 the right. A similar
 drawing of the church
 by D. J. Good was
 published in *The
 American Architect*
 Aug. 3, 1899.



I claimed a permit under a building law which had just been revised, and Captain Damrell, the Commissioner objected to my assumed live loads and unit stresses.

I carried the matter to the Board of Appeal. The old law allowed loads of much ~~less~~ ^{more} than the revised law, and to prove my point, I made a careful survey of three of our largest office buildings, weighing the contents of each and determining that the actual loads averaged less than 10 lbs. per foot where the law called for 100. I published the results of my investigations, and they were a basis for revision of our laws not only in Boston but in other cities.

The Carter Building was the first steel or iron cage construction in Boston, a system which started in Chicago

only a few years before. While it was being considered I met on the Common one day Mr. Walter Winslow, a very prominent architect who did a lot of commercial work. He urged me, as a young man with a reputation to make, not to use that skeleton construction come out of the wild west. He assured me that the metal framework would surely expand and contract with the daily changes in temperature, with the result that the walls would be broken at each floor level, and it was only a question of time when the masonry would pull away from the frame. But I told him it was too late, the frame was all fabricated, and I would take the chance. All his predictions were wrong. Nothing happened. Inside of three years he was using the system himself, and since that ^{time} _^

it has been universally used in tall building. The frame of the Carter Building, by the way, was of iron, not steel, and the joints were all bolted, not rivetted as was the usage since.

The Carter Building had several other new features incorporated in its construction. It was only 125 feet high, the legal limit at that time, but it was considered very daring, and to guard against an assumed wind pressure, I devised a system of vertical trusses, built into the partitions across the narrow structure the full height, at two points, also trussed three floors horizontally. It was the first example here of wind bracing. Also I built the partitions in office stories 1 1/2 inch thick, all of hard cement plaster on

expanded metal lath. A novelty in Boston, and thereby saved enough office space to give increased rental of \$12,000 per year.

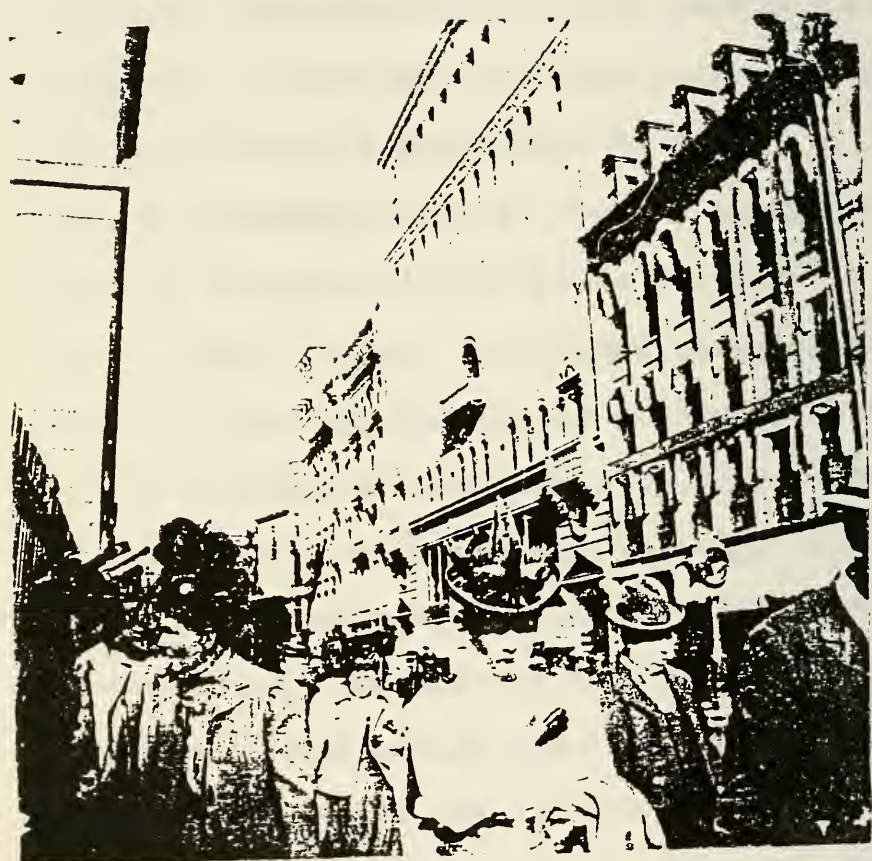
The old Tremont Temple was entirely destroyed by fire in 1893. Dr. Lorimer the pastor, was a friend of my father, I had known him slightly when he was in Chicago, and on the board of the Temple were several good Baptist friends of mine, and I easily persuaded Deacon Chipman, who was at the head of everything, that the temple would be safe in my hands. In '94 the work was started. I never have felt satisfied with the layout. The side walls of the old building were left standing and had to be retained, and the provision for stores on the ground floor cramped the exits unnecessarily, but it worked out

better than I hoped, and the Board and the church were very appreciative of my work. Shortly after it started I took Geo. F. Newton in with me. He was the third Rotch Scholar, and on his return from Europe was associated with Peabody & Stearns, but was not very happy there. He was a man of very decided talent in design, who worked with me admirably and has a large share in the artistic success of the building. We parted before the Temple was fully completed, though we never had any differences, and have been good friends ever since.

Besides designing the iron construction and the electric equipment I also laid out the entire system of heating and

ventilation, having just completed courses in these with the American Correspondence School which entitled me to be an engineer in both lines.

Tremont Temple was finished with a great hurrah. At the dedication May 3, 1896 and at the public banquet on the 5th the Temple was packed to the doors. According to the papers, "the Architect, Mr. C.H. Blackall, was introduced in a felicitous manner by Dr. Lorimer" and I had to make a speech describing the building and how we did it. Forty years later I sat on the same platform at the Anniversary of the dedication. The interior of the Temple has never been changed. ^{Edmond Charles} Tarbell's paintings about the organ have lost none of their charm, though few appreciate they are



Tremont Temple
(EMB in foreground) C.H.B. photo

the early work of that noted artist.

The exterior of the Temple was frankly inspired by the Doge's Palace of Venice in its lower portions, the three office stories above being accused in the treatment to give a certain commercial look, while the religious character of the whole was marked by the temple suggestion of the top with its broad pediment, all in terra cotta, "of the earlyth, earthy" but "tried by fire" to mark the symbolism. The details of ornament were also symbolic of the church, the Passion, the Book, the whole Armor, the Cross and the Crown, and were all thoughtfully studied and worked out by Mr. Newton and myself in complete sympathy, and with the hearty cooperation of

Deacon ^{Chipman} ~~Whitman~~ and his various committees.

The organ front was wholly designed by Mr. Newton. The lighting and the electric fixtures were by me and I believe they are quite in line with the modern styles.

The Colonial Building was opened in December 1900, but I had been working on it ever since 1895. The old Public Library had been on the site. Atkinson leased the old Bates Hall for a sort of Zoo, and nearly ruined himself financially. I planned an opera house on the site for Walter Damrosch, which never came to life. Atkinson had repeated schemes for a theatre there also, but couldn't finance anything. Finally Alexander Porter, who was the leader then

In Boston real estate matters, took it up and interested Rich & Harris the theatre operators. They sent him to me for sketches which I made and on which they based a proposal to take a lease of a theatre in a six story office building. Porter then took this to the Ames Estate, which bought the property and employed me as Architect. The building was to be of a cost not to exceed \$500,000, and I made plans accordingly, but the Trustees finally decided on a larger outlay and a better building. They paid me for what I had done, and I proceeded with the plans for a ten story, thoroughly first class theatre and office building to cost considerably over a million. I think I came closer to this

Occasionally Father took me with him when he was inspecting the constructions of buildings he had designed. One such was the Colonel Theatre. I watched men putting girders on to the columns of the proscenium. I climbed on the scaffolding under the dome of the auditorium where Mr. Henry Pennell was painting the ceiling. He was working on the large central circle. "Would you like to do some painting, little girl?" Of course I would so he gave me a brush and I put one or two small strokes on the canvas. What a treat and I felt as if I had done the whole ceiling. The Colonial opened with Ben Hur and Father procured a ticket for me, in the centre of the first balcony. How very proud I was when I saw my father step forward on the stage and address the audience.

MBM

building than to any I have built. I supervised personally everything, from foundations to the programmes of the play. The ornamental modeling was done by John Evans but I had my hands on every bit of clay. H. B. Pennell had full charge of the decorations, but we worked together in all details. I persuaded the Trustees that some real painted decorations were worth while, and I got Robert Blum, Schladermundt, and Otto Bacher to do the paintings on the main ceilings. Marion^{*} Peabody did the paintings in the Ladies Room, and the paintings in the foyer were by a young Italian whose name I have forgotten. Every bit of marble was selected by me, and the use of satin wood finish for the Ladies Room was my idea,

* sister of Josephine Preston Peabody - Mrs. Lionel Marks - a poet and friend of the Blackalls.

as also the carpets and draperies. Pennell did a fine job on the decorations, and did it so well that they have never needed to be renewed, and are as good today as forty years ago. I planned the heating and ventilating, devised the lighting, designed the steel work including the 172,000 lb. girders which hold the stories over the theatre, and worked out the stage lighting and equipment. Of course I had expert advice on all things, but we all worked together under my direction, and the results were approved by the Trustees and by the theatre people. There are things I would do differently another time. I never would plan for two balconies, and I could simplify the construction, but for its time it was a success as a

theatre and won me a good name. We knew nothing of acoustics in those days but it was my luck to have them very satisfactory, and the sight lines were perfect. The decorations cost over \$50,000, and there were many and very large extras, for we did everything the best we knew how, but the Trustees were quite willing to pay the bills, and fully appreciated what they were getting.

There had been a partnership with Mr. Newton in 1894. Aside from that I was alone in my practice until ¹1905, when I took into partnership Mr. James Ford Clapp and Mr. Charles A. Whittemore, both of whom had been in my office for a number of years, both Tech men, Mr. Clapp a Rotch Scholar. In 19²²~~15~~

Mr. Davis W. Clark came in with us. He had been in my office ever since his graduation from the Harvard School of Architecture. Any work we had after that was the work of the firm, though I may refer to it as mine. But I never lost personal touch with my clients, though since my phlebitis in 1933 I have been glad to leave more and more to the boys, and we have always worked together in complete harmony. If I have got most of the work, they certainly have done their full share ~~both~~ in the office and on the jobs and the firm has been a unit.

I have had in 46 years four business offices. I started in a little cub^bby hole in the old Music Hall building, less than 250 square feet and that was enough for my work for ten years. Then

I had a larger office, about 1000 sq.ft. in the old Congregational Building corner Beacon and Somerset Sts. the original Coolidge home, later the Somerset Club, and at last the headquarters for the Congregational Societies. Houghton & Dutton occupied the ground floor and when the building was to be replaced by the present structure, I was forced out, and moved in 1905 to the fourth floor of No. 20 Beacon Street, owned by Boston University. I had about 3000 sq.ft. and used it all. Then in 1925, the Boston University took over the whole building and we moved to 31 West St. the top floor over T.D. Whitney's, our present location, with about 3500 sq.ft.

In 1904 W. E. Chamberlin, my old Paris friend, invited me to share with him in the proposed building for the Cambridgeport Savings Bank. He was a cripple most of his life after returning from the Beaux Arts, and could work only a short ^{time} ~~while~~ each day. He made most of the drawings but the scheme was mine, also the idea of using Knoxville marble for the exterior. I went to Tennessee and personally selected the quarry and the marble, against the advice of some experts, who declared the marble would not stand our climate. I never have regretted the choice, and the material has stood our winters for ⁴⁰~~34~~ years and is as good as ever. My daughter Marian went with me on the trip and at Washington we were presented to Mr. Theodore

Roosevelt, who was then President. Chamberlin was a fine man and we never had a difference. We were friends all his life.

In 1907 Cyrus Dallin and I went in competition for a Soldiers and Sailors monument for Syracuse and won out. It was largely an architectural scheme, including a central pylon and a broad terrace facing the old Erie Canal. On the pylon were some large bronze groups. Dallin did these and I did practically all the rest. The castings were made in Paris and I went there to check up on the work and the finances, as we were to be paid a lump sum for the finished monument including our services, so we were both designers and contractors, at a

cost to the County of over \$100,000.

Our personal profit was small, but it was well worth while.

All this while I was doing work for Mr. A. Shuman, who was my constant friend, and who gave me my 50th job for him just before he died. Though his work was mostly of a commercial type, it led to many good commissions, including the Avery Hotel, the Scollay Building, and a lot of commercial work for Harvard College, also indirectly to two of my most interesting studies. In 1908 I designed the Temple Israel on Commonwealth Avenue. Samuel Shuman was chairman of the Building Committee, and gave me a very free hand and I found the Congregation very appreciative. I studied the

problem of a Jewish Synagogue very carefully. It always had interested me, and I soon found that the average Jew was no better informed on the traditions of ~~the~~ ^{his} religious art and architecture than the average Christian, and I had to study a good deal to work out a design which would be really Jewish in character and in keeping with the modern progressive spirit of the people. The Temple was inspired by the known studies of Solomon's Temple, as described by ~~Ezekiel~~ ^{Ezekiel}, and as elaborated by Perrot ⁱ and ~~St.~~ Chipiez in their theoretical restorations. Everything, every detail, had a special meaning. The building was a monolith of concrete, recalling the Biblical statement that during the construction, no sound of hammers was heard. The walls were faced

with white marble, emblematic of the purity of the religion. The dome, symbol of the tent life of the early Hebrews, was of concrete cast in a single shell only 3 1/2" thick. The thin line of pale green inscription carried across the head of the walls, was suggested by the ornament on the edge of the phylactery. The Interior was like a canopy, illuminated by a single suspended blazing symbol of the Seal of David, the 6 pointed star. The organ front was formed with brass trumpets grouped about a glass window bearing the signs of the twelve tribes. The electric pendants were suggested by some of the fixtures in the Church of the Nativity at Jerusalem, and in one of the Mt. Sinai monasteries. Each side of the Ark, were bronze columns

by Hardenburg, and all plans, details and accounts went through my hands. The job went through without a hitch, and was the most profitable one financially I ever have had. It was finished and the hotel opened in 1912.

When I left Peabody & Stearns in 1889 I was superintending some work for them in Salem. I continued to do so for quite a while, and for the next 24 years I was building something myself in that city nearly all the time. I did a church on Lafayette St., two theatres, two Banks, three Office Buildings, an addition to the Public Library, a branch library, and a number of private houses. I built for Peabody & Stearns the first Postoffice and altered it afterwards twice. In 1907 I built the Registry of



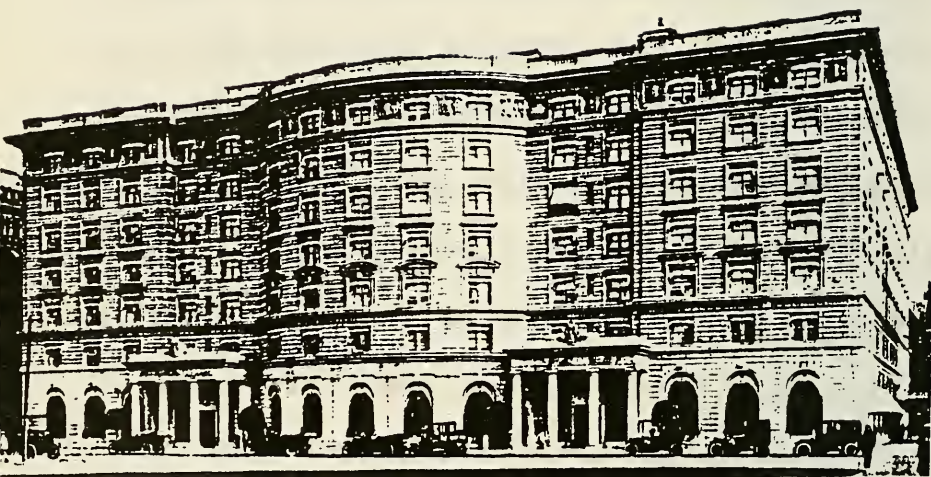
*Temple Ohabei Shalom at Brookline, Mass. is a recent church designed by Blackall, Clapp and Whittenmore of Boston. This church was illustrated in *The American Architect*, Nov. 20, 1928*

than my personal effort, as we all worked together on it. This is about the most ambitious piece of architecture we have produced thus far and turned out very fortunate in the exterior use and combination of materials, and in the plan, which was of the orthodox Jewish type, with balconies each side. The design was more Byzantine in detail, and much more elaborate than the Temple Israel, retaining the idea of the crowning dome, showing inside and out, the walls being faced with a very effective combination of seam faced granite, cast stone and brick.

About 1909 the old Art Museum building in Copley Square was purchased by the Copley Trust, of which my friends Moses Williams, J. Morris Meredith and Mr. Reynolds were the Trustees. The

Museum retained a lease of the building pending the construction of the new building on Huntington Avenue. Meredith & Grew, who represented the Trustees, employed me to make studies of what could be done with the property, and after some time I advised building a hotel on the front portion facing the square, leaving a 100 foot strip at the back for a theatre or commercial building. They paid me liberally for my plans and filed them away to do nothing for the present, but I was not disposed to let the matter rest there. Henry Whitmore of the firm of Meredith & Grew agreed with me that we could put the scheme over, and we were willing to pool our efforts. After considerable delay we interested the Geo. A. Fuller Co. who were then doing a lot of work all

over the country, by telling them that if they could find the right tenant the Trustees would build the building. I carried the plans for the hotel more into detail, had a fine perspective made by D.D. Gregg of the exterior, which still hangs on my office walls, and at last, with Fuller, decided to approach Mr. Beinike, the proprietor of the Plaza Hotel in New York. It took two years of argument to persuade Beinike that the site was suitable for a first class hotel and that he could pay enough rent to make it a good investment for the Trustees. And when at last he was ready to sign a contract, he said he had no objection to me, who had been in all the negotiations, but he insisted on having as his architect,



COPLEY-PLAZA HOTEL, BOSTON, MASS

H. J. Hardenburg, who had done all of his hotels and many more. The Trustees were equally insistent on retaining me, and it was finally agreed and contracts signed that the Fuller Company should build the hotel on a percentage basis not to exceed \$2,500,000, that Hardenburg should be employed by Beinike, that my studies were to be a basis upon which to build, and that I was to supervise the work, pass on all payments, and on all matters of construction and be the architect for the Trustees. Beinike deposited \$600,000 in the Old Colony Trust Co. as security for his rent, and to pay for the furniture with my approval, and the work started as soon as the Art Museum had moved out. The exterior was substantially my design. The interior plan was modified

following the description in Ezekiel. On the chairs of the platform were Aarons "rods which budded", in glass mosaic, and the simple onyx pulpit had some very interesting glass mosaic inlays which I had made by a very clever artist in Chicago. Every detail, every ornament, meant something. The Congregation accepted my work most enthusiastically. I gave several talks to them on the symbolism of the Temple, and studied Hebrew, read the Torah, and through my work became a good friend of Rabbi Levi. Sam Shuman used to say they would end by making a good Jew out of me.

In 1925 I did another Synagogue, in some ways more successful than the first, for the Ohabei Shalom in Brookline, which was the work of the firm rather

Deeds, one of my best efforts, at a cost of \$400,000, and later I made very extensive alterations in the Court House and in the Old Registry. When the city was partially destroyed by fire, I was engaged as architect for the rebuilding commission. I wrote the building law, which was subsequently adopted for the whole city. I passed on all plans for building in the burnt district, had supervision of all of the work, including relocating some of the streets, but did no work as architect, though I was instrumental in allotting several commissions to other architects. It paid me very little, but was a very interesting experience and kept me very busy for quite a while. The only architectural work which came to

me through my Salem connections outside of that city, was the Wesleyan office building in Copley Square Boston which I owed to my good Salem friend Matthew Robson, and the house I built in Rowley for Mr. George, the Clerk of Courts of Essex County. And besides I met a lot of very interesting people, and my work was of value to and appreciated by the citizens of Salem.

March 11, 1915 Mr. J.M. Little engaged me as architect for a building to be erected on the site of the Hotel Pelham. This developed into the Little Building, which was completed in 1916 and is the best piece of work of its kind that we have done. It was built for \$1,300,000 when prices were very low on account of the WorldWar. We paid only \$34 per ton

for the steel. We have paid as high as \$100 per ton since, and the building at today's prices would cost at least \$2,000,000. Little and Russell were consulting architects with us, Lovell Little being part owner of the property through his father's estate, but the design and plan of the building were wholly ours.

Also in 1915 we had a very important commission to build for the State a large hospital at Waverly for mental diseases with Parker Thomas & Rice associated as consultants. It was to cost many millions and we made studies of all sorts for it, and in December I went with Dr. O'Meara, one of the commissioners on a trip including Kalamazoo, Chicago, Yanckton, Spokane, Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles, visiting

for the steel. We have paid as high as \$100 per ton since, and the building at today's prices would cost at least \$2,000,000. Little and Russell were consulting architects with us, Lovell Little being part owner of the property through his father's estate, but the design and plan of the building were wholly ours.

Also in 1915 we had a very important commission to build for the State a large hospital at Waverly for mental diseases with Parker Thomas & Rice associated as consultants. It was to cost many millions and we made studies of all sorts for it, and in December I went with Dr. O'Meara, one of the commissioners on a trip including Kalamazoo, Chicago, Yanckton, Spokane, Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles, visiting

the Hospitals in each city, and gathering a mass of information which, unfortunately we never used, for in 1916 there was a change in policy at the State House, a clean sweep in the Department of Mental Diseases, and a new commissioner appointed who knew us not or had friends of his own. So we went out and were paid \$25,000 for plans which never were used at all. And I had besides a very interesting trip to California, saw the 1915 Exposition buildings in San Francisco and had several weeks in Pasadena.

IMAGINATION IN BUSINESS

All my life, works of the imagination have appealed very strongly to me. Before 1903 I designed a building for a height of 1000 feet, and to obviate the necessity for a chimney, worked out a scheme by which the smoke from the boilers of the heating plant would go through a chemical process resulting in bi-carbonate of soda and other Solvay Process products. Once when I was marooned on Mt. Washington over a Sunday in the clouds I amused myself by calculating the strains in a building 5000 feet high. And in 1905, stimulated by hopes of what a new client, Wm. Randolph Hearst might want in New York, I designed a building to go opposite the Grand Central

to have 108 stories above ground, five below, and be 1500 feet high above grade, and when anyone expressed a fear lest so tall a tower should blow over, I was quite ready to prove by figures that it would be as firm as the Rock of Ages. I never had the slightest chance of really building such air castles, but it was lots of fun imagining such vain things, and I believe that imagination should be cultivated by the Architect, and never ignored. I have deliberately cultivated my fancy all my life, in spite of the practical, hard boiled demands of my business, and if all the wild schemes I have dreamed out had been built I would have been swamped.

The man who has been a constant spur to my imagination is Mr. W. J. McDonald, who has been for 40 years the leading Real Estate operator in Boston and has contributed enormously to the development of the city, - a man of real vision and untiring outlook, never content with anything but the best, and with an ability for organization and for arousing the enthusiasm of the old guard for what Boston might be. I came under his influence early in my career and we are still working together. His schemes are always vast and alluring, and the fact that most of them fall by the way doesn't make them any less fascinating. It is a long list, the many ideas we have helped him to elaborate. There

was a big indoor football rink, one of the first he sprung on us many years ago. There was a big 35 story hotel back of the Westminster on Stuart St. A monumental bridge at Dartmouth St. across the Back Bay, several schemes for utilizing the railroad yards between Boylston St. and Huntington Ave., - Office buildings, Postoffices, Apartments, suburban developments, City Hall, Municipal Auditoriums, even Cathedrals and State Capitols - he always had a new scheme and we always caught fire from his unquenchable optimism, and made plans, pictures, prospectuses without counting the cost. Most of his schemes fell by the way, but enough of them blossomed and bore fruit to give

us a good profit on his work, and they were a constant stimulation to us. I don't regret the millions we did not gain while playing with him.

The New England Building was a typical case. We worked on it with McDonald for several years, hardly hoping that he could put it over, fascinated by the prospect of a building forty stories high, costing fifteen millions or more and including nearly everything we or he could think of. A garage in the sub-basement for 500 cars, a spacious bus terminal to accommodate everybody, a theatre for the use of the tenants in their advertising campaigns, a radio station, a New England States Exposition, a large Department Store, and offices

without limit. And not content with that gigantic creation, he worked up with us the Professional Arts Building back of the Copley Plaza, 21 stories high, all for doctors and dentists. And for a while it seemed as though he would put it all over. We made working drawings of both buildings, and he organized a company which contracted with a Cleveland builder to do the work. The builder put in several hundred thousand dollars, an Insurance Company pledged itself to a mortgage, and all went merry as a wedding bell. Fortunately only the small Professional Arts Building was actually started in '31. The foundations were built, all the twenty one stories of steel was actually fabricated, the first and second floors were set in place,

and then came the deluge. The builder failed utterly, and couldn't put on any more labor nor money. The Insurance Co. took advantage of the financial condition and shut down on the mortgage. The larger New England Building was abandoned completely, and the Professional Arts Building stood lonely and spectral and somber and still for six years, only one story of steel work visible, until December 1936, when the building was revived, nine entire floors rented to the New England Power Association, a sufficient mortgage obtained from the John Hancock, and eleven stories completed and occupied July 1st.

325

The Metropolitan Theatre and Office Building was also one of McDonald's schemes which did not fail. We made studies for it several years before he finally could persuade the Theatre people that ^{it} was a good site, and before he could gather the needed capital. It is our largest and most elaborate theatre. It cost, with the office building over \$3,000,000 was capitalized lavishly at over \$5,000,000 including the land, with first and second mortgage bond issued, preferred and common stock, all of which sold very readily but none of which have been good investments. The corporation is now dodging insolvency by a re-financing which does not offer much hope to the stockholders. But as a theatre it has been a great success.

McDonald and his schemes did not

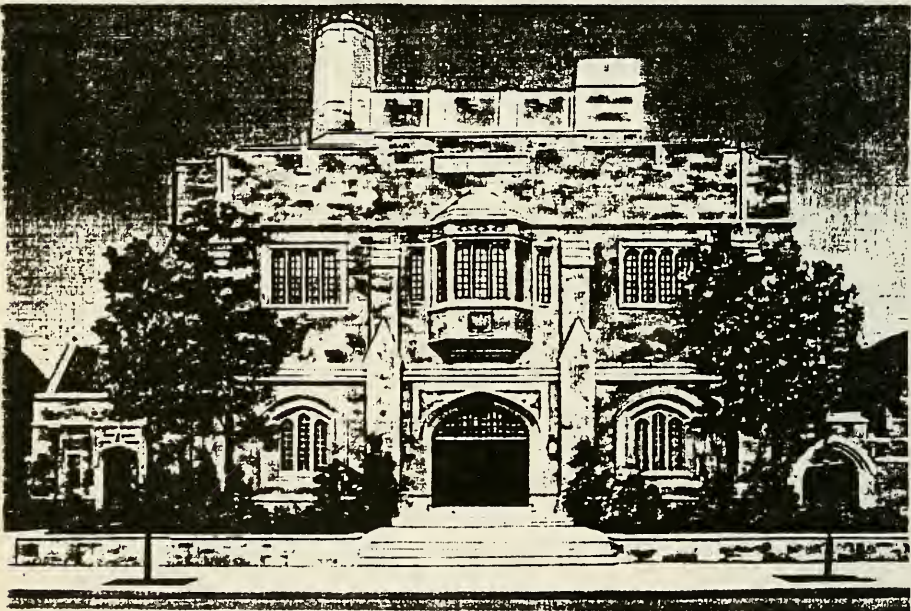
absorb all our energies, by any means. From the very first I had been interested in Theatres and of course I have planned many more than I built, for I was always ready to help out a promoter or a manager with sketches. For a while I kept track of the theatres I had planned, but when the number got up to 300 I gave up the count. After the success of the Colonial Theatre, I was called as advisor on the New Amsterdam theatre in New York, and on the large Nixon theatre in Pittsburgh. I built some fifty theatres in and about Boston. The one I feel the most pride in is the Wilbur, built in 1913, a very simple Colonial design in brick and marble. The main doorways were modeled after the ^{T.}~~J.~~B. Aldrich house on Mt. Vernon St. and the proscenium was inspired by the pulpit end of the Bulfinch

church at Lancaster. So do we architects profit by the successes of others!

The Wilbur now is owned by the Metropolitan, and the movies have spoiled the chances for it as a legitimate house.

I knew Prof. Geo. P. Baker from the days when my daughter was President of the Idler Club in Radcliffe in 1910, and when Baker wanted better accommodations for his 47 workshop, I made a number of studies for him for a theatre to be built by Harvard facing Memorial Hall. It hung fire for lack of funds. I interested A. Shuman and the Shuberts, who agreed to give very generously for the annual cost. But Harvard was then in the midst of the drive for endowment, and Baker was not encouraged to make any appeal to the public for funds, so the scheme languished.

SCHOOL OF DRAMA, YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.



Then Baker was captured by Yale and Harkness was ready to give the money to carry out the ideas that Harvard had turned down. We were called in and Baker worked for us, and we were employed in 1915 to build the Yale University theatre and School of the Drama. It cost not far from \$500,000 and was very complete in every detail. Since then we have planned similar theatre and school buildings for Bryn Maw^r and are now doing the same for Wellesley.

Of a somewhat similar character is the Lowell Memorial Auditorium, which we built in 1926, at a cost of about one million, being obliged to scrimp in everything and using second class construction, whereas it should have been fireproof and should have cost two million. But the

plan and the design came out all right, though we had a lot of trouble with the foundations, and we are still to this day troubled with imperfections in the construction. The plan is excellent for the purpose, including an Auditorium of most marvelous acoustic quality, seating 4500, a Liberty Hall for 750, and a large Veterans wing.

Our selection for the Lowell Auditorium was largely due to the influence of my friend John H. Harrington, who was chairman of the Commission and a very rich man who had come up from nothing and made himself a power in the community. We did several pieces of work for him, including the building for the Lowell Sun, which he owned, the one tall office building in Lowell. He and I were directors in several

schemes together, not all of which were as successful as the "Sun". He was one of my best clients.

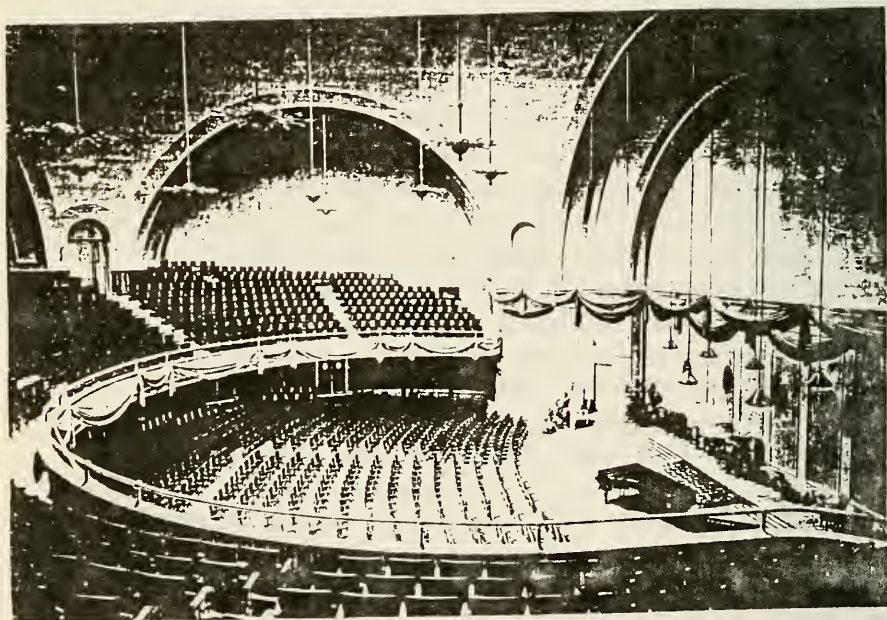
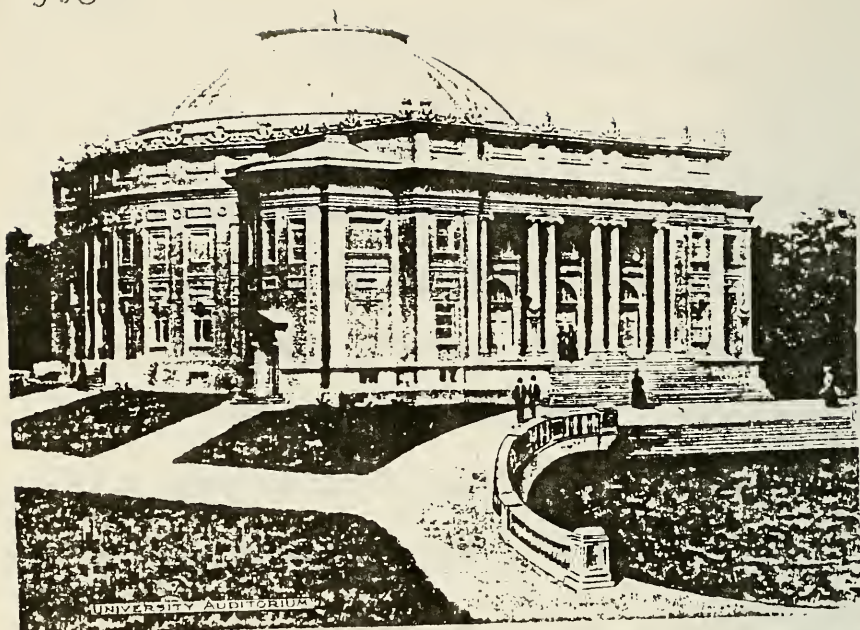
Altogether I have had quite a lot of work for newspapers. I began with the Transcript for whom I planned an entire new plant - which never was built. I planned for the Herald a new building to be on the site of the Park Street Church, but the pew owners made such a howl that the scheme was abandoned. Mr. Shuman was the financial backer of the Boston Post, and through him I did quite a job, extending the existing building down 60 feet below Washington Street, underpinning the subway, providing for several tiers of presses on girders, which the Hoe Company declared was quite impracticable, but which worked perfectly,

doing all this without any shoring, with no settlements, and no calamities, while the Post was being printed every day above us.

And when the Hearst outfit came to Boston in 1904 I altered a building for them on Summer St. when they expanded into the Beebe property on Winthrop Square, and subsequently I spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in alterations, installation of new presses, new machinery, etc. and have been doing work for them off and on ever since. I never have met Mr. Hearst. I understand the Boston American never has been a financial success, though it has cost a mint of money.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

I have kept a certain contact with the University of Illinois ever since I first entered there in 1873, though I have been back there only at rare intervals. I delivered the Alumni address in 1892 and in 1905 I was engaged to make studies for a new Auditorium. The south campus at that time was hardly more than it was in 1873 and my proposal to place the building at the south end seemed quite revolutionary, but I was backed up by the advice of John Olmstead, whom I had persuaded the Trustees to call in, and the site was finally accepted. The contracts for the building were signed in 1906. This was the one building in my whole career that I wanted to be just right.



UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS.

I am satisfied with the plan and with the exterior design, but I fell down hard on the interior, more especially in the acoustics. When the Trustees were considering the plans, President James asked me what I could predict for the acoustic. I told him I never had had a failure in any of my theatres, and that I believed this interior would be all right. But acoustics was an unknown science, and I couldn't be sure of anything at all. Lucky for me it was, for when the Hall was finished it had an abominable echo. When the Trustees wanted to know what could be done about it, I advised them to set their physics Department to work on it, and it would be a problem for them to study just as Dean Sabine was doing in

Harvard. They took my advice and Prof. Watson made a national name for himself by what he tried to do with the Auditorium, though he only mitigated the trouble. The fact was, the building was skimped beyond measure. It cost only ten cents per cubic foot when it should have had forty. The walls were quite bare, and hard and the domed ceiling and curved surfaces reflected every sound. We knew nothing then of materials which would absorb the sound and Dean Sabine's reports were not yet public. I told the Trustees later that with ten thousand dollars I thought I could change the reflecting surfaces and stop the echo, but I could only try and hope for good results. And the echo is still there, I believe.

In the light of modern science we would have no such trouble today. The Lowell Auditorium was on essentially the same plan as Illinois, and is perfect, though nearly twice as large. Ever since Dean Sabine's knowledge was available I have consulted with him on every hall of audience, and every banking room or manufactory where quiet is desired, and today we always treat our buildings acoustically and are reasonably sure of the results.

Soon after the Auditorium was completed, the University began to plan for future extension and I was appointed on a commission to study the Campus development, with D.H. Burnham, Mr. Zimmerman, the State architect, and Prof. White. I made plans in 1909 for a building and

campus extension which would take care of 50,000 students. That number has not been reached yet by one third, but my recommendations have been substantially followed in all the marvellous development of the University up to today.

During one of my visits to Urbana I was entertained by President James at his house. James Bryce, the English Ambassador was there to deliver the inaugural address, and I was photographed standing beside him.

Then for nearly thirty years I did not see the alma mater again until (1937) my return last summer, for the 60th anniversary of my class of '77.

I represented the University of Illinois when Pritchett was inaugurated as

President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, also when Marsh was inducted into office as President of Boston University, and again at the very impressive funeral service for Pres. Stratton of M.I.T. at Trinity Church. It was an honor which I greatly appreciated as an opportunity to be in a gathering with such distinguished leaders of thought. At Dr. Marsh's inaugural I sat with Judge Sanderson, who represented Yale, and our very pleasant acquaintance lasted until his death about five years ago.

ARCHITECTS BUILDING

There is one scheme which I have been working on for more than forty years, and haven't given up yet. In 1892, I had the idea to combine the interests of Architects, engineers, and building supply people in a single building operated not for personal profit, the net proceeds to be used to advance the interests of the architectural profession. At that time I was President of the Architectural Club, which was to have free quarters in the building for its work, and the scheme was worked out very much in detail by Mr. W. C. Norris, the Treasurer of the Club and myself to include establishment of classes and lecture courses, scholarships and prizes for architectural work,

publications, practical experimentation, housing schemes, annuities for needy professional men, the whole to be administered as trustees by Norris and myself. The building was ~~to~~^{to} cost over a million and the net income was assumed to be much over \$50,000 per year. The scheme was presented to the Club, and was very naturally frowned on by older men like Mr. Peabody, who could not believe it could be done. But the young men were with us thoroughly, and encouraged me to go to it. I obtained from the Old South Corporation an agreement to lease for 75 years the property on Washington Street, ^{and} made sketches for the building. Applications for space came in so fast that all the offices were asked for in a few weeks, and the ground

floor was over-subscribed three times, all at prices above my first estimates. Norcross was ready to build it and take a considerable amount in junior securities, and I had the assurance of an ample first mortgage. But time was against me. The Baring failure in '94 knocked the bottom out of everything. Norcross got cold feet and refused to help in any way, and with much regret, and all sorts of very favorable comment in the newspapers, I had to give up the ground lease and abandon the scheme for the time being.

But I never gave up hope and every year I was on the look out for a revival.

In 1913 I thought I had another chance at it. The property corner of

Tremont Street and Hamilton Place was controlled by Mayor Peters' estate.

I made an offer to buy it for three million dollars, and made plans for an Architects Building there, and had what seemed like fair promises of the necessary money. The site was better than the Old South lot, the building worked out better and was much larger in plan, and I found it easier to interest possible lessees. But times were against me again. The World War broke all plans. Mr. Peters found that if he sold the land the government would grab over a million for war taxes, and he very prudently withdrew from the sale and leased the building very advantageously just as it was to the Woolworth Company. So that was that.

In 1928 I made another try.

The Trustees of the Walker Building on Boylston Street gave me option to lease for 90 years their property valued at \$3,750,000. The total cost of the proposed building would be over three million. The site was ideal, facing the Common, and the plans worked out better than ever. Norris had been dead many years, and the trustees this time were to be Joseph Walker, W. Rodman Peabody, and myself, with an advisory board including Cram, Walker, Parker, Maginnis, Kendall, Ripley and Shepley. Again I had little trouble in securing possible tenants, and we went so far as to notify the tenants of the existing Walker building that we wanted their leases. Mr. Jo^{s.} Walker was much



LITTLE - COLONIAL - ARCHITECTS BUILDING -

interested personally. He approved our scheme and my plans, which called for a 25 story building covering more than 20,000 square feet. He even at one time was willing to personally put a million dollars into the scheme. I had two of the largest New York contracting firms ready to carry two and a half million, and I was promised up to \$3,500,000 on a first mortgage, but the proposed mortgagee went down with the panic of '29, the New York builders were stranded and closed up business. Mr. Walker might have put it through alone but his co-trustees objected, and for the third time I had to give it up, in the face of the financial mix up, and all I had to show for my pains was a lot of pleasant connections, the approval of

nearly everyone, and some fine booklets with perspectives and plans showing my hopes, but no money.

My fourth attempt is still on the boards. I moved further west this time, to Park Square, where I found a smaller property which would cost only a fifth of what the Walker property was to cost, and would not involve so much money for the building. I made plans and Clapp made an exterior even more attractive than the one he had made for the Walker lot. I found the scheme could be financed if we could be reasonably assured of the tenants, but the Depression was too much for us and we are not yet enough out of the woods to be sure of anything. The New England Power Building is about

the only office building erected in Boston since 1928, and it is hard to persuade capital that a specialized building such as this could find enough tenants to make it pay, under existing real estate conditions. But I haven't given it up yet, though time as well as the financial conditions are against me, and I may very likely not live to carry out my dreams. But it was a good scheme. It has been carried out as a private venture in New York and Philadelphia with a certain success, and my scheme is better, for it eliminates all personal gains and allots all profits to the profession. It would have been a great boon during the depression, when so many architects were on their uppers, and the poor draughtsmen

looked in vain for jobs. It has been approved by everyone who has looked into it. Each successive attempt has been for a better building, and if I were twenty years younger I know I could put it through and make it not only a financial success, but, what is more important from my point of view, and is the real justification for the whole thing, it would be a real public benefaction for this and for all succeeding generations.

PUBLIC SERVICE

It was almost inevitable that I should be drawn into Public Service. It has always been my belief that the architect should be a leader and an organizer and administrator for the public interests, though this idea was looked at askance fifty years ago, and the architect who did anything but architecture was considered a bit unprofessional. I remember well how the old standbys gasped when it was known in the early 90's that Cass Gilbert was actually a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and the thought that an architect should also be a builder was anathema, though Ernest Flagg in the Singer Building, in New York was both, and some times an architect was at once designer,

builder, financeer and operator. But the Engineers started it, and the architects were not slow to follow, and today an architect simply must do his part in civic and banking lines if he aspires to any large work.

In 1907 I was appointed on a Commission by the Mayor of Boston to prepare a new Building Code for the City, and I personally wrote a considerable portion of the law, much of which is in force today. In 1908 I performed a similar service for the City of Cambridge, and when the law was adopted, I was named chairman of the Board of Appeal, a position I held for twenty four years. I have written of the Building law I prepared for the City of Salem. I also drew up one for the Town

Milton and was consultant for several other city codes. When the Cambridge law was revised in 1924, I was again on the Commission, and more lately have been interested in a revision of the Boston Laws. In 1907 the height of Buildings in Boston was limited to 125 feet. I think I was more responsible than anyone else in increasing that limit to 155 feet and later formulating the present scheme by which the limit is a relative one rather than an absolute.

In the late 90's I joined the Boston Chamber of Commerce. I was appointed chairman of a committee on Fire Prevention and Insurance and made a report in 1910. The next year Mayor Fitzgerald appointed me on a city fire prevention commission,

which worked with the Chamber's Committee, and after much study made a report in 1917 which advocated several innovations. We advised the prohibition of wooden buildings in the main portions of the city, and the requiring that all buildings in the so called Fire District shall be of fireproof construction. Further that sprinklers should be installed in every down town building. And for better efficiency and safety we advocated a central Fire Bureau with power, also a high pressure system of fire plugs, and especially doing away with the cumbersome horse drawn fire apparatus, and the motorization of the whole Fire Department. All of our recommendations were in time adopted by the city.

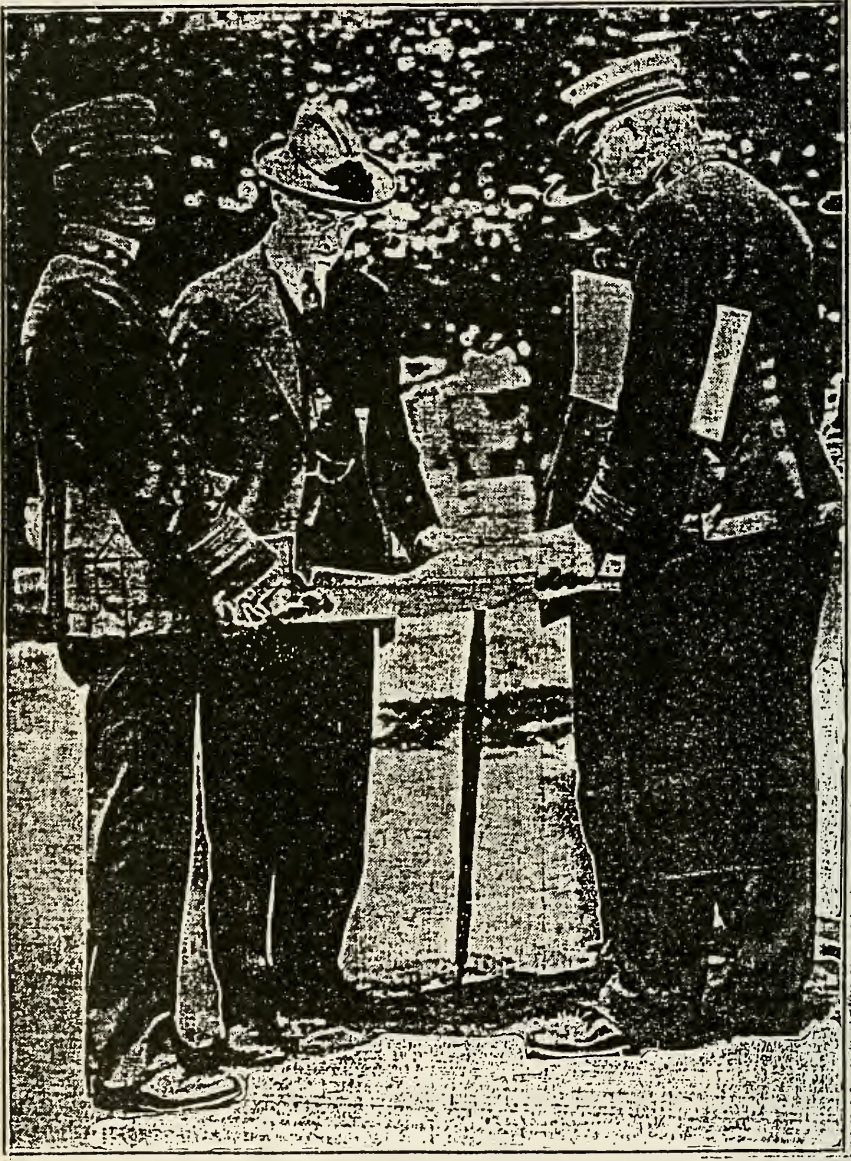
In 1918 I was appointed on a commission to study the matter of tenement or three decker house, and advised a radical extension of the fire limits, which was accepted by the city. This was my first official association with Mr. James M. Curley.

In 1912 I was chairman of the Massachusetts State Fire Prevention Committee, of which Gen. Cole was vice-president, and which was of great aid in bringing about the adoption of the reforms which I had been advocating. When our work was all done and our reports all made I gave a dinner at the Copley Plaza to all who had helped. The dinner was all red. The menus were printed in red with pictures of the great fires, and everything

on the bill of fare was red, - salmon canape, tomato soup, lobster, even red bomb glacé. It was a great success and everyone enjoyed it.

In 1920 a state commission was appointed to make a study of aⁿ Exposition to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims. This commission employed an advisory board of architects, of which I was chairman, with Chas. Coolidge, Ralph Adams Cram, J. Ha^rleston Parker and C.D. Maginnis. The studies were made in my office and we all worked together. Several sites were considered but we finally agreed, and worked up a layout partly on an island in the Back Bay and partly on both shores of the Charles from the Mass. Ave. bridge to the Larz Anderson. The studies

Navy Department Accepts Cambridge Common



Transcript May 13, 1918

Admiral Wood; F.D. Roosevelt, Asst. Secty
 Navy; C.H.B.; Lt. Comm. Ayer consider
 plans for Navy barracks on Cambridge Common.

were very large and complete, and were presented to the Legislature with our report and full estimates of cost, income, expense, etc. but the scheme was killed in committee and never got any further.

The Cambridge Municipal Art Society was organized by me about 1915, with Pres. Eliot as President and myself as executive secretary, in the attempt to foster civic art and develop a higher standard for public works. We had no legal standing, but were listened to and our advice followed in a number of incidents, and during the World War when it was proposed to take the Common as a site for a Naval Training Camp, we protested in vain. I urged a better location on Oxford Street and appealed to Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was then Assistant Secre-

tary of the Navy and we met on the Common with the Commandant. I have in my scrapbook a photo of us together examining the plans. I still think my scheme was the better one and the Common taking was a dangerous civic precedent, but Roosevelt thought differently.

In 1920 Prof. Beale, Judge Hammond and I organized the Cambridge Union, which aimed to about make over the city, politically, artistically, practically and socially. I was the Secretary, and we had frequent meetings and a well thought out programme, but it was too big. The general public didn't bite, and it died a natural death. But it brought me in close touch with Prof. Beale, who has remained a good friend and has been a helper in our later Housing schemes.

I joined the Cambridge Club in

1910 and was its President in 1920.

While not a public institution, it is a real power in the community. It keeps out of politics but watches the politicians.

There have never been any divisions in the club though its membership is a cross section of our citizens, and to be one of its

125 members is a real honor. I am now one of its oldest members.

Edmund Reardon,

a past president is over 102 and still

going. Only six others ^{are alive who} joined before I did.

In 1923 Mayor Curley appointed

me on the School House Commission of the

City of Boston. At that time I was also

an official in the Cambridge City government.

I had to appear before the Civil Service

Commission for approval and was told what

questions would probably be asked me. And sure enough my underground information was correct. The first question was what my relations with Curley had been. I said they were limited professionally to a small grand stand on the Common which I planned for him, but which was not built. Then why did he appoint me? And I replied that in as much as I was neither an Irishman, nor a Democrat nor a citizen of Boston nor a Catholic, I assumed he wanted some real work done. So the commission, which was not friendly to the Mayor, gave me its approval.

My colleagues on the board were Thos. Glynn, the chairman, and Mr. Edwd. Mahar, a very able mechanical engineer. We had full charge of all school house work for the city, amounting to about

five million dollars per year. Theoretically we chose the architects for the work, but in fact we had little choice and if we hit on a man who wasn't "right" politically we soon heard from His Honor, and with so much work going on, some 300 buildings to look after and more coming all the while it was inevitable that the politicians wouldn't keep their hands off. I couldn't help knowing what was going on but could do little to prevent it. There was no open graft, nothing strictly illegal, and from the very first, the ruling crowd kept away from me, and I never was called on to ignore favoritism or poor work, though once I was called off when I insisted for higher standards, and I never was offered a bribe, though one morning about Christmas time I found on my

desk a long package which was manifestly a bottle of whiskey. Seeing similar packages on the other desks, I asked how come, and was told that so and so - a contractor who was doing a lot of work for the city, was just "remembering the boys". I sent the whiskey back. The others kept theirs.

Also at one time we had bids for a large school house. The two lowest were from contractors whom I knew were not equal to the job. The third lowest bid was by a man perfectly capable but "One of the boys". The powers that be sounded me out discretely to see if I would approve giving the job to the high bidder and I think they were a bit surprised when I really advised so doing and they assumed I was playing their game, whereas I was really protecting the interests of the

City by rejecting a doubtful contractor.

I had one very concrete example of how the rackets were worked. We had contracted for a large school to cost about \$1,500,000, and I at once called on the builder, who was a perfectly straightforward man, for a list of his sub-contractors, which I approved with very few changes. A few days later he told me the architect - who was somewhat of a politician, - had scolded him very severely for giving that list without consulting him, as that selection of the sub-contractors would have been worth \$30,000 to the architect. From then on, the architect and the builder did not get on well and the progress of the work was constantly impeded by their bickerings. Finally I called the builder in and got him to tell me confidentially

what was the matter. He told me with much reluctance that the Architect claimed from him a rake off of one hundred thousand dollars, which was more than all his profits on the job, and he had refused absolutely to give him anything as he intended to finish the building according to the contract and to my satisfaction.

I advised him to tell the architect to go to the devil. I never know how they settled it between them, but the building was finished right and they got along together, which was all I could insist on.

From what I saw of the Department during my more than three years there, I am of the opinion that while there is undoubtedly graft, favoritism, and racketeering, as in all public work, the city is seldom the loser for the sharing in the

division of the legitimate profits.

As one of "the Boys" tried to explain to me, - "So and so may have bought his job, but we depend on you to see that he lives up absolutely to his contract".

I am sure we often had to push a contractor who had taken his job too low, and was losing money on it. And the Boston Schools are in the main well built and planned.

When Mr. Curley's successor was elected, one of my good friends, since a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, was lunching one day at the Parker House. A man who was supposed to be the "collector" for the incoming mayor came over to my friend's table and said he was "all right" at City Hall and could he do anything there for him? My friend said no, but he could do something for one of his friends by

letting Blackall alone as Commissioner. To which the reply, in very emphatic language, was that "that - - - son of a - - - hadn't done anything for "the boys" and he was going to be fired out January 1st. From which I understand if I wanted to keep my scalp I must pay up, which I never had done. The politicians very seldom are so crude as to ask outright for money. It must be a free will offering. So I went out, and was quite content to be out.

The next year I was appointed on a commission to make studies and advise on the creation of a new civic center for the Boston City Hall and Municipal Departments, which now are scattered about the City. With me were Cram, Coolidge, the two Parkers and Maginnis, representing the Architects, also delegates from the

merchants, the Real Estate interests and the Labor organizations, but the real work was done by the Architects. We had a room in the City Hall where we came in contact with that talented woman ^{Miss} ~~Mrs.~~ Herlihy, who has done such splendid work in City Planning. The delegates did not agree very well. All the architects wanted to move the City Hall. The merchants and the Real Estate men strongly objected thereto. Cram and I favored a new civic center at Arlington Square and I made a layout for this site to include a new City Hall on the axis of an enlarged Tremont Street, with a dozen or more buildings grouped about it. Harleston Parker preferred Scollay Square and Brattle St. and Stanley Parker had a scheme to center about a court house to

be located further along on Scollay Square. So we made a majority report for Scollay Square and a minority report for Arlington Square, but there was so much opposition to moving the City Hall anywhere, that the whole matter was dropped, though Cram and I fought hard for our south end site, and the Mayor favored it.

Architecture After the War

BY

C. H. BLACKALL

A keener analysis or more thoughtful presentation of the problems confronting the profession has not been made. Every Architect in this country should read and ponder the truths set forth, and prepare to meet the situation that is being developed

—THE EDITORS

REPRODUCED FROM
THE AMERICAN ARCHITECT
ISSUE OF JUNE 5, 1918

ROTCHE TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP

When the Scholarship was awarded to me in 1884, the selection of candidates and the management was in the hands of a Committee of the Boston Society of Architects. The control of the Scholarship was vested in three Trustees, Mr. Arthur Rotch, Mr. William Rotch and Mr. Geo. ^{T.} ~~S.~~ Tilden. I became a member of the Society of Architects in 1891, as nearly as I can remember. In '95 the Rotch Committee was reorganized and a set of rules for management was adopted in accordance with recommendations made by Mr. Newton and myself, the Committee ^{finally appointed} consisting of five members elected in rotation for five years each, one member nominated by the Trustees, and a permanent secretary, - myself. That arrangement still exists, and for

45 years I have been Secretary of the Committee. In 1911 the Scholarship itself was reorganized. A Massachusetts Corporation was formed, including Wm. Rotch, A Lawrence Rotch, Mr. and Mrs. Lamb and Mr. and Mrs. Sargent, and they added me to the list, and the Corporation by its charter gave all the control to three Trustees, who were Mr. Wm. Rotch, Mr. Lawrence Rotch, and myself. The Trustees elected me permanent Secretary of the Corporation, consequently I have been all these years in a double capacity - Secretary for the Society, and for the Corporation, and as such I have practically directed everything except the investments of the funds, which have been ably managed by the first Treasurer Mr. William Rotch,

and the present Treasurer Mr. Peabody.

The original amount of the Trust was \$50,000. It is now about \$80,000.

In '84 the scholar was given \$1000 per year for two years. Now we give \$2500 for fifteen months. My son Robert was the 35th holder and we have just made the 54th award. Mrs. Lamb has been good enough to say that I have made the Scholarship what it is. It certainly has taken a lot of thought and care, which I have given to the limit of my ability, and given gladly.

The works of Mr. Mead the 2nd scholar and myself were published by S.M. O'Neill in 1888. In 1896 the Society of Architects and the ^{ru}Trustees published a volume including the envoi drawings

of 1885 to 1892, and in 1902 Arthur D Rogers extended that publication to include 1900. The envoi drawings since then have been photographed, but funds have not been available for any publication.

In making the selection of the scholars it has been the custom to ask the advice of a jury which usually includes one architect from Boston and two architects or educators from other cities, and for a number of years, the Trustees, on my recommendation, have entertained the jurors and other guests of distinction at lunch on the day of the judgment. This has always been a delightful affair, and has brought me in contact with the best

A HISTORY
of the
Rotch Travelling Scholarship

1883 to 1938

By CLARENCE H. BLACKALL

PRICE ONE DOLLAR
PRIVATELY PRINTED
1938

lights of the profession.

It is due I think to my work on the Scholarship that I was given a place in "Who's Who" early in the 90's. I had hoped to continue in this work as long as I lived. Sometimes I have felt I had been at it long enough, but any project of retirement has always been very emphatically negatived. I like the work, it brings me close to the younger generations. I keep in touch with all the past holders, and the work does not interfere in the slightest degree with my other activities. In 1938 through the good will and help of Mrs. Lamb, the only survivor of the original founders, I prepared a short History of the Scholarship, which has been published. And finally this year

1940 I shall resign the position as secretary of the Committee of the Boston Society of Architects, and the management of this admirable institution will pass to my worthy successor, William Emerson, late Dean of the School of Architecture of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. But as long as I live, I shall hope to be the Secretary and the Trustee of the Scholarship Corporation.

THE SQUASH COURT

In 1911 Mr. Peabody had a few of us to his house, Mr. Cram, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Maginnis, Mr. Wheelwright and myself, and so started what proved to be the most stimulating and valuable professional experience of my life. We formed a very appreciative and sympathetic group. We met at irregular periods at the house of one or the other of us. The host of the evening gave us a good dinner, and when the things were cleared away from the dining table, would bring out drawings of such work as he was engaged on or hoped for and we would all proceed to criticise the same, with malice toward none and charity for all. But the criticism was perfectly frank and outspoken, so much so that we dubbed ourselves "The Squash Court". I remember how

we sat on Cram's Rice Institute of Texas and told him his main building wasn't nearly as good as the power house down the hill which had nothing but a good mass and a few crisp details. Once I presented a building which I explained was very carefully designed to express its purpose, and asked if I had succeeded, and they all shouted emphatically, No! And when we were dining at Maginnis' - his wife - (we always included the lady of the house, at least during the meal) - his wife explained to us how she was made conscious of her sympathy with the Roman Catholic faith by what she saw in a certain Italian church, and Cram immediately broke in - "I know, - it was in the lower church of St. Francis of Assisi!" And it was. The contact with men like that is of the greatest value,

and sharp but kindly critics are all too few in the Architectural profession. We never know if we have succeeded until it is too late to change the building, and we never know when we are in an artistic rut. I know of no other corrective medium like our Squash Court was, We were all in sympathy and there was never a trace of professional jealousy, even with such perfect frankness. When Wheelwright retired Harleston Parker replaced him. Mr. Peabody was the moving spirit, but after he had taken him a young wife his interest slackened, and then the world war came on. I have tried several times to revive the Squash Court, but Peabody, Parker and Coolidge are dead, and the circle of congenial spirits is broken.

A somewhat similar association came to me in 1912. The Elevated Railway Company which was building the Cambridge Subway invited to help it, an advisory board of Architects, including Mr. Peabody, Mr. Gram, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Maginnis, Mr. Wheelwright and myself. It will be doubtless noticed how this same group of architects appears so often in my work, but it wasn't all my choosing. Every man was a leader, and I have always been proud of my associations with them. The work on the subway plans was started by the Railroad Engineers, revised by Mr. Peabody and discussed at our weekly meeting, and whatever is good about that subway is largely due to Mr. Peabody. He designed the Causeway to East Cambridge

New Subway Station Buildings Impose Less Obstruction

The obstruction to traffic and to the view is the main characteristic of the new subway station superstructure in Harvard square, Cambridge, as of that in Scollay square, Boston. Both buildings are much lower than those originally built, while that in Scollay square is far simpler than its predecessor and that in Cambridge is

partly inclosed by windows, which can be removed in summer.

The removal of the old structure in Harvard square was first proposed by the Harvard Square Business Men's Association, which retained Professor C. B. Breed of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the matter. The change resulted in a reduction of the area of the surface platform and a change of shape from elliptical to rectangular. The Harvard square building was designed by Blackall, Clapp & Whittemore, Boston, architect.



Remodeled Cambridge Station

REMODELLED SUBWAY SUPERSTRUCTURE IN HARVARD SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

and worked out the underground tangle at Harvard Square, and the stations at Central and at Kendall Squares. We were too late to do anything with the Washington St. subway, which was nearly all decided, but Peabody did manage to soften some of the atrocities of the stations. The oval surface station in Harvard Square was designed by Mr. Peabody and was a clever scheme, but didn't just fit the place. After the World War I tore it down and designed and built in its place the present structure.

I have always kept in touch with the Society of Architects, of which I was Secretary in 1905 - 1906, and with other professional bodies - the Club, the League and the American Institute, and had occasional relations with the M.I.T. and the

Harvard Architectural School. When the latter was organized in the early 90's Prof. Shaler considered me for the head of it, and we had some negotiations to that effect through Prof. Moore and Mr. Longfellow, but I was in the midst of some large Real Estate operations, and Langford Warren was chosen instead. Also when T. M. Clark resigned as head of the School of Architecture at the M.I.T. Mr. Arthur Rotch put me forward for that office, but Prof. Chandler was chosen. That is the nearest I have ever come to being a teacher. I naturally was honored by the opportunities which did not come, but I am sure I would not have done as well as would have been expected of me, for I am not by nature a teacher. Besides I have always preferred

to be a practising architect. But I have lectured a good deal on architecture at both institutions.

For several years I gave talks at the M.I.T. before Prof. ^{Dewey's} ~~Rowings~~ classes in Business Administration, on the subject of Financing of large building operations, detailing my own experiences with such structures as the Harbor Building, which involved a capitalization of over three million dollars, the New England Building calling for three times as much, and explaining how gigantic enterprises were possible in those hey days of borrowed capital which were ended so abruptly by the panic of 1929, and have not yet come back.

First and last I have been a constant writer for the professional

journals. When Arthur D. Rogers started the "Brick Builder" in the late 90's, I furnished the financial backing and for many years wrote the editorials and contributed largely to its pages. At the time of the Baltimore fire in 1904 The Brick Builder published a special number giving all the facts relating thereto. Most of this I wrote myself during a very interesting study of the disaster on the ground. The expenses of the visit and the write up were contributed to by the big terra cotta and brick manufacturers, who wanted to prove how well their materials had stood the fire test. They were all there and Rogers and I were dined and wined for the week of our stay.

We were never alone even when we were investigating the ruins. The crowd would assemble in the Belview Hotel for breakfast and cocktails all around. Big Lynn Haven oysters and champagne were unstinted, and I learned to know the safety of highballs, each repeated drink of which may be only a sip, and a whole day of clinking with the crown^d would not haze our judgment of fireproof materials. And of course every night there was a big dinner. But there was serious work and investigation going on all the time, notwithstanding the lavish conviviality, and we were left absolutely free to form unbiased opinions on the lessons of the fire. I wrote over a hundred pages, and the manufacturers seemed satisfied with the story.

After the San Francisco fire of 1906 I wrote for the Brick Builder a resume and description of it all, though I had to get my facts from the news reports and photographs, as I was unable to investigate on the spot.

I wrote also for the British Architect, and the Inland Architect and had a series of articles in the "Technograph" of the University of Illinois, and of course I wrote constantly for the American Architect. I also had occasional articles in all of the Boston daily papers, so I was kept pretty busy at it, as my five large scrap books of my writings will testify.

In February 1901 I addressed the National Brick Manufacturers at their convention at Old Point Comfort

and at the same time had a very enjoyable visit to St. Augustine, Florida.



This is to certify that

C. H. Blackall

is a Fellow of

The American Institute of Architects

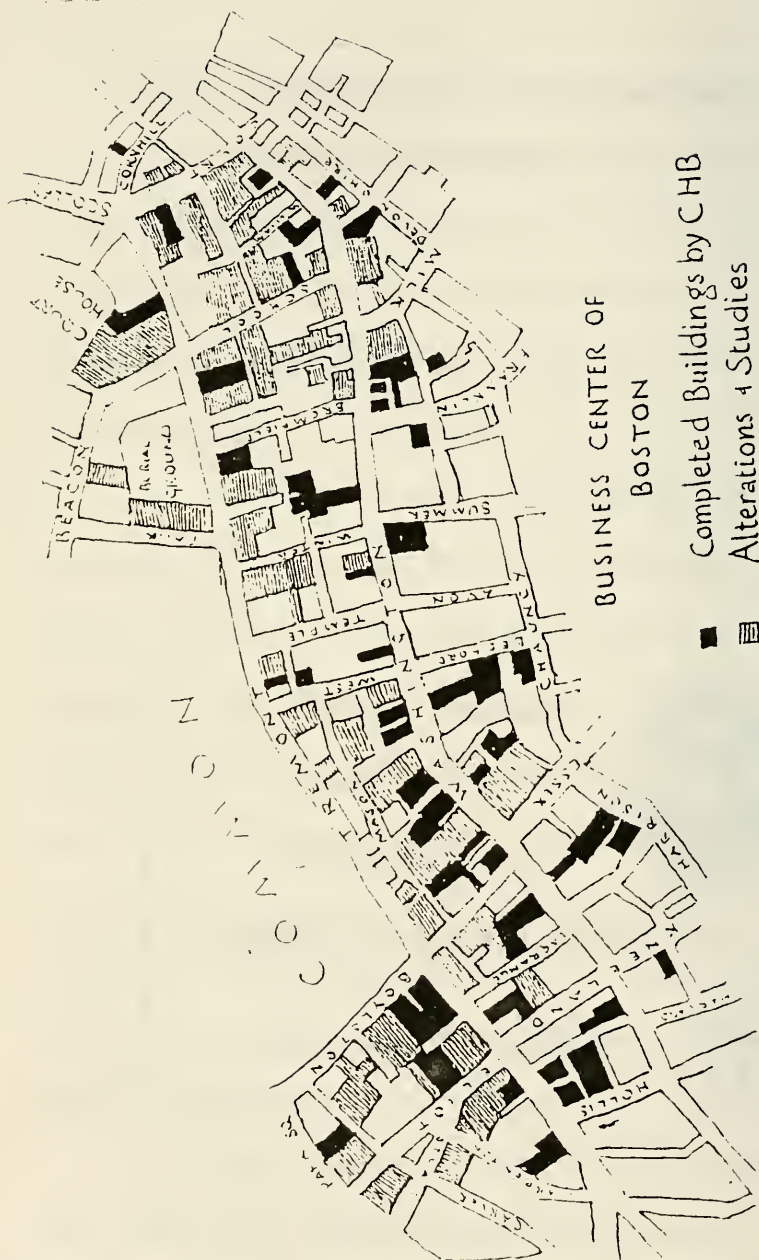
FOR
YEAR ENDING
DECEMBER 31

1941

Chas. J. Ingham

S42

Secretary



BUSINESS CENTER OF
BOSTON

- Completed Buildings by CHB
 - ▨ Alterations & Studies
- Retraced by W.B.M.

REAL ESTATE

As my professional work has been so largely of a public and a commercial nature, I naturally had a good deal to do with real estate problems. I shall append to this a map of the central portion of the city whereon I have indicated the various sites for which I have made studies or have actually carried out new building, and in the area bounded by Washington, Boylston, Tremont and Court Streets it will be seen that there is hardly a lot which has not had my care, both in planning for improvements and in valuations of land and estimating incomes and expenses. In 1894, while I was doing the Carter Building and preparing for the Architects Buildings, I made a survey of Washington Street from Boylston to Court and tried to

persuade a syndicate to buy or lease all the under developed properties thereon and hold them to be developed as a whole. Of course the Baring failure made that impossible, but ten years later I found that by comparisons of values and the rise in prices of real estate the syndicate could have netted a profit of over one hundred million. And in the 1920's I was asked by the Mayor to gather data for the construction of a new street between Washington and Tremont going from Hanover to Shawmut Avenue. I laid it all out, valued the land takings, determined the cost of the construction, estimated the sales value of the excess takings, and found that the city would be the gainer by a fine new street and some 25 million

dollars. But it didn't go. But I had a wonderful dream over it, the mayor was satisfied with my work and I got to know Boston Real Estate thoroughly, and in all the building we have planned, I have had to make the financial setups. I was a director of the Massachusetts Realty Commercial Company, and that led to being a director in the Bank of Commerce and Trust Co., and that in turn prepared the way to the Charlestown Five Cents Savings Bank of which I have been a trustee since 1919.

I was also drawn into some very extensive studies of the Copley Square district, including widening of Dartmouth St. a bridge to Kendall Square, a civic center at Columbus Avenue and extension

to Dorchester. This was all a real estate development.

In this connection I can give some idea regarding the promotion and financing of real estate development in those flush days in the 1920's, when money was so plentiful and almost any scheme which promised a fair return on the cost was readily absorbed, however grandiose. The big insurance companies did not turn a cold shoulder to the promoter even if the equity was to be hidden under all sorts of mortgages. S. W. Straus and the American Bond and Mortgage Company were bidding against each other for a market, taking almost any mortgage that was offered, and keeping up the race until the panic of 1929 wiped them out

and smashed all their values. They were typical of the frenzied finance of that time and had many imitators. Also the great building concerns like the Fuller Company and Thompson Starrett Company were in the game to help financially any scheme which promised a large building for them, and the credulous public readily absorbed all sorts of stock and bond issues. Most of the developments of that period were greatly over financed, with the result that when the crack came there was nothing left.

The Harbor Building was a case in point. In 1924 a real estate broker asked me would I be interested in buying a piece of property on Atlantic Avenue if it did not require any real money down. I said sure I would - on my own terms, and after

I made an offer in the name of a company to be formed for the purpose, to buy it for \$350,000. of which amount \$250,000 was to remain on a second mortgage and I was to be free to place a first mortgage on it sufficient to pay all the cost of putting through the deal including the \$100,000 balance of the purchase price. I did this having no idea it would be accepted but it was, at once. The property consisted of an old wharf on the Harbor front, owned I found by some friends of mine, who were tired of holding on to an investment which paid them nothing, and were glad to get out of it on a chance. Thereupon I told the broker he must get me a mortgagee. He went to the S.W. Straus Company who gave

me a commitment conditional upon my leasing in advance at least eight floors of the 13 story building to be erected. Then I was approached by a large New York building concern who offered to buy into an issue of preferred stock. Meanwhile I had negotiated a second mortgage with a Boston brokerage house. I prepared the plans for the building, Stewart and Company, the builders agreed with me on the cost, we got the leases signed for eight entire floors, the Harbor Trust Inc. took the title, the Straus Company gave us the money and all went merry as a wedding bell. The land, the building and the carrying expense amounted to a little over \$2,000,000. The first mortgage was \$1,250,000 though Straus offered to make it \$1,500,000.

The second was \$400,000 and the preferred stock \$700,000. All these securities were put out at a heavy discount but we had enough cash for our need, and finished and later, at the beginning of the storm, had no difficulty in borrowing \$250,000 more on a third mortgage from the First National Bank. But 1929 ruined everything. Two of our best tenants failed and gave up five floors. Rents had to be cut. The third mortgage was foreclosed, the second made no effort to cover its claims and finally the first was taken over. Of course all the stock was wiped out. The rents were cut in two. At last, in 1938, the 1st mortgage bonds and title to the property were sold to a Boston

brokerage house for less than \$500,000 and the building was an excellent investment at that. In 1925 three of the best Real Estate experts had appraised the property at \$3,100,000. The only ones who made any real money on the deal were the brokers. And yet Straus assured me in 1925 that their Bond issue was one of the best they ever had put on the market and was completely sold out at 98 in a few weeks. At last accounts I understand the rentals net about \$30,000 per year, very fine return on the foreclosure sale price of \$500,000.

Another case is typical of the methods of that day, - a hotel in which my only interest was in doing the architecture, but in which I took a part in all the details of promotion and financing.

A broker obtained an option to purchase the land on very favorable terms - 26,000 square feet, in a good location at about 10 dollars per foot. He then found a New York operator who agreed to take a long lease of a 500 room hotel to be built from my plans for ~~\$300,000~~^{million} to furnish same at his own expense, and as security purchase preferred stock of the holding company equal to the amount of two years rental, about \$500,000. Then we found a good builder who would take 10% of his contract price to build or \$250,000 in part payment. The architects also chipped in part of their 6 percent commission or \$50,000. And last of all we went to one of the big insurance companies, persuaded them that the improved land was worth

\$30 per foot or \$750,000, - which was low for the location, and got a commitment for a first mortgage of \$2,500,000. To pay for the land, for the building and for the necessary carrying expenses we needed \$3,250,000 and we found we had available the following:

1st mortgage	\$2,500,000
Leases	500,000
Builder	250,000
Architect	50,000
	<u>\$3,300,000.</u>

The promoters were to put no money into it, - nothing but their brains, as is usually the case in such enterprises. The scheme seemed perfect, but we did not count on the Depression, which upset everything. It is still alive and may yet be put through if we ever have another real boom.

Examples could be cited indefinitely. We all thought in those days that improved Real Estate in the business center of a big city like Boston was the very best form of investment. Returns have since shrunk almost to the vanishing point and it appears to be a fact that what are called gilt edged risks in Boston have mostly sold on foreclosure for less than half the amount of the mortgage. We have had a severe lesson, but it is quite probable that our successors will do just as we did, and take the consequences, as we have had to.

The Promotor of the pre war times was much more than a mere speculator. He was primarily an organizer, a leader. He had to offer a good scheme to get

any hearing, and he must be a man of high rank and personal integrity, a man with a vision, an imagination and force who could see things in a cold blooded manner without losing any of his enthusiasm or hope. The city owes a good deal to men like W.J. McDonald who never have given up the fight and whose brains have counted for far more than the money of the men who merely furnished the dollars. It is through the tireless promotor that most of our commercial building were evolved. The Statler and the Copley Plaza Hotels, most of the recent office buildings and practically all our theatres, were organized and erected by promotion.

PERSONAL

Reading over what I have written it would seem as though I had done nothing but work, and I surely was at high pressure most of the time, but I managed to get a lot of fun out of life besides making my profession my chief occupation.

In 1907 Winthrop Ames commissioned me to work out for him a small theatre in Park Square. As it developed, he thought we could pick up some new ideas abroad and he and I took a trip through London^{on}, Paris, Vienna and other prominent play centers, including Cologne, Berlin, ~~Liepsic~~^{Leipzig}, Munich, Nurenberg, Frankfort, Wiesbaden, Dusseldorf, Amsterdam and Brussels.

In 45 days we visited 105 theatres and concert halls, taking in 29 entire shows and parts of 67 others. We saw the best

of everything and as we did nothing but theatres we were able to study each sufficiently for our purpose. It was business with us both, but it was fun, too. We would start the day about 11 A.M. keep going till midnight, come back to the hotel to write up our notes and go to bed about 2 A.M. As an example of how we did it, we arrived in Cologne about 6 P.M. from Paris. While we were eating our dinner at the Hotel, we enlisted the help of the manager - found he had a near relative who was director of the Opera House, were taken to the theatre, and presented to the director, were shown all over the place, front and back, incidentally witnessed a part of the "Tales of Hoffman", were

given all the figures, areas, mechanical data, etc. we asked for, and about midnight we took the night train for Berlin. The Cologne Opera House, by the way, is one of the finest and most sumptuous we visited. While we were in London we called on Sachs, the author of the great work on European Theatres, and asked him how we should proceed to get entry into the theatres. He was not very cordial, though he served us 5 o'clock tea in his office, but he said he had found the best way was to find out the janitor in each case and tip him generously. We did not follow his method, but always went to the biggest man we could locate, tell him our story, and we were never turned down, but all doors were open to us.

We found the best work in Germany.

In the Kammer^espiel house in Berlin we sat through a performance of "Electra" which was the most dramatic thing I ever have seen, and although neither of us could understand all the German, it appealed so strongly to Ames who was not an emotional man, that the tears came to his eyes. In the Fled^uerman's cabaret in Vienna we were captivated by the charming art-nouveau work, and the exquisite acting and dancing on the stage hardly 12 feet square, which surpassed anything we had seen. In Berlin we heard Richard Strauss conduct his orchestra in the Winter Garden, amid tumultuous applause. We saw the "Merry Widow" three times,

and "Le Voleur" four. We saw full performances of "Twelfth Night", "As You Like It", "Taming of the Shrew", "Julius Caesar", "Merchant of Venice", "Measure for Measure" and "Mid Summer Nights Dream" and enjoyed them all. The Germans beat the world at Shakespeare, both in acting and in stage setting.

Ames left me after Frankfort, and I came back to Paris alone. The day I was to take the steamer for home, I had a fierce ulcerated tooth. I went to an American dentist who charged me \$8 - and said he would do nothing, - I must get help from the ship's doctor. I went on board at Cherbourg. The doctor couldn't do any more than the dentist,

and I had to grin and bear it as best I could during a very stormy passage which kept us under cover most of the time. And wasn't I glad when we drew up to the dock in New York and I saw my lady waiting for me!

The trip was a great success, though we found little that was really new, and Ames did not build his theatre, but went to New York to the Century Theatre, later to his own Little Theatre. But it was a pleasure trip for me, and was well worth while.

And that recalls an episode that came to me shortly after. When I was young, in the late 80's, I fell in love with Mary Anderson the noted actress, who had been a school friend of my sister

Olivia in Louisville. She left the stage while at the height of her career, marrying and settling down in England. I never saw her except over the footlights, but when she was playing in Boston in 1882 I admired her from the nearest row of orchestra seats eight times every week. In 1910 I was in New York and had occasion to go to the Century Theatre where they were preparing for "The Garden of Allah". The rehearsals were under way, and I ^tsaw for a while in the almost ^tempty parquet watching the stage and noting the few people about me. Presently the manager came over and sat down beside me, and I asked him, who that lady was sitting a few rows from us.

WHILE WE WERE TOGETHER

C. H. BLACKALL

Ma - Mrs. C.H.B. My Muse
 Ruth - Ruth MacIntyre
 Dorothy - Dorothy Brewer
 later Mrs. Robert W. Blackall
 Marian - Marian Blackall
 later Mrs. Hans W. Miller
 Frances - E. Frances Murray
 sister of Mrs. C.H.B.

CAMBRIDGE
 PRINTED AT THE RIVERSIDE PRESS
 1912

Why - that is Mary Anderson who has come from England to help us in our staging, I will present you if you wish. But I said no, my dreams of thirty years ago are too dear to be touched and I would rather she should be ever my first and only stage love, - and that is the nearest I ever have come to even speaking to an ^tacress, though I have had so much to do with theatres. After all, ideals are more than shattered illusions, though Mary Anderson never would have shattered any idea. She was a fine woman as well as a wonderful ^tacress.

I made several trips to Europe, going over in 1910, 1912 and 1913. The 1912 trip was the one I wrote of in my book of poems, "While we were together".

Conte II

Le Boeuf et l'Âne

Conte de Noël

Pour mon petit-fils William B. Miller

et pour sa deuxième fête

Jan - 1918.

Suggested by a Spanish
Tale of Benito Perez Galdos

I don't know just why at that time I should suddenly take to writing verses, but I did and kept at it more or less ever since. Perhaps it was because I was beginning to slacken on my architectural writings. Mr. Rogers was dead, the American Architect had moved to New York and changed editors several times and I wrote only occasionally. Anyway, the poetic spirit kept^t moving me, and it mattered little who read my multiple effusions. They were real to me and allowed me an expression I enjoyed to the limit. It was doubtless poor poetry but it was my own.

I also about 1912 revived my studies in languages. The French I acquired in the Ecole was very slangy and colloquial and I worked at it anew,

studying and writing, and speaking when I had a chance, which wasn't very often. I started to write a fairy story each year for my grandson Billy Miller but stopped at the third, and I don't believe he has ever seen either of them. And two or three of the poems I like the best are in French - perhaps showing the U.S. accent, but running trippingly enough. I also took up Italian, being incited thereto by my secretary Miss Brennan, whose knowledge of the language was much more exact than mine. We wrote several stories together, alternating the chapters and for a while had as a teacher Mr. Michele Canterella who is now at Smith, and I acquired a fair knowledge of the language.

My imagination and my love of it prompted me to continue my Italian romancing, and I wrote a quantity of stories and essays, which though in a foreign tongue, nevertheless are very frank presentations of my real personality, the hidden part that one hardly ever shows, the ivory tower which is always locked. I have kept most of these effusions and fantasies, and often amuse myself by reconstructing my feelings, for I wrote just as the spirit moved me, being sure no one ^{but} ~~by~~ myself would be likely ever to read them. In some moods I have found it easier to write my thoughts in Italian than in English.

I also adventured into Spanish, which I like very much, having studied it twice in my earlier years. German I couldn't seem to do much with, though I had been taught it when a child in the Chicago Public Schools. And not content with what I had, I tackled Swedish, Russian and Polish, with very little success, and fell down hard on Arabic for lack of a teacher, a language which had always fascinated me because of my interest in the Arabian Nights. If I had time I would take up all these languages and perfect myself in them.



Robert Murray Blackall
8 years 7 months

Marian Blackall
10 years 4 months

After returning from the
Scholarship, we lived for a while with
my wife's people at 7⁵86 Main Street,
Cambridge. In 1886 we set up our home-
keeping in a very comfortable little
house on Cleveland Street, where my
daughter Marian^a was born, July 31, 1887
and my son Robert in 1889. After Mr.
Murray's death in 1890 we moved to the
house corner of Mellan^e and Oxford Streets,
which was our home for thirteen years,
and where we had a happy life. Many of
our Illinois friends were entertained
here, including Dr. Smith, the James
Brown Scotts, and the Llewellyn's, and
our home was a center for the University
students coming from Champaign. We had
many local interests also and our lives
seemed to be cast in pleasant places,

while my growing business made possible the enjoyment of some of my hobbies, such as photography, which I took very seriously, some music, and greetings of friends about our festive board. But the house was old and none too well arranged and we were very glad to give it up in ~~1897~~¹⁹⁰³, when we bought the house number 16 Chauncy^c Street, a fine modern mansion in the Colonial style. It had quite a history before we acquired it. My friend James T. Kelley, the architect designed and built it in 1888 for a man who lived in it only a few days and then was forced out on account of certain financial irregularities which about ruined him. The next owner lasted a little longer, but went out under a cloud, and the third took a short cut to



Marian Blackall
as Diane de Gabri
C.H.B. posed his children, friends
and relatives in costume in pursuit
of his hobby of photography.

paradise. We bought it for less than the value of the land, and some of our friends wondered how we dared take it with such a record that would sure be a hoodoo, but we only wish the hoodoo had been greater and the price correspondingly lower.

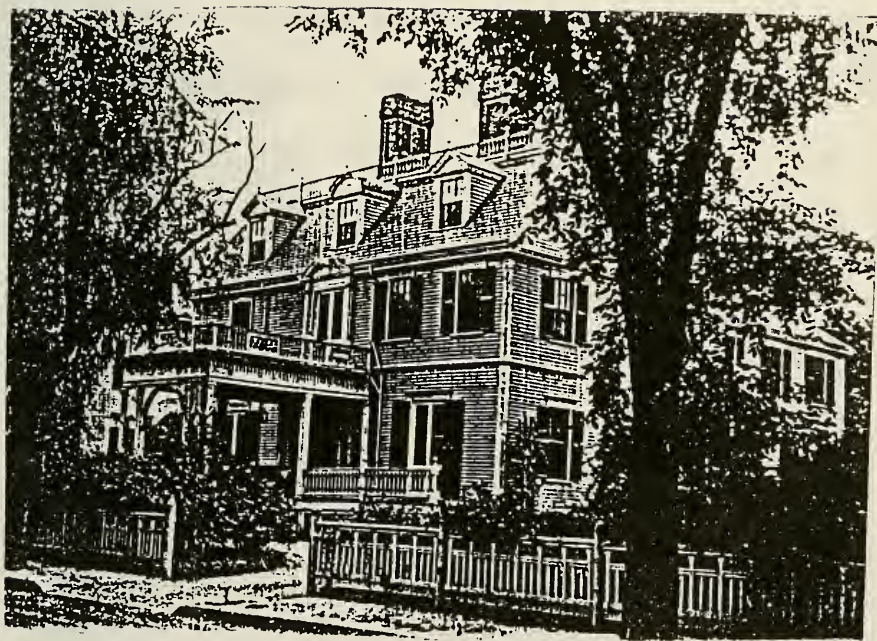
We lived in this house for 24 years, some of the happiest years of our lives. Our children passed their school and college years here. They brought their friends here and we have the pleasantest recollections of the numerous Radcliffe girls and Harvard boys who gave us their sunshine and have ever since remained our friends. Our daughter graduated in 1911, and our son in 1912. Robert left us to try his fortune in Chicago and Marion^a was married and departed



Mrs. Clarence H. Blackall

Sailing Today from New York by the Mediterranean Route, She Will Join Members
of Her Family in Italy

in 1915 so we were left alone. But we wanted the young life about us and for several years we always had at least one Radcliffe girl adopted into our family, beginning with Elsie Gleason, who came to us in her sophomore year. We held on also to the older friends. President James of Illinois and his comfortable German wife spent one summer with us. And we had many reunions with the Illini students, as they came our way. The house was big and comfortable, and very well built. We had a large lot of land whereon were grapes and fruit, bearing quince, apple, peach, pear and cherry trees, which to be sure attracted all the small boys of the town, who helped themselves liberally but left enough



16 Chauncey Street

for our desires. We also had tulips by the thousands, iris, peonies, dahlias, roses in abundance, and other flowers of all sorts, which were our daily joy, - not a show garden, - just a home place which well repaid all the care we gave to it. I collected laces and fabrics, and I hardly had room for all the books in which I revelled all the time. Some years ^{before} I had found on Brattle Street in Boston, back numbers of Harper's Monthly from the very first issue in 1850, and I added to these each year, so that I had a complete file up to date. I also kept files of Scribner's and Century, all my magazines amounting to several hundred in number and overflowing all our shelf room. But they gave such a good review of their times that I never have tired



Display of C.H.B.'s fabric collection and
The Cretan chest



1925

Grand, Mrs. Clarence Howard Blackall

at home, 1925

of them. I have always been an insatiate reader, especially these past 20 years. I read all of my 350 bound magazines through at least twice, have read the Bible 20 or 30 times, every word of it, and I could extend the list indefinitely. Once for curiosity I kept^t count of my readings, and in one year I devoured 154 books and about 606 periodicals.

Chauncy^e Street when we located there, was all homes, quiet and suburban. No. 16 was in the middle of the block, and looked sideway~~side~~ to Concord Avenue across a wide open field where Mr. Abbott pastured his cows. We knew all the neighbors and there was quite a friendly atmosphere about the place. But by 1929 the apartments had begun to crowd out



16 Chauncey Street Apartment

the single houses, and instead of there being 35 families on the street, each owning their own homes, as at first, there were 350 families, mostly in apartments. When Mr. Abbott's vacant land went for the Hotel Continental and a large apartment house, we felt our house had seen its best days, and we therefore tore it down, regretfully, and in 1929 built the Apartment house which is now on the lot. We carried over into the new work all we could of the old mansion, including the Entrance Doorway with its carved hood, and for the interior, the old mantels and much of the old finish. Our own eight room suite on the top floor was finished entirely from the old work and the old staircase with its

* R.M.B. architect.

twisted balusters and carved posts was transported bodily to give access to a very ample pent house. We moved into our new home in September 1929, only a few weeks before the panic began to upset all things.

Most of our summers were spent in Annisquam, which we visited first that awful hot summer of 1911. Some years after, we purchased from Mrs. Babson a house and about 100,000 square feet of land and rock on the high hill facing Squam Rock. The old house^{*} was about everything it should not be, but it sheltered us for many happy summers, and was a gathering place for all our children and friends. We got to know Cape Ann very thoroughly, and made many pleasant contacts with the summer colony, though
 * later remodeled by R.M.B.

most of our spare time was spent on the beach, in the water or driving about the lovely country to Ipswich, Baldpate, Hamilton or Salem, with frequent longer trips to places in Maine, New Hampshire and the mountains. Annisquam we found an ideal summer place, and we gave it up in 193¹ with much regret, and have not been there since now am not likely to see it again.



Hill Top, Annisquam

BENGUIAT

One day in the early 90's a man came to my office to sell me a rug. He was a Spanish Jew of the orthodox Sephardim faith, born in Constantinople, named Ephraim Benguiat, always called Hadji, a very interesting character in many ways. I bought a small rug of him. Some later he came to me in great trouble to ask my advice. He had received from his brother, a noted dealer in antiques in London, an invoice of oriental rugs, which he claimed were over a hundred years old and would therefore be exempt from duty. But the Custom House inspectors had called in Bogigian, - an Armenian rug dealer on Park Street who declared the rugs were modern, and Hadji was assessed \$20,000 duty, which would ruin

him. I took the case to my friend Mr. A. Shuman, who handed it over to his custom house broker, and after some pulling the duty was abated, and Hadji got his rugs in free. He was very grateful for my help and we became very friendly and he took delight in showing me all his artistic treasures, something he seldom did to buyers, keeping all his wares under cover in his rooms on Tremont Street and showing only the things he thought the customer should have. At that time the influx of oriental rugs to this country was just beginning - American buyers scoured Asia Minor and Persia and in ten years the supply of antiques^q was exhausted, but in the meanwhile it was possible to pick up here

some real bargains, of which Hadji had the best. One day he showed me a fine Shiraz rug which he offered to sell to me for \$105 and when I hesitated, he suggested I make inquiries in the market and find what such things were valued at by the trade. So I went to John H. Pray Sons Co. They said they had only one Shiraz rug, which they kept carefully locked in a chest. They showed it to me. It was not perfect, part eaten away, but they valued it at \$500. I went back to Hadji, bought the rug he had shown me, which he called the "Brother", also a much more artistic rug which he called the "Sister" for about the same price and I never have regretted that purchase. Fifteen years

later these rugs were appraised by a New York expert at \$15,000 each though they would not bring anything like that now. They are beautiful rugs, almost perfect, and eclipsing any rugs I have seen in any of the museums. I have carefully preserved them for my children. They are too precious to put on the floor, and only rarely do I show them to friends who would appreciate such things.

During the next 20 years or so I often bought things from Hadji, who always gave me first choice, and most of my embroideries in my old Cretan Chest came from him. He was a true ^oconnaissieur. My collection, ranging from the 11th to the 19th centuries and from most of the Mediterranean countries, has been a perennial joy to me

OLD BRODERIES.

I.

Out of the eastern chest of treasured things,
 That hobble them dark and breathless, like a tomb,
 I lift these scriptural songs of many a loom
 That labor now no longer, — nay, nor sing,
 And one by one, their soft unfolding brings
 Along the air some touch of ghostly bloom;
 The faint reminiscence of perfume,
 The uncomplaining dust of muddled springs.

Whether it be from hues, once richly dyed
 Of roset! flowers, some magic takes the sense,
 Or if it be that meek aroma, wed
 To flush and athen and shadow, shaken thence,
 Or clinging touch of aging silken thread,
 They hold me, with a tongueless eloquence.

II.

I marvel how the broderers could find
 So sweet the summer shapes that never fade,
 Though some were passing race of man and maid
 Have paled and wasted and gone down the wind!
 Yet here the toilful art of one could bind
 No dream with tenderer woven light and shade.
 Than sovran bloom and fruitage, rare arrayed,
 Or listless tendrils lily intertwined.

Ah, bitter-sweet! For caged care to slake
 Its thirst with joyance of the weed that grows, —
 The whim of leaf and leaf, and petal flake,
 Whatever way the breath of April blows;
 And poor, wise, withered hands, with skill to make
 The red suburban gladness of the rose!

III.

There is a certain damask here, moon-pale,
 With the veen iris of a snow on snow,
 Or petal against petal cheek, above,
 It wears its glazes bridlike under veil;
 But shadowed, half, the blanched fold, exhale
 Secret confidence of color: and there glow, —
 Etained and sundered, by the gleam and glow —
 Dim vines, to nurse upon till fancy fail.

I wonder: was it woven in a dream,
 When, for a space, one dreamer had his fill
 Of life's sweetness, — all white desires supreme
 That lure and mock the thwarted human will?
 Or worker's dumb. The web lives on, gleam,
 Entroubled as a lily, and as still.

IV.

Oh, man! so weak, at whose heart I guess
 Through the surviving fabric! You were one
 With patten and with poet, — you that spun
 And you that stitched, unsung for it; no less
 A part and pulse of all the want and stress
 Of effort without end, till time be done, —
 The bit of longing wings unto the sun,
 Forever beckoned by far lordliness.

O wistful soul of all men, heart I hear
 Close beating for the heart that understands,
 Yet I deny so often, — now read clear
 Across the foreign years and far off lands,
 Let me but touch and greet you, near and dear,
 Clutching these, with hands that love your hands!
Josephine Preston Penhaly.

Atlantic Monthly
 1898, vol. 82; pp 286-7

and to my discerning friends. They appealed very strongly to my friend Josephine Preston Peabody who wrote for "Atlantic" a poem "Old Broderies", which she dedicated to me. The pieces of workmanship are not all of the maximum artistic value, but they are all dear to me, and some are real Museum pieces. [MBM. donated some of these to The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, c. 1948.]

At one time Hadji had a wonderful collection of laces, which had been collected by the man who had catalogued the laces in the South Kensington Museum and who may have helped himself somewhat. He sold his collection to the Jews in London and it reached Hadji. He did not find a purchaser and he let me keep the laces for nearly two years.

Frances and I saw them first one Sunday afternoon at Hadji's rooms and we both came away with a sick headache. There were some 700 pieces, of all sorts, modern and ancient. At last Hadji sold them to Mrs. Phoebe Herst of California for a sum way beyond what I could have paid. But I always was interested in laces and gathered quite a number of pieces, which I still preserve, mounted on black velvet in a dustproof case. One day my wife was showing these to Mrs. Billy Chamberlin, who expressed much surprise that I, an architect, should be so interested in such feminine things and when asked why such surprise replied very naively, "Why he is such a large man!"

Hadji had a most charming wife,
of the most perfect Jewish type, - a
real aristocratic personality. They
moved to New York and I continued rela-
tions with them and their son, the
latter of whom died only this year.
Hadji died quite a while ago.



with classmates
Emma Piatt
Jewellyn
and Dr. Aris E.
Smith

BACK TO MY YOUTH

In 1936, I had my first experience in air travel, flying from East Boston to Newark, and thence to the Chicago airport, where the Llewellyns met me and took me to their house in LaGrange. The next day I motored to ^bUrbana, and visited the University of Illinois which I hadn't seen for 30 years. I found it greatly changed, with 12,000 students on the campus and a wonderful layout in new buildings following substantially the campus plan made by me so many years before. Back the next day I had a fine time seeing things in Chicago. One day Mrs. Llewellyn and I were entertained by Lorado Taft in his studio near the Chicago University, and at his lunch met some very entertaining artists besides enjoying his work as he

explained it to us. He was a wonderful sculptor, a man of most exquisite taste and rare ability. He had suffered, as all artists, during the depression, losing nearly everything he had except his indomitable courage and faith in his art. His untimely death this past year was a great loss. I am glad I saw him before it was too late.

I flew back to Illinois again in 1937 for Alumni day. It was the 60th anniversary of our class of '77 graduation. Only six, out of our class of 41 are still living and four of us were present for the occasion, Dr. Smith, Dr. Gibson, Mrs. Llewellyn and myself. It was a great time. The Llewellyn's took me down in the morning of June 12 to Urbana arriving at eleven. We met a

lot of old friends at the Alumni Building, were more or less photographed and tagged and at 1 o'clock had lunch on the Campus, arranged in classes. There were presentations, cheerings, a talk by President Willard, then a fine Band concert by the undergraduate band. At 4 o'clock there were receptions in the various buildings, Prof. Provine had us specially in charge at the Art Building, and took Mrs. Llewellyn and me to the University Library where he had located the Theses that Joe Llewellyn and I had written sixty years before for our degrees. Then at six, Judge Dunlap of the class of '75 gave a dinner to the Gregorians, the alumni who had been in the University during the presidency of Dr. Gregory, of whom

about a dozen were present. I saw^t next to Dr. Avis Smith, who is 85 and spry as a kitten. It was all very enjoyable, and well worth while. We motored back to LaGrange that evening, and after a brief visit to Chicago, I flew back to New York and to Boston.'

BY CHANCE

Large building operations are always more or less hazardous, and usually involve loss of life, but personally I never have had a serious accident, though I have had some close calls. Once in the Shuman Building, I stepped out from the roof on to a canvas covering of an unfinished elevator well, which I supposed was protected by heavy planking underneath. There were no planks at all and I had quite a tumble before I was able to clutch the frame work at the sides and pull myself to safety. Another time in the same building, I was one night watching the preparations for supporting a heavily loaded basement column, preparatory to placing a new sub-basement column under it. The upper column was held by diagonal shores based

against the earth. A fool laborer started to excavate about the base of these shores and the earth started to ~~excavate about the base of these shores and the earth started~~ to crack away. We caught it in time, otherwise the whole building might have tumbled down on us, and we worked on it all night before we dared to leave it. Only the foreman and I know how close we came to ~~to~~ total wreck.

And so it went. The architect has a big responsibility and sometimes, no matter how careful he may be in his calculation, he cannot know what the margin of safety may be. I had once a harrowing experience in connection with the Colonial Theatre. As at first

built, it had six stories of offices over the auditorium, and none over the stage. After fifteen years the owners decided to add four stories over the stage. To do this we had to remove the staging, ^{rods} and the gridiron, and introduce a system of girders spanning the stage. to support the additional stories. These girders weighed seven tons each. We had to bring them at the rear through Van Rensselaer Place, place them parallel to the rear wall, then hoist them 90 feet, turn them in the air perpendicular to the wall, thread them through a hole in the brick work, and edge them over till the end rested over the proscenium girder. If one of these seven ton girders should drag on the rear wall it would mean

disaster, for that wall was 90 feet long, nearly a hundred high and only 16 inches thick, with no transverse bracing.

I dreaded what might happen if a girder misbehaved, and I was by no means sure of the stability of the wall, and I worried myself blue till I couldn't sleep. But we had a good builder, John ^{Graw} ~~McCabe~~, who didn't let the girders drag, and when I couldn't any longer stand the uncertainty, I called in J.R. Worcester who was one of the best structural engineers in the country and got him to tell me frankly whether or not the rear wall was safe. I had figured it out every way I could think of and it was more than I could solve. He made a most careful examination and finally

told me that he didn't know how to figure it himself, but was quite sure that the more load we put on it, the stiffer and more stable it would be, and in his opinion I had no cause for worry. And I never worried about it again and had no question about its safety.

SOME EMOTIONS

My religious affiliations have always appealed to me very strongly. In my youth I was an ardent hard shell Baptist like my father. In New York and in Colorado I lost some of my ideals. They did not wholly come back to me when I started in Boston, and my youthful beliefs were quite liberalized by the time I was in the scholarship. I never joined the 1st Baptist Church in Boston, but when I came back from Europe in '86 I became a member of the Old Cambridge Baptist Church. But in the early 90's the membership of that church had changed a good deal, our children were not satisfied with the Baptist doctrines, and for ¹³~~eight~~ years we attended Dr. McKenzie's Shepard Memorial Congregational Church. Then in 1903 we turned to Christ

Episcopal Cambridge

Church and have been happy there ever since. For about eight years I have been a vestryman and I was confirmed in St. Paul's, Boston by Bishop Slattery in 1927. I knew Bishop Lawrence in '87 when I supervised the alterations of his house for Peabody & Stearns, and I have always admired him. For a while we went to Trinity Church Newton and were very fond of Dr. Sullivan whom we still listen to over the radio during the summer.

I have left music until the last and there is perhaps least that I can say about it. The poem I wrote in 1912 about my flute tells part of the story. The old style German flute which my father gave me in 1874 lasted me for years though it was an imperfect instrument at its best, and the wood became

cracked like some of the half tones. On our 25th anniversary my wife gave me a Boehm flute, and I had lessons by Mr. Chamberlain, a teacher of moderate ability, but from whom I acquired a certain facility, and a further acquaintance with the best music, and when this flute likewise began to crack, I bought a fine Haynes Silver flute and had a lot of fun with it. My wife has always been a fine accompanist for me in my music, and we have enjoyed our music together, both at home, and at concerts. For five years now my flute has been silent, to my deep regret. But it is still before me where I can see it and touch it every day, and sometimes when I am all alone, I take it up and try to tease

a melody out of it, and I haven't given up the hope that some day music may come back to me. I haven't yet had the Shubert D. Minor quartet ^{No. 14} played for me as I vowed in '75, but I have determined the music I want played for me at the end, even though I will be unable to hear it.

One of my most emotional memories, is of one day in late fall, over ten years ago. I felt like being all alone with my thoughts, and the seashore and Annisquam called to me. Our house was closed for the season, but I opened it up and built a roaring blaze in the big fireplace and sat down before its comforting warmth. It was raining outside, and the patter of the drops on the roof made a teasing melody in my fancy, "While I mused the

The year before Father died I had the pleasure of seeing his enjoyment with music. As a young man while a student at the U. of Illinois he imported to the college, music by various organizations among which a string quartette played music by ^{Schubert and} Mendelssohn. Several times I had heard him say, "some time I want a quartette to play the music just for me alone." Knowing his unfulfilled wish I hired a quartette to play for him only - no one was home except me and even I did not appear while there was any music. I cannot actually name the ~~composition~~ ^{Schubert} composition but it included the part popularly called "Death and the Maiden." The dear man wept all the time and then asked to hear it again. It was joy and remembrance that caused the gentle tears.

MBM

fire burned", and presently the Dreams began to take such shape that I just had to give them voice in my silver flute. For an hour the mood stirred me and it all at last crystallized into a song and an air that has haunted me ever since, which I can never forget. Just a few notes, and a pleading song, the poet's "love in search of a word". And I came back to the city through the darkness refreshed and comforted by that spontaneous music which meant so much to me, however it may appear to those who may read this and try to catch the melody I have transcribed.

MY FLUTE

See! I breathe into thee,
 Answer back my soul
 All that I can give thee
 Give to me again.
 My better self, my more than heart
 My higher manhood, deeper art,
 My truest courage, humblest trust
 My half waked, guardian angel voice.
 My flute!

Thou tellest of soft pleadings
 Whispered long ago
 Thou murmurest of the nearest
 Friends of other days,
 With heart that throbs, with lips that quake,
 With memory bringing back the ache
 Of fallen leaves o'er memory's grave,
 I take thee to me, for their sake,
 My flute!

Through all life's varied fortunes
 Thy touch has been my joy
 Thou'rt with me in my sorrows
 Thou sharest all my woes,
 The rush of work, the busy day,
 The cankering care, the maddening throng
 From these I turn, to thee I go
 To soothe the heart, to still the storm
 My flute!

All that music teaches,
 All that love can be
 Finds a tender echo
 In this whispering tube.
 My fair haired daughter, manly son,
 My symphony of work well done
 My fond, true lover, friend and wife,
 Thou art their reflex all my life,
 My flute!

And in thy tone so subtle,
 Thy cadence sweet and low,
 I sense the joys of springtimes
 Long banished from my view.
 The love of learning, search for truth
 The strange lands teachings, joys and mirth,
 Of alien hearthstones, foreign ways,
 Thou givest them all to me these days.
 My flute!

And next, as with thy sweet tones,
 Thou speakest to my heart,
 Appears the dearest vision
 My wife, my treasure trove!
 The swift, sweet courtship, blessed vows.
 The broadened life beside the one
 Who firm and true has clung to me
 And whose first thoughts were blent with thee—
 My flute!

And when my work is ended
 When my night shuts down,
 When fingers can no longer
 Awake thy notes again
 Thy rippling, murmuring, mystic tones
 Shall linger with me, guide my soul
 And give me courage through the vale
 To that dear land beyond the pale,
 My flute!

Written by Clarence H. Blackall.
 Sent to you in his memory by his
 son and daughter.

RETROSPECT

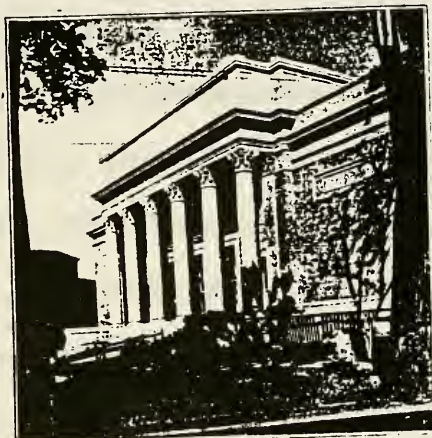
Looking back over my very busy life, I sometimes try to see what has been my best work, or rather what has given me the most satisfaction, but I feel like quoting Isaac Newton when I think of what might have been, in the light of what was. The Rotch Scholarship is in a class by itself, and claimed my best endeavors, both while I was abroad on the scholarship and in the fifty years since, while it has been under my direction. It has kept me in close touch not only with the 54 able men who have held it, but also with three generations of keen, hopeful young men who have striven for it, and I am inclined to believe that those who tried in vain for it may have gotten as much good from it as some of the holders themselves.

And for the fifty years that I have been writing on topics related to my profession, that writing was all the while a joy as well as an education, and probably was of more direct help to me in getting work in architecture than any other one thing. I would probably be doing it still if I were more in sympathy with the modernistic movement which has so swept over all departments of art. But I am quite content to set back on my literary laurels, and let the younger men shout for themselves.

Of the buildings with which I have had to do, the Temple Israel appeals to me more than any other for its simplicity, its unity of design, and for its expressed symbolism, also perhaps because I had so much to do personally in its

403
inception. The Ohabei Shalom is larger, more sumptuous, more detailed, but I feel much less personal pride in it.

The Lowell Auditorium is a clever plan, and very practical arrangement, but the exterior, while monumental and inspiring, lacks the charm in detail of the earlier Illinois Auditorium. But after all the big things do not appeal to me as much as some of the small things, and I have always felt that the best thing I have done was the very inconspicuous portal entrance to the subway station corner of Boylston and Washington Street, just a pylon treatment of concrete with modeled crest over the center. I wouldn't change a line or a leaf if I were to do it again, and I think it is the nearest perfect of any of my work. And I imagine few ever even look at it, and my successors very



Courtesy of Blackall, Clapp and Whittemore, Architects, Boston, Mass.

THE COMMUNITY BUILDING OF LOWELL, MASS.

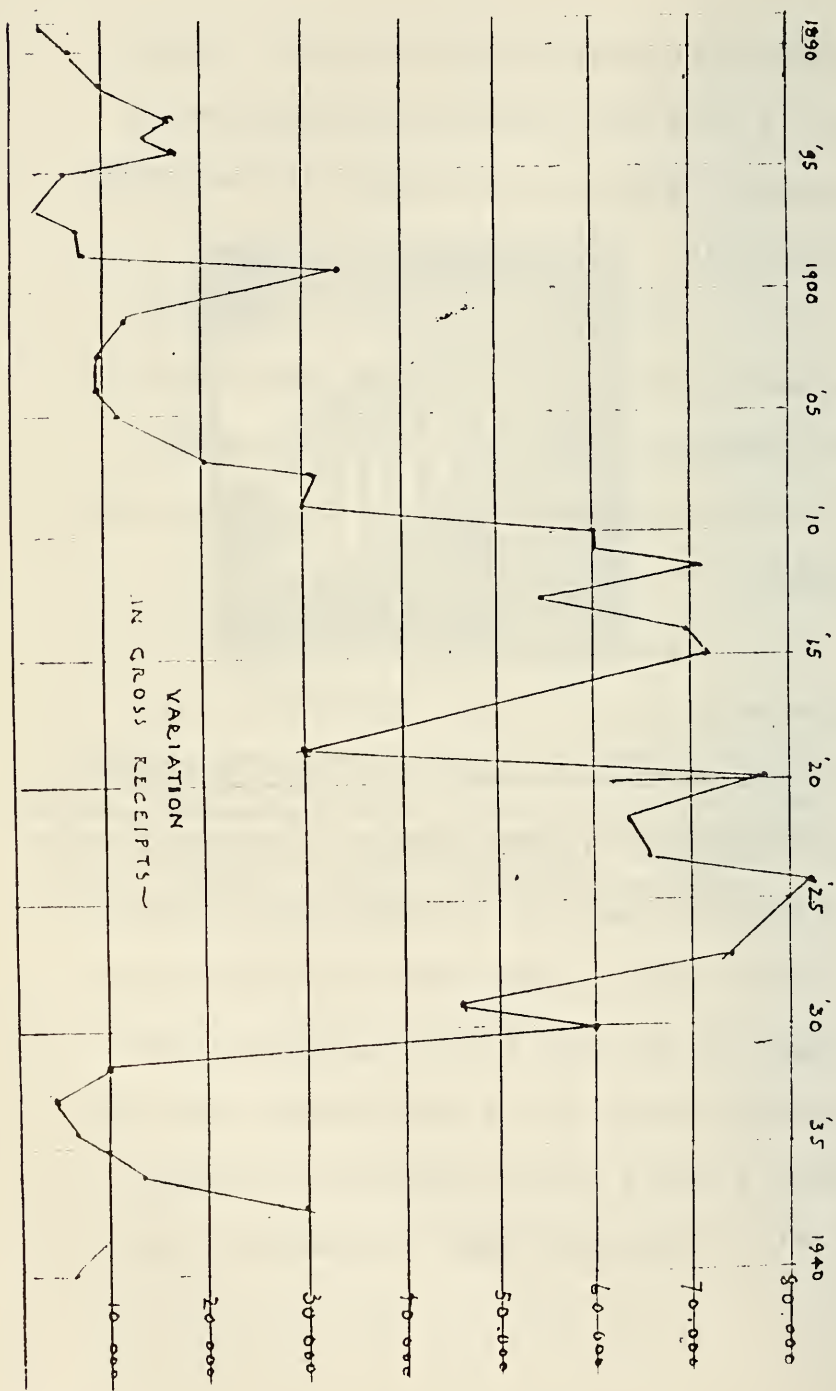
I remember visiting the West Street office at a time when he was close to retirement. He showed me his plans for the Lowell Auditorium and talked to me about how he decided to draw it that way. I scrutinized the plans and still remember the basic arrangement. He also showed me plans for a development in Florida which never materialized. He was always forward thinking - did not dismiss F.L.Wright as a non-beaux arts person. He would marvel at today's cities!

Joan Sparrow

likely will wonder why I should think of it as I do, but to me it represents thought, dignity and beauty in harmonious restraint.

My next favorite is a little summer cottage I built for Fred Wilde at Duxbury. But it is only a memory. I have no photos of it and have lost the plans.

I cannot see many years of activity ahead of me. My father went to his work every day up to his ninetieth year and was in excellent condition for all his duties up to within six months of his death at 94. My health is better than his was and I have inherited his constitution, but I have rather set in mind a limit for my activity at 1942. I will then have been in business for



myself 53 years and it will be 69 years since I started as a freshman at Champaign, and I think I will have earned the right to loaf thereafter as long as the Lord lets me live.

The accompanying graph is I believe of interest as showing the unstable finances of my calling. My wife has often summarized the conditions by saying "Some job, no husband, some husband no job". I believe my experience is typical. I found it very hard to win even a foothold in Boston, but I also found that friends here are good friends for life and don't have to be coddled or renewed every time a new prospect is in sight. As I have said before, I have had 50 commissions from A. Shuman, and never had to ask him for a job. He was



Cambridge Savings Bank
Holyoke St.
Demolished

always a personal friend as well as a loyal client, and I was always welcome at his home, and that friendship extended to all the Shuman family. When his daughter was distressed in mind she came to me and told me all about it, and Carl, also, told me his side of their story. Shuman was a fine man, an able public servant all his life and a successful merchant, self made, and a gentleman in every sense of that term. And my friend.

And for the Perry's, - father and son I have done over 70 different jobs and we are still in their good graces. Many of the jobs have been small, a few quite large. Sometimes when I tell this to my New York or Chicago Architect friends they are surprised and say such repeated commissions are almost unknown

in their cities and rarely does a job land unsolicited, but I believe my experiences here has been quite typical of Boston. In a way, there is no competition in architecture. We either get the job or we don't. On one occasion years ago when I was beginning things I asked an opinion from Mr. Shuman, a merchant, Mr. Cotting a very prominent trustee, and Mr. Meredith, a leading Real Estate authority, and they each strongly advised me to beware of ever soliciting a job as they believed that was not the way to get worthwhile work.

SOMETIMES

It may be of interest to whoever reads thememoirs of my life to note the list I give here of the various club - societies and organizations to which I have at different times belonged. This list will at least give an idea of the complexity of interests which have contributed to my life. An Architect simply must be known, he must have friends and lots of them, and while my various civic affiliations have by no means always brought real jobs, they have been opportunities for service on my part, and in most of them I have held office. Some of them I organized. All of them were worth while.

Shortly after I started in business for myself in 1889, I made a

careful survey of the architectural possibilities of Boston, and the most promising seemed to be for theatres, office buildings and hotels as offering the most likely rewards, financially and otherwise, and as presenting the most attraction in plan and design. I have tried all along to follow on these lines and have never had reason to regret my choice. A few years ago I had the curiosity to check up on this and going back over the record of more than forty years, I found that 25 percent of my practice had been theatres, 30 percent office buildings and 35 percent in hotels. That left a small percentage for dwellings and all the rest. I have done perhaps a hundred private houses including such large establishments as

Col. Wm. A. Gaston's mansion at Barre, Mass. with its many chambers, its ballroom, bowling alleys, and swimming pool, also the mansion in Barre for Harding Allen, with its period interiors, its mahogany exterior painted colonial white, and its bountiful gardens, fountains and landscape work.

More lately I have had experience in association with others in the large housing development, the Old Harbor Village at South Boston, housing several thousand people, and my firm has made a number of other housing studies, still under consideration.

Then besides the residential work, we have had a good share of churches, commercial work, as are noted in the

list which I add to this tale.

I never have had all I wanted and always have been ready for more, but I certainly have had a goodly share, and have thoroughly enjoyed my professional life.

175

GOODBYE, MY FANCY !

I am writing these last pages in 1940. In February 1939 I had an attack of pneumonia, which left me far from well, and as a result thereof we gave up our apartment at 16 Chauncy Street, Cambridge, and came to live with my daughter Mrs. Hans Miller and her husband, at Concord, Mass. in a delightful old mansion on Main Street. The conditions are all extremely agreeable, and we love this old town, with its many activities, its fine intellectual life and its treasured traditions. I go to my office at least once a week and hobble about all my 83 years will permit, and am quite content to pass my last days here. As I said at the beginning of this recital, it has been a long life and a busy one, but never a dull one, and though

the flesh may now be weak, my fancies and my memories still remain for my comfort, and I can say with the old poet, if I am not all I hoped to be, nor all I might have been, I am further on the way than I was, and by the grace of God, I am what I am.

This cannot claim to be an exact chronicle. I have put things down as they are in my notes and in my mind. Dates, figures, names may be uncertain but the main lines of my life, the succession of action, the emotions which have never failed me, are as they come back to me through the years. I have purposely refrained from dwelling upon the inner life, the personal relations, the familiar details which have made life so well worth while. These fill the

Ivory Chamber where the best must be
hidden and the veil may not be drawn
aside even for those I hold most dear.
I chose as my device long ago
Et in Arcadia Ego, and I may add to it
the brave motto of Bernhart "Quand même".

Architecture has been the
idealization of my whole life and the
one thing I wanted to do above all
others, and notwithstanding its finan-
cial frustrations, its hard boiled con-
tacts, its physical limitations, and
its illusive triumphs, it is for ^{one} ~~me~~
who has the bent, the training, and the
strength to endure, the noblest pro-
fession of all. And through the years
I had for my declaration of aim the
words of that great, practical Architect,

Daniel H. Burnham, which have so often led me on in fancy and in hope and have justified my dreams of air castles and rainbow pots of gold.

"Make no little plans; they have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we have gone will be a living thing, asserting itself with ever growing insistency. Remember that our sons and grandsons are going to do things that would stagger us. Let your watchword be order and your beacon beauty."

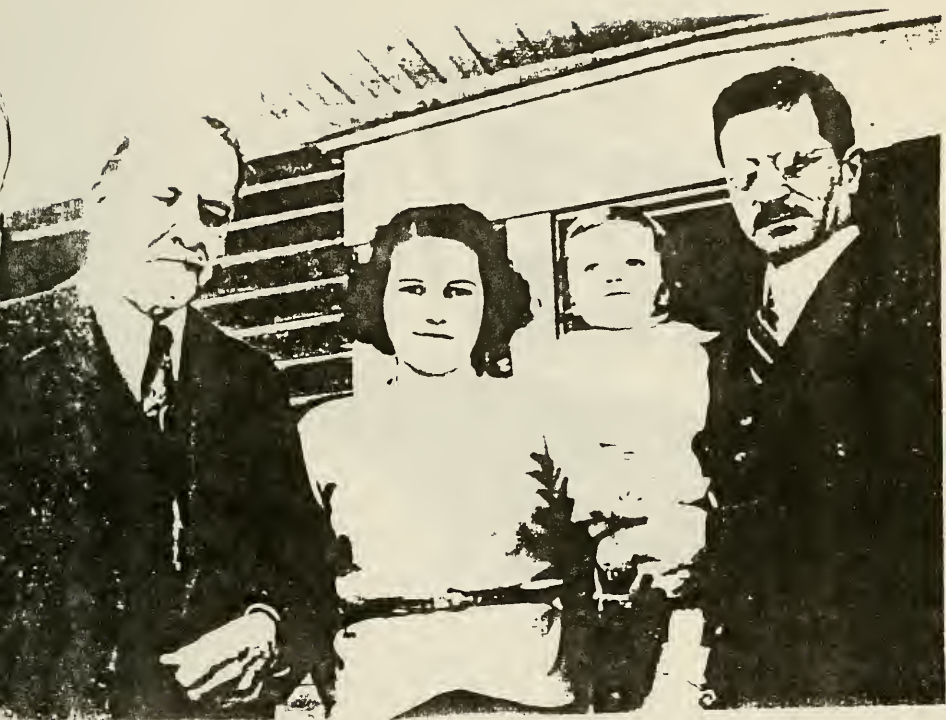
And when doubts seemed more real than hopes and steel beams more insistent than sunrise, and the good and the true together with the bad and the false seemed to crowd out of all business any chance for the truly beautiful, I could nevertheless accept as my creed the words of that philosopher artist poet, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, to which all my dreams and my ideals say Amen.

"The love of beauty, the service of it, the production of beautiful things, are the test and measure of the true worth of the individual and of the nation. They are the

final measure of civilization. All its other acquisitions, wealth, power, the mastery of nature, social institutions, religious beliefs, even intelligence itself, are in the long run of concern only as they enable men to live beautifully, and to give expression to their life in works instinct with the beauty that is in their souls."

The End

Completed this story of my life and
 the end of my journey 1940



Four Generations

C. H. B.; Eleanor Blackall head; Peggy head;
Robert Murray Blackall



88 Main Street, Concord, Massachusetts, where C.H.B. died
5 March 1942.

Clarence H. Blackall

Clarence Howard Blackall, nationally known architect and designer, died Thursday, March 5, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Hans Miller, 88 Main street.

Born in New York, Feb. 3, 1857, the son of the Rev. Christopher Ruby Blackall and Eliza Davis Blackall, he was graduated from the University of Illinois in 1877 and received his A.M. in architecture in 1889. He continued his study of architecture at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, for two years and then traveled and studied for two years as the first holder of the Rotch traveling scholarship.

His first practical work in his profession was with the firm of Peabody & Stearns, following which he became a member of the firm of Blackall, Clapp, Whittemore and Clark. Throughout his career, he was known as a pioneer in the use of new forms and new materials. He erected the first steel frame building in Boston, an office building which is still standing in spite of the doubts of his conservative fellow architects. Again he broke with tradition when he designed the Colonial Theatre, the first auditorium without supporting pillars, using an arch of steel construction.

Some familiar Boston buildings designed by Mr. Blackall are the Metropolitan, Colonial and Wilbur theatres, the Copley Plaza, Tremont Temple, Temple Ohabei Shalom, the Lowell Auditorium, and the Little Building.

He was one of the founders and first president of the Boston Architectural Club, a founder and first secretary of the New York Architectural League, a founder and former secretary of the Cambridge Municipal Art Society and a fellow of the American Institute of Architects. His civic interests were many. He had served as Boston schoolhouse commissioner, treasurer of the Charlestown Five Cent Savings Bank, chairman of the Boston fire prevention commission, and was chairman of the Cambridge board of appeals for 24 years.

He contributed many articles to leading architectural magazines and was the author of architectural and historical books and of books of poetry. "Builders' Hardware" was the first reference book of its kind for his profession.

Besides his daughter, he leaves a son, Robert M. Blackall of Northampton, six grandchildren and one great grandchild. Mrs. Blackall, the former Emma L. Murray of Cambridge, died Oct. 29, 1940.

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock in Christ Church, Cambridge, where he had been a vestry man and consulting architect for many years. The Rev. Charles Russell Peck conducted the services, using Biblical selections and music of Mr. Blackall's own choosing. Burial was in Mt. Auburn Cemetery.

1940
BLACKALL, Emma Murray, wife of Clarence H. Blackall, formerly of Cambridge, Oct. 29, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Hans Miller in Concord. Funeral Saturday at 11 A. M. at Christ Church, Cambridge.

1942
BLACKALL—Clarence Howard, 84, formerly of Cambridge, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Hans Miller, in Concord, March 5. Funeral service at Christ Church, Cambridge, Saturday, March 7, at 8 p. m. It is earnestly requested that flowers be omitted.

Organizations

Architectural League of New York	Secretary
Architectural League of America	
American Institute of Architects	Fellow 1891
Boston Society of Architects	Secretary
Boston Architectural Club	President
Cambridge Club	President
Cambridge Municipal Arts Socy.	Secretary
Cambridge Union	Secretary
Mass. State Fire Prevention Association	Chairman
Nat'l Fire Protection Assoc.	
Cambridge Historical Society	
Bostonian Society	
National Arts Club	
Century Club, New York	
Art Club Boston	
20th Century Club Boston	
Republican Club of Mass.	
Boston Real Estate Exchange	

- American Asiatic Association
- American Federation of Arts
- National Housing Association
- Navy League of the United States
- Society of Beaux Arts Architects
- University of Illinois
- Anthemios Chapter of Alph Rho Chi (Hon)
- Tau Beta Pi (Hon)
- Alumni Association
- New England Illini Club
- American Association for Advancement of Science
- National Geographic Society
- Pen and Pencil Club
- Harvard Musical Association
- Boston Flute Players Club
- The Episcopalian Club of Mass.
- Christ Church Men's Club

L'Alliance Française

Clⁱo⁶lo Italiano

Spanish Club

Boston City Club

New York City Club

Algonquin Club, Boston

Salem Club

Boston Chamber of Commerce

And because they have always

been so a part of me, I enumerate some of the more notable buildings which I have had a hand on, either alterations when important or entire new structures, and carried out by me individually or in cooperation with others.

Commercial Buildings Boston area

- Architects Building (now Walker Building). 120 Boylston Street. 1929.
- Atlantic Building. 394 Atlantic Avenue. 1927.
- Boston Automatic Fire Alarm Building. 61 Batterymarch Street. 1936.
- Bradbury Building. 226-232 Boylston Street. 1921.
- Carter Building (now Winthrop Building). 7 Water Street. 1893.
- Castle Square Office Building and Theatre. 421 Tremont Street. 1894.
- Colonial Office Building and Theatre. 100 Boylston Street. 1900.
- Commonwealth Office Building. Tremont Street, Hollis, Dillaway & Dore Sts. 1924.
- Demmon Building. 33 Harrison Avenue. 1908.
- Dennison Building.
- Fenmark Professional Building.
- Fort Hill Storage Warehouses. 78-86 Purchase Street. 1894. Demolished 1900.
- Fort Point Building. Congress Street & Fort Point Channel between Congress & Sumner Street Bridges, South Boston. 1926.
- Gaston Building. 9-13 Tyler Street. 1910. Demolished.
- Harbor Building. 466 Atlantic Avenue & Northern Avenues. 1925. Demolished.
- Kneeland Building. 15 Kneeland Street.
- Little Building. 80 Boylston Street. 1916. Site of old Hotel Pelham.
- Marshall Builsind. 40 Central Street.
- National Union Bank. Washington Street. 1920.
- New England Power Building. 89 Broad Street.
- New Studio Building. 110 Tremont & 46 Bromfield Streets.
- Old State Company Building. 209 Washington Street. 1919. Site of old Rogers Building.
- Pelham Trust Building. Tremont & Boylston Street. c. 1915.
- Perry Building.
- Professional Arts Building. (Now New England Power Building). Dartmouth & Stuart Sts..
- Scollay Building. 40 Court Square. 1914.
- Shuman Building. 11 Avery Street, corner Washington Street. 1933.
- Suffolk Trust Building. 15 Congress Street.
- U.S. Trust Building. 30 Court Street.
- Wainwright Building. 279 Washington Street. 1899.
- Walker Building. SEE: Architects Building.
- Weslyan Building. 581 Boylston Street. 1913.
- White Building. 194 Boylston Street. 1896.
- Whittier Building. 110 Portland Street. 1910.
- Winthrop Building (SEE: Carter Building).

New York Exposition, 1880

Boston Exposition, 1916

Buffolk Downs Race Track

consultant

Boston Post

Boston American

Old Harbor Village

South Boston

Bank of Commerce

U.S. Trust

Dearborn School, Boston

R.G. Shaw School, "

Chauncy Hall School "

Gibbs Hall, Boston University

Theaters

- Beacon Theatre. 51 Tremont Street. 1911.
 Bowdoin Square Theatre. 1 Bowdoin Square. 1890. Demolished 1955.
 Broadway Theatre. 420 West Broadway, South Boston. 1921.
 Capitol Theatre. Tremont Street (within Commonwealth Building). 1924.

- Castle Square Theatre. 421 Tremont Street (site of old Cyclorama). 1894. Renamed Arlington Theatre in 1981. Demolished 1925-1930. Now site of Animal Rescue League.
 Colonial Theatre. 100 Boylston Street. 1900. Restored to original state 1968.
 Coolidge Corner Theatre. 290 Harvard Street, Coolidge Corner, Brookline.
 Cort Theatre. Park Square. 1913-1914. Demolished.
 Criterion Theatre. 1122 Columbus Avenue, Roxbury. 1921.
 Eagle Theatre (Movie House). 2227 Washington Street, Roxbury. 1912.
 Exeter Street Theatre. Major alterations.
 Gaiety Theatre. 659-677 Washington Street. 1909. Site of the old Lyceum Theatre.
 Gordon's Olympia Theatre. 650 Washington Street. 1912. Demolished.
 Jamaica Theatre. 413 Centre Street, Jamaica Plain. 1922.
 Majestic Theatre. Major alterations.
 Metropolitan Theatre (Movie House). 252-270 Tremont Street. (Crane, Franzheim & Meserve, Associate architects). Later renamed Music Hall Theatre. Wang?
 Modern Theatre. 523 Washington Street. 1915.
 National Theatre. 535 Tremont Street. 1911.
 Park Square Theatre. Park Square. 1916.
 Park Theatre. Major alterations.
 Pastime Theatre. 581 Washington Street. 1908. (Frank Chouteau Brown, Associate architect). Demolished 1914.
 Plymouth Theatre. 125 Eliot Street. 1911. Blackall also designed an elegant tunnel leading from this theatre to the Boylston Street Subway station.
 Scollay Square Olympia. 429 West Broadway. 1909. Demolished.
 Unique Theatre. 700 Washington Street, Roxbury. 1907.
 Waldron's Casino. Hanover Street, near Tremont. 1909. Demolished.
 Wilbur Theatre. 250 Tremont Street. 1913. Site of the old Winthrop School. Restored to original state, 1969.

Broadway, Chelsea

Lancaster

Olympia, Somerville, altered

Shawmut, Roxbury, altered

Theatres outside of Boston

Lawrence - Empire

" Capitol

Salem

"

Century, New York, planned changes

New Amsterdam " consultant

Nixon - Pittsburgh "

Gordon New Haven

University - Yale

Chicopee, Elms Theatre

Bryn Mawr - planned

Broadway Springfield

Arcade "

Elm St. Manchester, N.H.

Milford, N. H.

Worcester

Opera House Pawtucket

Gardner, Mass.

Gardner, "

St. George, Framingham

Olympia Lynn

Theatre Calais, Maine

Palace Theatre Haverhill

Elizabeth Theatre Falmouth altered

Private Theatre at

Scarsdale N.Y. for Vanderlip in
consultation

When sound movies came in we altered
24 theatres for the Paramount, to receive
the sound equipment.

Churches (Old Cambridge Baptist Church
(Tremont Temple, 18 Tremont St. 1893
(Salem - Methodist Church
(Glendale " "
(Brighton Congregational Church
(Brighton Ave. Baptist " 1889
(Church of Our Saviour - Roslindale
(1st Baptist - Boston - altered
(Temple Israel, Commonwealth Ave., 1907
(Temple Ohabei Shalom

Hotels

- Arlington. 13014 Arlington St. 1894
 Bradford Hotel. 275 Tremont Street. Alterations.
 Braemore Hotel. 464-466 Commonwealth Avenue. 1918.
 Brunswick Hotel. Copley Square, 1917. Alterations. Demolished.
 Castle Square Hotel. 421-431 Tremont Street. 1895.
 Commonwealth Hotel. 362-366 Commonwealth Avenue. 1895. Alterations.
 Copley Plaza. Blackall's plans were used extensively; H.J. Hardenbergh, architect for the New York backer, modified somewhat the interior plans. All work was supervised by Blackall.
 Essex Hotel. 695 Atlantic Avenue. Alterations.
 Georgian Restaurant. 7 Park Square. 1912
 Hotel Avery. 24 Avery Street. 1915
 Hotel Winthrop. Tremont Street & Seaver Place (site of old Hotel Hollis).
 Kenmore Hotel. 490 Commonwealth Avenue. 1926

Lenox Hotel, alterations

Mouraine Hotel, "

Coolidge Hotel, studies

Ritz Hotel, "

Statler Hotel "

Miscellaneous Buildings

Post Office Building. 428-434 West Broadway, South Boston. 1919

Residential and Apartment Buildings

Braemore Apartments. SEE: Braemore Hotel

Commonwealth Apartments. SEE: Commonwealth Hotel

Ivanhoe Court Apartments. 72 Gardner Street, Allston

Kenmore Apartments. SEE: Kenmore Hotel

Designs Proposed But Believed Not Built

Boston Elevated Railroad, designs for stations.

Century Theatre. 1910. Plans for this were made after a trip to Europe in 1910 with Winthrop Ames of New York to view European Theaters.

Civic Center. Scollay Square.

Dartmouth Street Bridge. Double deck for cars and subway; 350' central tower to serve as Commonwealth memorial to war heroes, and towers of smaller size near each end as memorials by cities of Boston and Cambridge. 1927.

Fenmark Professional Building.

Fenway Garden. Amphitheatre with skating rink, roof-garden, swimming pool, bicycle rink, ballroom, convention hall and restaurant.

Neptune Gardens. Model housing project, East Boston.

New England Building. To have been the largest office building outside of New York State, planned for Stuart, Berkeley, St. James Avenue. 1930.

Skyscraper. To have been 1500' high. c. 1912.

Opera House and Hotel.

Tercentenary Exposition "World's Fair" on artificial island in Charles River and on both banks. (Transcript April 2, 1921)

Theatre complex for Harvard University--same plans later used for Yale Drama School.

These printed listings were
provided by Bettina Horton

Outside Boston

Boulevard Trust Co. Brookline
altered

Kincaide Bldg, Quincy

Harvard Sq. Subway Station
Cambridge, 1928

Collateral Loan Building
Brattle Street.

Dartmouth Chapter House

Bldg. Central Sq. Cambridge

Corcoran Bldg "

Cambridge Savings Bank

Cambridgeport Savings Bank

Charlestown 5¢ Savings Bank
Altered

Lowell Sun Building

Lowell Auditorium

Univ, of Illinois Auditorium
and campus layout

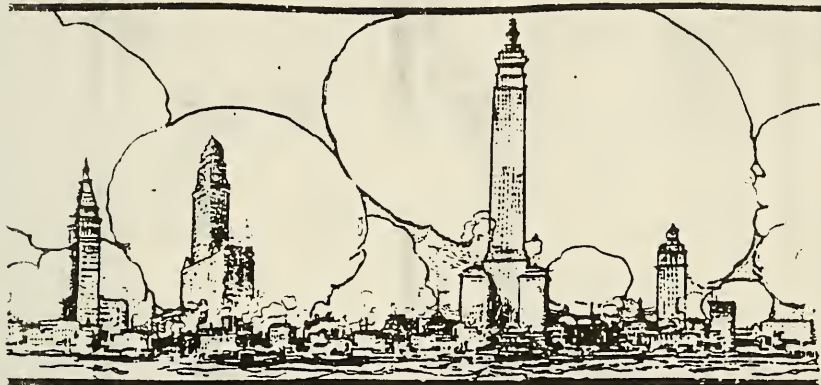
Syracuse^s Monument

Salem, Registry of Deeds

135

C.H.B. designed a summer cottage on the Kennebec river in Georgetown, Maine around 1890 for the Stuart family - friends of Mrs. C.H.B. The cottage was erected by a local builder whose itemized bill was displayed in the living room when M.B.M and W.B.M. visited the Stuarts in 1964. The house plan was admired by neighbors on the same road. They built a mirror image of C.H.B.s plan. It is a shingle style cottage with a "tower" on one corner of the porch. Inside the staircase wraps around two sides of the living room. Steps from the porch descend to the dock on the river.

Schemes and performances: The Career of Clarence H. Blackall, Boston Theatre Architect



A slide lecture by Bettina A. Norton
Thursday, October 12, 1989
6:00 p.m.
Rabb Lecture Hall
Boston Public Library, Copley Square

Illustration from Blackall's article in the *Boston Herald*,
August 20, 1911

Bettina A. Norton, an historian and specialist in American graphic arts, is author of *Edwin Whitcomb: Nineteenth-Century North American Society* (Harce Publishers, distributed by Crown Publishing, 1977), *History of the Boston Naval Shipyard 1800-1974*, the Neighborhood Trivia Hunts for Boston, and numerous other articles. She is Curator for the exhibition, "BAC to the Future: The Boston Architectural Center Celebrates its Centennial," currently in the Great Hall of the Library's Johnson Building.

Clarence H. Blackall, founder of the Boston Architectural Center, was responsible for most of the theatre architecture in downtown Boston at the beginning of the 20th century. He also designed Boston's first building entirely framed in steel.

For his entire professional life, he promoted a bluntly entrepreneurial vision, advocating such schemes as skyscrapers for downtown Boston, buildings for architects, and even an "amusement enterprise" that would have rivaled Madison Square Garden.

The Architect's Dream:

Boston Buildings from Bulfinch to Blackall

Jamaica Plain Branch Library
12 Sedgwick Street
Jamaica Plain / 524-2053

May 4

Charles Bulfinch and the Federal Style

The architectural influence of Bulfinch and the evolution of a new architecture for the young Republic.

May 11

Gridley J. F. Bryant and the Second Empire Style

The strong reflection of the French Renaissance in the expanding city.

May 18

H. H. Richardson and the Romanesque Revival Style

The architectural impact of Richardson and his followers in both urban and suburban Boston

May 25

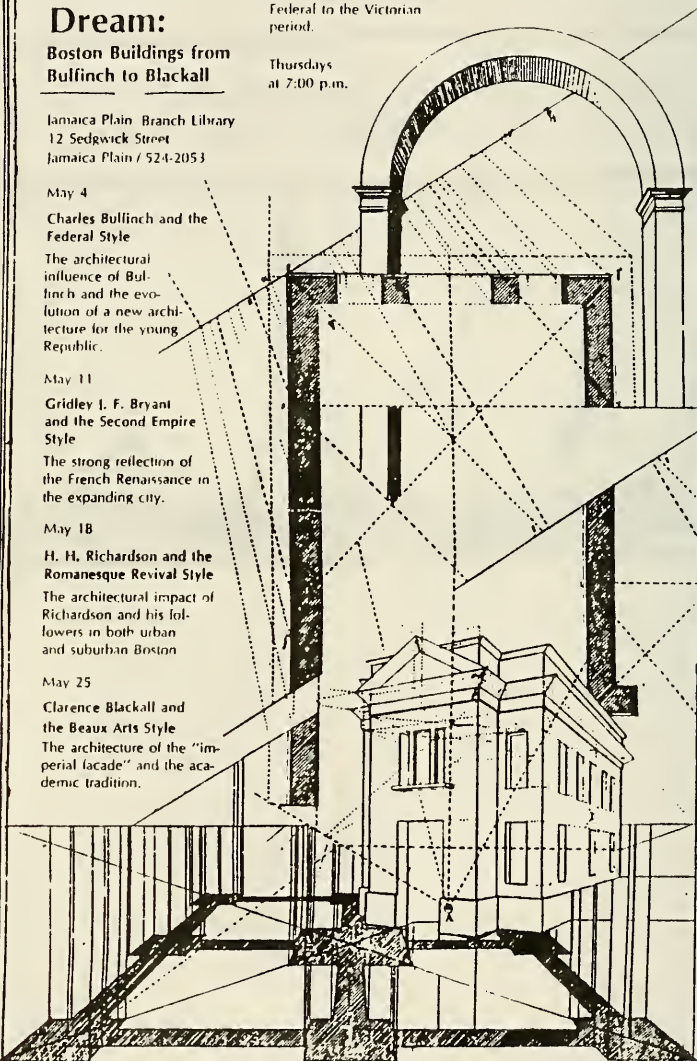
Clarence Blackall and the Beaux Arts Style

The architecture of the "imperial facade" and the academic tradition.

A historical survey of Boston 19th century architecture which will focus on four major stylistic trends from the Federal to the Victorian period.

Thursdays
at 7:00 p.m.

Gerald S. Bernstein
Professor of Architectural
History, Brandeis University





BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY (RL)



3 8226 00011 210 9

*Hitchcock Bindery
at Colby College*

